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RELIQUES  
OF  
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

CONSISTING OF OLD HEROIC BALLADS,  
SONGS, AND OTHER PIECES,

COLLECTED

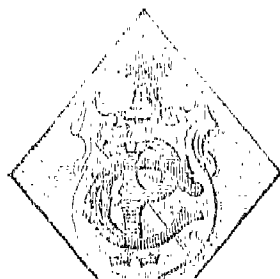
BY THOMAS PERCY, D. D.,

*BISHOP OF DROMORE.*

With a Supplement of  
MANY CURIOUS HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE BALLADS

REPRINTED FROM RARE COPIES.

AND A COPIOUS GLOSSARY AND NOTES.







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# Preface.

THE reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men, who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near two hundred Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.\*

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the Rambler and the late Mr. Shenstone.

Accordingly, such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the pecu-

liar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into volumes, each of which contains an independent series of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each volume, or series, is divided into three books, to afford so many pauses, or resting places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics\* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our an-

\* Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Iblius Disconius," and some others, which are found in this MS. It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century, but not one that alludes to the Restoration.

\* Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent Judges now alive.—The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See below.

tuctions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no further than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them; for, while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys,\* Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near two thousand in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection, he tells us, was "begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces older thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than two hundred. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleian Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious

ed under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS., besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected; and from many private collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

AMID such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where anything was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For these old popular rhymes being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the Bard nor was worthy the press: when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties\*

\* A Life of our curious collector, Mr. Pepys, may be seen in the "The Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his Great Dictionary, 1716, at the end of vol. III. folio. Art. PEP.".

\* Such liberties have been taken with all those pieces which have three asterisks subjoined, thus \*\*.

retained either in the text or margin any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar, so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

THE plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him.\* Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq., of Prior's-lee, in Shropshire,† to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., of Hales, near Edinburgh, the editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John Mac Gowan, Esq., of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq., of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learn-

warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. Blake-way, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library; and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished.\* Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq., to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleian Catalogue.† The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquarians, Mr. Norris, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many

\* To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowls, of Idmestone, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spanish, in six vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Becheley, near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lamb, of Northam, in Northumberland, author of a learned "History of Chess," 1704, 8vo., and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.; and to G. Paton, Esq., of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations; to the Honourable Daniel Darrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo., is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. Geo. Ashby, late fellow of St John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq., F.A.S., agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex; whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history, has been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq., author of that curious work the "Curialla," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

† Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

\* That the Editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1, 1761. See his works, vol. III. letter cxi. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

† Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the "Jocular Tenures, 1678," 4to.; and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 73; the earliest of which is "The Art of Making Drolls, 1640," 4to., wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer (who also published the "Law Dictionary, 1671," folio), it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervision of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for Northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, Editor of *Junius's Etymologicon*, and of the *Gothic Gospels*.

THE names of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of *OLD BALLADS*. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the

amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing humeral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

Except in one paragraph, and in the Notes subjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the first edition in *MDCCLXX*.

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# AN ESSAY

ON THE

## ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

1. THE MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others.\* They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. (B) These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, (C) who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed, by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or

Gothic race;\* but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors,† particularly by all the Danish tribes.‡ Among these, they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "smoothers and polishers of language."§ The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, Poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establish-

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(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the capital letters (A) (B), &c., are thrown together to the end of this Essay.

\* Wedded to no hypothesis, the Author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been *proved* to be in this Essay; and, considering the novelty of the subject, and the time, and place, when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. That the term Minstrel was not confined, as some contend, to a mere Musician, in this country, any more than on the Continent, will be considered more fully in the last note (G g) at the end of this Essay.

\* Vid. Pelloutier *Hist. des Celtes*, tom. 1. l. 2. c. 6, 10.

† Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

‡ Vid. Bartholin. de Causis contemptæ a Danis Mortis, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Wormij *Literatura Runicæ ad finem*.—See also "Northern Antiquities, or, a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the ancient Danes, and other Northern Nations: from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo.

§ Torfæi *Profat. ad Orcad. Hist.*—Pref. to "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.

ment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate, and poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons. (D) Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. (E) There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the Bards and Scalds. (F) And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and, therefore, we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if history had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein.\* The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors of Britain,

were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark;† so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors.‡ From this near affinity, we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language: and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.§

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And, indeed, this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective, (G) that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular Bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though, perhaps, with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting

\* Vid. Chronic. Saxon. à Gibson, p. 12, 13, 4to.—Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith, lib. 1, c. 15.—“Ealdsexe [Regio antiq. Saxonum] in cervice Cimbrica Chersonesi, Iolsatiam propria dictam Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam complectens.” Annot. in Bed. à Smith, p. 52. Et vid. Camdeni Britan.

\* “Anglia Vestus, hodie etiam Anglon, sita est inter Saxones et Glotes [Jutos], habens oppidum capitale . . . Sleswick.” Ethelwerd, lib. 1.

† See Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. 1. pag. 7, 8, 185, 250, 260, 261.

‡ Ibid. Preface, p. 26.



a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers (II) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word *clea*, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds. (I)

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that

character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist,\* was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth, (K) the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not, however, want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later history affords us two remarkable facts, (L) which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation: and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music,† being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel; (M) when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant‡ (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish

\* See Rapin's Hist. by Tindal, fol. 1732, vol. i. p. 36, who places the incident here related under the year 496.

† By Bale and Spelman. See note (M).

‡ Ibid.

camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and stayed among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after,\* a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our King Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a minstrel, (N) Aulaff,† king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. (O) Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. (P) From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in *Domesday Book*, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that

he had lands assigned him for his maintenance. (Q)

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century,\* that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of poetry and song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the North; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the minstrel arts, (R) than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel talents, that an eminent French writer (S) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain.†

We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom,

\* Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

† So I think the name should be printed, rather than Aulaff the more usual form (the same traces of the letters expressing both names in MS.), Aulaff being evidently the genuine modern name Olaff, or Olave, Lat. Olavus. In the old romance of "Horn-Child" (see vol. iii. p. xxxiii.), the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Olaf, with the vowels only transposed.

\* Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy, A.D. 912. William invaded England, A.D. 1066.

† Vid. "Hist. des Troubadours, 3 tom." passim; et vid. "Fableaux ou Contes du XII. et du XIII. Siècle, traduits, &c., avec des Notes historiques et critiques, &c., par M. Le Grand. Paris, 1781," 5 tom. 12mo.

than to suppress it; and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the minstrel arts; and in the first ages after the conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman French; yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native gleemen or minstrels; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as it is said the Welsh bards were afterwards by the severe policy of King Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual. (S 2)

The honours shown to the Norman or French minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English harper and songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and therefore, in gleanings the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to minstrels and their art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and

unbroken annals of the minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every minstrel or harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other: and it would have been wonderful indeed if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling harper or minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk. (T)

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels.\* I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them: scil. the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A. D. 1102. He was the first prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death. (T 2)

In the reign of King Henry II., we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hyde near Winchester; and, as in the early times every

\* See note (B) and (A a).

harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his music and his songs; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language. (U)

Under his romantic son, King Richard I., the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant.\* They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His Chancellor, William Bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with reward; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world. (U 2) This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to poetry and song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of those arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch, or his great courtiers, to the Provençal *Troubadour*, or Norman *Rymour*, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the great; (U 3) so that probably about this era, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations. (V)

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to

be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer:†

"The Englishmen were more than a whole year without hearing any tidings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrell, ‡ called Blondell de Nesle; who (so saith the manuscript of old Poesies, § and an ancient manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Italy Land; but none could tell in what cuntry he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne? (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no: for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he

\* Mons. Favins's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood, translated from the French. Lond. 1823, fol. tom. ii. p. 49. An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of P. de la Fauchet's Recueil, &c.) may be seen in "Miscellanies in prose and verse, by Anna Williams, Lond. 1766," 4to. p. 46.—It will excite the reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of that collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

† Favins's words are, "Jongleur appellé Blondiaux de Nesle." Paris, 1620, 4to. p. 1106. But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, "Or ce roy ayant nourri un Menestiel appellé Blondel," &c., liv. 2, p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François."—He is however said to have been another Blondel, not Blondel (or Blondiaux) de Nesle; but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

‡ This the Author calls in another place, "An ancient MS. of old Poesies, written about those very times"—From this MS. Favins gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the Duke of Austria, who sold him to the Emperor. As for the MS. chronicle, it is evidently the same that supplied Fauchet with this story. See his "Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poesie Française, Ryme, et Romans," &c., Par. 1581.

§ Tribbles.—"Retradi eum præcepit in Triballis: a quo carcere nullus ante dies istos exivit." Lat. Chron. of Otto of Austria: apud Favins.

\* See a pathetic song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. i. p. 5. The reader will find a translation of it into modern French, in Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours, 1774, 8 tom. 12mo. See vol. i. p. 68, where some more of Richard's poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.

became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where.\* but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it: and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the king began the other half and completed it.† Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song;‡ which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237.

## BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	<i>Your beauty, lady fair,</i>
Elas bellas fuiscos	<i>None views without delight;</i>
Elas bels oïls amorsos	<i>But still so cool an air</i>
Elas gens cors ben tallats	<i>No passion can excite:</i>
Don s'eu emprasonats	<i>Yet this I put it see</i>
De vostra amo qui mi lia.	<i>While all are shund like me.</i>

## RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansin	<i>Nymph my heart can wound</i>
Ja de vos non portai	<i>If favour she divide</i>
Que major honorai	<i>And smiles on all around</i>
Sol on vostra d'aman	<i>Unwilling to decide:</i>
Que sautra des belsan	<i>I'd rather hated bear</i>
Tot can de vos volria	<i>Than love with others share.</i>

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature.(V 2) In this very reign of King Richard I. the young heiress of D'Evereux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried

abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a harper, and being a jocosose person exceedingly skilled in the "gests of the ancients;" so they called the romances and stories which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury.(V 3)

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels: and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect.

"Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not then be apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph, the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan, (or Rhuydland) to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord de Lacy, constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester fair: by the allure-ment of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people as, by reason of the before specified privilege, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the

\* "Comme Menestrels s'acointent legement." Favins. Fauchet expresses it in the same manner.

† I give this passage corrected; as the English translator of Favins's book appeared here to have mistaken the original: Sell. "Et quant Blondel out dit la moitie de la Chanson, le roy Richard se prist a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva." Favins, p. 1106. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words. Recueil, p. 93.

‡ In a little romance or novel, entitled, "La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloisais, accompagnez d'historiettes, et tirez d'une ancienne chronique composee par Richard, surhomme Coeur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre," &c. Paris 1705, 12mo.—In the Preface to this romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Nesle, as also a copy of the song written by King Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above, yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here; but in the old French, called *Language Roman*.

\* The words of the original, viz., "Citharisator homo jocosus in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus," I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel. See note (V 2). That Gesta was appropriated to romantic stories, see note (I) Part IV (1).

† See Dugdale, Bar. i. 42, 101, who places it after 13 John, A. D. 1212. See also Plot's Staffordshire. Camden's Britann. (Cheshire.)

conduct of Dutton (his steward), a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For this good service, Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots;\* and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since.(W)

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale,† as handed down to his time, viz.: "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that country resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's Church (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country), one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guanine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte

of an old English boke yn ryme,"\* and is as follows:

Whittington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the coheirress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn tournament by the ancestor of the Guarines,† had in the reign of King John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess),‡ not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England after various conflicts, "Fulco resorted to one John of Raumpayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrolle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whittington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrenn hide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and Bracy," a knight who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Morice[s] hedde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent rencounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John: from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for "John Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadly slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whittington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add that Fulco was

\* Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. pages 261, 266, 267.

† This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish all his opponents in solemn contest, &c., appears to be burlesqued in the Tournament of Totenham, as is well observed by the learned author of Remarks, &c., in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794, p. 613.

‡ "John, son to King Henry, and Fulco felle at varlance at Chestes [i.e. Chess]; and John brake Fulco [s] hed with the chess borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym." (Lel. Coll. i. p. 264.) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "King Henry dubbid Fulco and 3 of his brethrenn Knights at Winchester." Ibid.

\* See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary (Art. Minstrel).

Bac. l. p. 101.

obliged to flee into France, where, assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in jousts and tournaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whittington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III., we have mention of Master Ricard the King's Harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice, his wife.\* The title of *Magister*, or Master, given to this Minstrel deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.), in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told by a contemporary historian,† that, in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Saracen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod or trestle, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains.‡ And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great

monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour;\* yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow.(X) And

Under the succeeding reign of King Edward II., such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A. D. 1315.(Y) Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow.(Z)

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall; where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the table, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed."—The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real minstrel; for there should seem to have been women of this profession (A n), as well as of the other sex; and no

\* Burney's Hist. ii. p. 355.—Rot. Pip. An. 36 II. III. "Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato Magistro Ricardo Cithariste Regis, xl. sol. per. br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrixi uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

† Walter Hemmingford (vixit temp. Edw. I.), in Chronic. cap. 36, inter V. Hist. Ang. Scriptores, vol. ii. Oxon. 1687, fol. pag. 591.

‡ "Accurrentes ad hæc Ministri ejus, qui a longo steterant, invenerunt eum [scil. Nuntium] in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, scilicet Cithareda suam, & percussit eum in capite, et effudit cerebro ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percussisset." Ibid. These Minstri must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters which the assassin had delivered to the prince from his master.

\* See Gray's Ode; and the Hist. of the Gwedir Family in "Miscellanies by the Hon. Daines Barrington," 1781, 4to., p. 388; who in the Laws, &c., of this monarch could find no instances of severity against the Welsh. See his observations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th edit. p. 368.

omplishment is so constantly attributed to males, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp. (A a 2) In the fourth year of King Richard II., hn of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a court of Minstrels, similar to that usually kept at Chester, and which, like a court-leet or court baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and advice from the men of this profession within the neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them. (B b) These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot:\* in whose time, however, they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music."†

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the heralds: and the King of the Minstrels, like the king at arms, was both here and on the Continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of King Edward I. mention of a King Robert and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlece, "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*,"‡ of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Buteler. (B b 2) Rymer hath also printed a license granted by King Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.§

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against

their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours Ministrals*; for by these names they describe them. (B b 3) This act plainly shows, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son King Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number, to attend him;\* and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii. d. a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present.† Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshed,‡ would not suffer "any ditties to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God." (B b 4) But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer.§ And having before his death orally granted an annuity of one hundred shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI., A. D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.||

\* Rymer, ix. 266.

† Ibid. p. 260.

‡ See his Chronicle, sub anno 1415, p. 1170. He also gives this other instance of the king's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the ditties and cuttes whiche appeared in the same of such blowes and stripes as hee received the daye of the battell." Ibid. Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 20, p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inserted in Series the Second Book I. No. V., which would be considered as a hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the vol. may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for three and four Voices," and in Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. p. 384.

§ Tom. ix. 336.

|| Rymer, tom. x. 287. They are mentioned by name, being ten in number: one of them was named Thomas Chatterton.

\* Hist. of Staffordshire, ch. 10, § 69-70, p. 433 et seqq., of which see Extracts in Sir J. Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 64; and Dr. Burney's Hist. vol. ii. p. 360 et seqq.

N. B. The barbarous diversion of bull-running was no part of the original Institution. &c., as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge, in Archaeologia, vol. ii. no. xiii. p. 88.

† See the charge given by the Steward, at the time of the election, in Plot's Hist. ubi supra; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363-4.

‡ So among the Heralds Norway was anciently styled *Roy d'Armes de North*. (Anstis, ii. 300.) And the Kings at Arms in general were originally called *Reges Heraldorum* (Ibid. p. 302), as these were *Reges Ministrallorum*.

§ Rymer's Foedera, tom. vii. p. 555.



The unfortunate reign of King Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year, A. D. 1456, we have in Rymer\* a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469), upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a charter,† by which he creates, or rather restores, a fraternity or perpetual gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels had in times past), to be governed by a Marshall appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's court among the heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as marshal in the foregoing charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding monarchs, King Henry V.‡ and VI.§ Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the third year of this reign 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of 10 marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.||

\* Tom. xi. 375.

† See it in Rymer, tom. xi. 642, and in Sir J. Hawkins, vol. iv. p. 800. Note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of King Charles I., 15 July (11 Anno Regni), for a Corporation of Musicians, &c., in Westminster, which may be seen *ibid.*

‡ Rymer, ix. 255. § *Ibid.* xi. 375. || *Ibid.* xi. 612.

But besides their Marshal, we have also in this reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [King Edward IV.] was in the north contray in the moneth of September, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt of the Mynstrellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveyld," &c.\* This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the charter for the fraternity or gild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight Minstrels to whom that charter is directed.†

The same charter was renewed by King Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels:‡ and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529, this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse,§ whom I take to have borne the office of his serjeant over them.||

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels; and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512.(C) And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here.(C c 2)

The name of Minstrel seems however to

\* Here unfortunately ends a curious fragment (an. 9 R. IV.), ad calcem Sprotti Chron. Ed. Hearne, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. Vld. T. Warton's Hist. ii. p. 134. Note (c).

† Rymer, xi. 642.

‡ *Ibid.* xlii. 705.

§ Rymer, tom. xiv. 2. 93.

|| So I am inclined to understand the term *Serviens* master Hugo Wodehouse, in the original grant. (See Rymer *ubisupra.*) It is needless to observe that *Serviens* expressed a serjeant as well as a servant. If this interpretation of *Serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his gild, although he had not been one of the eight minstrels who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the Marshal, although he had no share in the government of the gild.

have been gradually appropriated to the musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the composer, of heroic or popular rhymes.\*

In the time of King Henry VIII., we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions; but the others that did, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges. (D d)

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevy of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like" in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, [sc. Fits†] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe," as the reader may be informed by a courtly writer, in 1589.‡ Who himself had "written for pleasure a little brieve romance or historically ditty . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine," in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof," (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c., to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly,) "and consideration of the causes alledged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every romance, or short historical ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer,§ who mentions that "common rimers"

were fond of using rimes at short distances, "in small and popular musickes song by these Cantabanki" [the said common rimers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c., "or else by blind Harpers or such like Taverne Minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances, or historical rimes," &c., "also they be used in carols and rounds, and such light or lascivious poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffons, or vices in playes, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laurent), being in deeds but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."\*

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect, yet that they still sustained a character far superior to anything we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present,† and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large. (E e)

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, appparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonsterwise:‡ fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleecked

\* Puttenham, &c., p. 69.

† See a very curious "Letter: wherein, part of the entertainment unto the Queen's Majesty, at Killingworth Castl, in Warwicke Shier, in this soomerz progress 1575, is signified," &c., bl. 1. 4to. vid. p. 46 & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, &c., in two vols. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Ro. Laneham, or rather Langham; see p. 84.

‡ I suppose "tonsure-wise," after the manner of the Monks.

\* See below, and note (G g).

† See vol. ii. page 174.

‡ Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. p. 33.

§ Puttenham, &c., p. 69.

and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin\* edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets† of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red nether stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoeing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependant before him. His wrest‡ tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (powter,§ for) silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge.¶ From the expression of Squire

Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem . . . and . . . wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filling his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts," &c.—This song the reader will find printed in this work.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth,\* a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession. (E 2)

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad (F f) wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the North Countrey:" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shows that this representation is real.† On the other hand the scene of the

lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick Castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bagpipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percys, was revived by their illustrious representatives, the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

\* Anno Dom. 1507. Vid. *Pult. Stat.* p. 1110, 39<sup>o</sup> Eliz.

† Giraldu Cambrensis, writing in the reign of King Henry II., mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the North of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony" or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the base, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's Version, vol. ii. p. 108.) This he describes as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes [so *Dact* signifies in our old writers] and Norwegians, who long overran, and in effect new-peopled, the Northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed. (Vide *Cambrio Descriptio*, cap. 13, and in Burney *ubi supra*.)—Giraldu is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic Scalds had carried the arts of Poetry and Singing to great perfection at the time the Danish settlements were made in the North. And it will

\* i. e. handkerchief. So in Shakespeare's *Othello*, *passim*.  
† Perhaps, points.

‡ The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

§ The reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.

¶ As the House of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz. one for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court leets and fairs held for the

finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawdor, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "come ze frae the border?"\* The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable license of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our northern Minstrels and Harpers afterwards, who had preserved and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic ancestors. See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. c. 13, p. 386, and *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, 1703, 8vo.—Compare the original passage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, l. 408, and by Dr. Burney, ll. 108, who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giraldus, which hath been attacked by some partial and bigoted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "*Antiquities of Ireland*," by Edward Ledwich, LL.D., &c., Dublin, 1790," 4to., p. 207 & seqq.

\* This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish Poetry is now usually printed, would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "*Scottish Songs*, 1794," 2 vols., 12mo. i. p. 267, thus (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish Idiom),

"Live you upo' the Border?"

had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "*Historical Essay*" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to

"Ye live upo' the Border."

the better to favour a position, that many of the pipers "might live upon the border, for the conveniency of attending fairs, &c., in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England, knows that on the English frontier, rude mountains and barren wastes reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary shopherds; many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the Debatable Lands, which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas, till these disputes were settled not many years since by arbitration between the present Lord Douglas and the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

*Countrie harpèr buttèl mornìng*  
*Ladie singèr dumsèl lordyng,*

instead of *countrie, lady, harper, singer, &c.*—

This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of heroic ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III., Series the First. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exact measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic: these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in Series the First, No. III. of Book III., with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above), the genuine old minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections. (F f 2)

P.S.—By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question whether the term *Minstrels* was applied in English to *Singers, and Composers of Songs, &c.*, or confined to *Musicians only*. But it is reserved for the concluding note. (G g)

# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN THE

## FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) The MINSTRELS, &c. The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; whereas, it had long before that time been adopted in France.\*—MENESTREL, so early as the eighth century, was a title given to the *Macstro di Capella* of King Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or leader of any band of musicians. [Vid. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. 268.] This term *menestrel*, *menestrier*, was thus expressed in Latin, *ministellus*, *ministrellus*, *ministrallus*, *menesterellus*, &c. [Vid. Gloss. Du Cange et Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above mentioned from *ministerialis*, or *ministeriaris*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a workman or artificer (still called in Languedoc *ministral*), as if these men were styled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence. [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given, perhaps more truly, by Du Cange: "MINISTELLI . . . quos vulgo *menestreux* vel *menestriers* appellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *ministris* accenserentur." [Gloss. iv. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word "*minister*" is sometimes used "pro *ministellus*" [Ibid.] and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

\* The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was *Gleeman* [see below, note (I) sect. 1], so that, wherever the term *Minstrel* is in those pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was *Jogeler*, or *Jocular*. Lat *Joculator*. [See p. 15, as also note (V 2) and note (Q).] To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word *Minstrel*: which (as the author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Minister*, scil. *Ministerellus*, *Ministrellus*.

Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV., quoted above in p. xix., by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual gild, &c. See the original in Rymer, xi. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty, "to pray (*exorare*: which it is presumed they did by assisting in the chant, and musical accompaniment, &c.) in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c."—The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "Minister . . . pro *ministellus* *joculator*.\*—Vetus Cereemoniale MS. B.M. deauratæ Tolos. Item, etiam congregabuntur piscatores, qui debent interesse isto die in processione cum ministris seu *joculatoribus*: quia ipsi piscatores tenentur habere isto die *joculatores*, seu *mimos* ob honorem Crucis—et vadunt primi ante processionem cum *ministris* seu *joculatoribus* semper pulsantibus usque ad ecclesium S. Stephani." [Gloss. 773.]—This may, perhaps, account for the clerical appearance of the minstrels, who seem to have been distinguished by the tonsure, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character.† Thus Jeffrey of

\* *Ministers* seems to be used for *Minstrels* in the Account of the Inthronization of Abp. Neville. (An. 6 Edw. IV.) "Then all the Chaplains must say grace, and the *Ministers* do sing." Vid. Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. vi. p. 13.

† It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of "Irish Antiquities," &c., that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is shown by Salmasius in *Notis ad Hist. August. Scriptores VI. Paris*, 1620, fol. p. 885. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin, though it afterwards might make the *Minstrels* sometimes pass for Ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that *Histriones*, and *Mimi*, abounded in France in

Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a minstrel, says, "*Rasit capillus suos et barbam*" (see note K). Again, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient minstrel, speaks of his head as "rounded Tonster-wise" (which I venture to read *tonsure-wise*), "his beard smugly shaven." See above, p. xx.

It must, however, be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical appearance of the minstrels, and though they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shown to those men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *scurves*, *famelici*, *nebulones*, &c., of which innumerable instances may be seen in *Da Cange*. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no minstrel should ever be suffered to enter the gates.\*

We have, however, innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the Convents, which are collected by T. Worton (i. 91, &c.), and others. But one instance, quoted from Wood's *Hist. Antiq. Univ. Ox.* i. 67 (sub an. 1224), deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of their being *Mimi* or *Minstrels*, gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained with their diverting arts, &c., when they found them to be only two indigent Ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them, and turned them out of the monastery. (*Ibid.* p. 92.) This passage furnishes an additional proof that a

Minstrel might by his dress or appearance be mistaken for an Ecclesiastic.

(B) ["The Minstrels use mimicry and action, and other means of diverting, &c."] It is observable that our old monkish historians do not use the words *Cantator*, *Citharædus*, *Musicus*, or the like, to express a Minstrel in Latin, so frequently as *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c., or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his *History of the Rise of Poetry*, &c.]

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his *Life of St. Louis*, speaks of some Armenian Minstrels, who were very dextrous Tumblers and Posture-masters. "*Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Illymerie (Armenie) . . . et avoient trois cors—Quand ils encommençoient a cornor, vous disiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes, . . . et faisoient les plus douces melodies.—Ils faisoient trois merveilleux saus, car on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . Les doux tournoient les testes arrieres,*" &c. [See the extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's *Observations on the Anc. Statutes*, 4to., 2d Edit. p. 273, omitted in the last impression.]

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the press warrant of Henry VI. "*De Ministrallis propter solatium Regis providendis*," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided "*in arte Ministrallatus instructos*," should also be "*membris naturalibus elegantes*." See above page xix. (Observe on the *Anc. Stat.* 4th Edit. p. 337.)

Although by Minstrel was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others; yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these.\* Music, however, being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called Minstreley, and

the time of Charlemagne (ii. 221), so that their profession was handed down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and therewith some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most confined to singing and music.

\* Yet, in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inscription: "*Thys Pillar made the Mynstrylls;*" having its capital decorated with figures of five men in short coats; one of whom holds an instrument resembling a lute. See *Str. J. Hawkins, Hist.* ii. 208.

\* Vld. *infra*, Not. (A. a).

the name of Minstrel at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the general name of *Menestraulie*, *Menestraudise*, *Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars*, *Ars Joculatoria*, &c.]—"On peut comprendre sous le nom de Jonglerie tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie étoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improviseurs*, comme on en trouve en *Italie*; des *Chanteurs* ou *Chanteurs* qui exécutoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient de leurs instruments.—L'art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, étoit nommé la *Science Gaie*, *Gay Saber*." (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765, 8vo. p. 17.)—See also the curious Fauchot (*De l'Orig. de la Lang. Fr.* p. 72, &c.) "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petits royaumes, ducbez, et comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire cognoistre les *Troverres*, et *Chanteurs*, *Conteurs*, et *Juglours*: qui sont *Trouveurs*, *Chantres*, *Conteurs*, *Jongleurs*, ou *Jugleurs*, c'est à dire, *Menestriers* chantans avec la viole."

We see then that *Jongleur*, *Jugleur* (Lat. *Joculator*, *Jugulator*), was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "*Les Jongleurs* ne faisoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi *Menestrels*:" says Fontenelle, in his Hist. du Theat. Franc. prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(Q) "Successors of the ancient Bards." That the Minstrels in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the Patron Deity of the Bards, uses the phrase *Deus Joculatorum*; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels.\* In like manner, William

Malsbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a Scald, expresses it by *Professus Minum*; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity.\* Indeed Du Cange, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the middle ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the Monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurra*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"Ministelli, dicti præsertim *Scurra*, Mimi, *Joculatores*." . . . "Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* munus erat principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis, avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine Assentatione, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis demulcere . . .

"Intordum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, catutorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad virtutem capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Callos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Ammiani . . . Chronicon Bertrandi Guosolini.

"Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans  
Il doit aler souvent a la pluie et au champs  
Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,  
Les Quatre Fils Haimon, et Charlon li plus  
grans,  
Li dus Lions de Bourges, et Guions de  
Connans,  
Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, et Tristans,  
Alixandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sachans,  
De quoy oïls Menestriers font les nobles  
Romans."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post inaugurationem suam proceres excepit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatus, in medium prodiisse Minum, qui regis laudes ad cytharum decantavit."—

\* Vid. note (H) (K) (Q).

\* Vid. note (N).

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Dumque foveat genium geniali munere Bacchi,  
Nectare commixto curas removoento Lyæo  
Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte  
Assurgit Minus, ars musica quem decoravit,  
Ille ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista:  
Incolyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,  
Quem vigor et virtus extollit in æthera famæ," &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum et Ministrellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse. . . . Id præsertim in pugna præcinctu, dominis suis occinebant, ut martium ardorem in eorum animis concitarent; ejusmodi cantum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.—Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. 'Tanta vero illis securitas . . . ut Scurram se precedere facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur,' &c. As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder at his calling the Minstrel, *Scurram*.

This word *Scurra*, or some one similar, is represented in the Glossaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator* (Fr. *Leccour*) the ancient term by which the *Minstrel* appears to be expressed in the Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxvii. On this head I shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Glossary, (sc. ad verb. *Monestellus* et ad verb. *Leccator*.)—"Philippus Moukes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum M. Provincie comitatum Scurris et Mimis suis olim donasse, indeque postea tantum in hac regione poetarum numerum excrevisse.

"Quar quant li buens Rois Karlemaigne,  
Ot toute mise a son demaine  
Provence, qui mult iert plentive  
De vins, de bois, d'aigue, de rive,  
As Leccours as Menestreus  
Qui sont auqués luxuriens  
Le donna toute et departi."

(D) "The Poet and the Minstrel early with-

us became two persons." The word *Scald* comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a poet *Scœop*, and *Leoðpýlta*; the last of these comes from *Leoð*, a song; and the former answers to our old word *Maker* (Gr. *Ποιητής*) being derived from *Scippan* or *Scœopan*, *formare, facere, fingere, creare* (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of *Trigman*, and perhaps by the more simple title of *Heapenepe*, *Harper*: [See below Notes (II), (I).] This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhymists. See in this work series i. p. 89, &c., series iii. p.

(E) "Minstrels . . . at the houses of the great," &c.] Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries; especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their flatteries ("præsertim qui ejusmodi Ministrellorum assentationibus delectabantur.") He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old Songsters.

"Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. an. 1185. Cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba Iistrionum convenire soleat, ut ab eis Aurum, Argentum, Equos, seu vestes,\* quos persæpe mutare consueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba jocularia variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicet omnes delitias et lepores, et visu dig-

\* The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the fourteenth century. Froissart, describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there many Mynstrels, as well of his own as of strangers, and eche of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties. The same day the Earle of Foix gave to Haurals and Minstrelles the som of fyve hundred frankes; and gave to the Duke of Tourayne Mynstrelles gownes of clothe of gold furred with ermyne valued at two hundred frankes." B. iii. c. 81. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1625. (Mr. O.)



nas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubescunt. Vidimus quondam quosdam principes, qui vestes diu excoctas, et variis florum picturationibus artificiosè elaboratas, pro quibus forsàn 20 vel 30 marcas argenti consumpserant, vix revolutis septem diebus, Histriionibus, ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c."

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. Fauchet: (*Recueil de la Lang. Fr. p. 73*), who says that, like the ancient Greek *Acrobæ*, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux là, prenans leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloient *Gesta*, venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours rejouir les Princes . . . . Remportans des grandes recompences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoient jusques aux robes qu'ils avoyent vestues: et lesquelles ces Juggleurs ne failloyent de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il me souvient avoir veu Marten Baraton (ja viel Menestrier d'Orléans) lequel aux festes et nopces batoit un tabourin d'argent, semé des plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il avoit appris a danser."—Here we see that a Minstrel sometimes performed the function of a dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that those men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. "Les princesses et les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles estoient fort foibles contre les beaux esprits." (*Hist. du Théat.*) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. "Tel qui par les partages de sa famille n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquerir le reste de Chateau." (*Fontenelle Hist. du Théat.*) We see, then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings' daughters, &c., and discovering themselves to be the sons of some foreign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the Monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shown to those men. "Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in Histriiones et Mimos, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem et dilationem nominis effunditis opes vestras," &c. [*Epist. 247.\**]

The Monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who at his marriage with Agnes of Poitou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. "Infinitam Histriionem et Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo et muneribus vacuam et moerentem abire permisit." (*Chronie. Virtzburg.*) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, *Gloss. tom. iv. p. 771, &c.*

(G) "The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective." Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgments, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic economy of their countrymen. The Saxon Chronicle, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as *Lucius Florus* and *Eutropius* have left us of the Roman history. As for *Ethelward*, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle;† and the *Pseudo-Asser*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly stu-

\* Et vid. Pollardicon, cap. 8, &c.

† Vid. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.

died the Ante-Norman historians. "Conjectaris (licet nusquam verisimili fundamento), aliquoties indulgenus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis et indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt." Vide plura in Præfat. ad *Ælfr. Vitam à Spelman.* Ox. 1678, fol.

(II) "Minstrels and Harpers." That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. *Heappe*, *Heapra*. Iceland. *Harpa*, *Haurpa*. Dan. and Belg. *Harpe*. Gorm. *Harppfe*, *Harppfa*. Gal. *Harpe*. Span. *Harpa*. Ital. *Arpa* [Vid. Jun. Etym.—Monage Etym. &c.] As also from this, that the word *Heapre* is constantly used in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara*, *Lyra*, and even *Cymbalum*: the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated *Heapp rany*, harp-song. [Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his *Hist. Eccles. Anglor.* Lib 4, c. 24, where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680), he says:—

"Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu sæculari, usque ad tempore profectionis ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cum esset lætitiæ causa decretum ut omnes per ordinem cantare deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi citharam cernebat, surgebat à mediâ cænâ, et egressus, ad suam domum repedabat."

I shall now subjoin King Alfred's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

"He . . . næfre nolt leafrunga. ne  
"He . . . . . never no leasings, nor  
wdeley leoðer pyrcean ne mihte. ne  
idle songs compose ne might; but  
eþne ða an ða ðe to aþeþtneþre  
to! only those things which to religion [piety]  
belumpon. ⁊ his ða aþeþtan tungan  
belong, and his then pious tongue  
geðapenode ringan: Wær he þe  
became to sing: He was the [a]  
man in weorold hæde geþeoted oð ða  
man in worldly [secular] state set to the  
tibe ðe he wær of gelyfðe yldo.  
time in which he was of an advanced age;  
⁊ he næfre wuþ leoþ geleornode.  
and he never any song learned.  
⁊ he forþon oft in geþeoppe  
And he therefore oft in an entertainment  
ðonne ðær wær bliþre intunga  
when there was for merriment-sake adjudged  
gedemed þæt hi ealle sceoldan ðurh  
[or decreed] that they all should through  
endeþyrdneþre be heappan ringan.  
their turns by [to the] harp sing;  
ðonne he geþeah ða heappan him  
when he saw the harp him  
nealæcean. ðonne aþar he for þeome  
approach, then arose he for shame  
fram ðam rymle. ⁊ ham eode to  
from the supper, and home yode [went] to  
his huse.

his horse.—Bede, *Hist. Eccl. a Smith.* Cantab. 1722, fol. p. 597.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heappan ringan," sing to the harp; as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat a mediâ cænâ*; he assigns a motive, "aþar for þeome," arose for shame: that is, either from an austerity of manners, or from his being deficient in an accomplishment which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1) "The word Glee, which peculiarly denoted their art," &c. This word Glee is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Glēaz*, [Glīg] *Musica*, *Music*, *Minstrelsy* (Soma). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the

Minstrel Art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

## I.

(1). **Elip**, [Gliw] *Mimus* a Minstrel.

**Eligman**, **ghgmon**, **gliman** [Gleeman,\*] *Illetrio Mimus, Pantomimus*; all common names in middle Latin for a Minstrel: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a *Minstrel*; a *Player on a Timbrel or Taber*. He adds, a *Fidler*; but although the *Fytlhell* or *Fiddle* was an ancient instrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song (see Warton, i. 17), it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

**Elhmen**, **ghgmen**. [Glee-men]. *Illetriones* Minstrels. Hence

**Elhmanna ýppe**. *Orchestra* vel *Pulpitus*. The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2). But their most proper and expressive name was

**Elphleoþþriend**. *Musicus*, a *Minstrel*; and

**Elphleoþþriendheca**. *Musicus*, Musical. These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing at once their music and singing, being compounded of **Elip**, *Musicus*, *Mimus*, a Musician, Minstrel, and **Leoð**, *Carmen*, a Song.

(3). From the above word **Elhgg**, the profession itself was called

**Elhgeþæpc**. [Glig or Glee-craft.] *Mu-*

\* Gleeman continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Bruune's metrical version of Bishop Grossthead's *Manuel de Peche*, A. D. 1303 (see Warton, i. 61), we have this,

"—— Gode men, ye shall here  
When ye any Gleeman here,"

Fabyan (in his Chronicle, 1533, f. 32), translating the passage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted below in page 28, Note (K), renders *Dens Jocularum*, by God of Gleemen. (Warton's *Ilst. Eng. Poet. Diss.* I.) Fabyan died in 1592.

Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intitled "The Daunce," what passed in the infernal regions "amangis the Feyndis," says,

"Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowl,  
For Gle-men thair we holdin, out,  
Be day and eke by nicht."

See Poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770, 12mo, page 180. Mailland's MS. at Cambridge reads here, Glowe men.

*sica, Illestrionia, Mimica, Gesticulatio*: which Somner rightly gives in English, *Minstrelsy, Mimical Gesticulation, Mummery*. He also adds, *Stage-playing*; but here again I think he substitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Illestrionia*, which in Middle Latin only signifies the Minstrel Art.

However, it should seem that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old Minstrels. But

(4). As Musical Performances was the leading idea, so

**Elhopian**, *Cantus musicos edere*; and **Elhgbeam**, **glybeam**. [Glig- or Glee-beam.] *Tympanum*; a *Timbrel* or *Taber*. (So Somn.) Hence

**Elýpan**. *Tympanum pulsare*; and **Elip-meden**; **Elýpiende-maden** [Glee-Maiden.] *Tympanistria*: which Somner renders a *Slee-Minstrel*; for it should seem that they had Females of this profession; one name for which was also **Elýphýðe-nejcpa**.

(5). Of congenial derivation to the foregoing, is

**Elýpc**. [Glywc.] *Tibia*, a *Pipe* or *Flute*.

Both this and the common radix **Elhgg**, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic *Gliggur*, *Flatus*: as supposing the first attempts at music among our Gothic ancestors were from wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. *Etym. Ang. V.* Glee.

## II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of Music and Song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence, from the above root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1). **Elleo**, and **pinjum ghþ**. *Facetice*. **Elleoþian**, *jocari*; to *jest* or *be merry* (Somn.); and

**Elleoþiend**, *jocans*; *jesting*, *speaking merrily* (Somn.).

**Elhgzman** also signified *Jocista*, a *Jester*. **Elhgzamen** [Glee-games], *joci*. Which Somner renders *Merriments*, or *merry Jests*, or *trick*, or *Sports*: *Gamboles*.

(2). Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the cause for the effect,

**Elhe**, *gaudium*, *alacritas*, *lætitia*, *facetie*;

*Joy, Mirth, Gladness, Cheerfulness, Glee.* [Somner.] Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low, debasing sense.

## III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe that, before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by those austere ecclesiastics as tending to levity and licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the Monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and outrage in their countrymen, the Danes, which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents.—Hence arose a third application of words derived from *Lrīg*, Minstrelsy, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus,

(1). *Lrīg* is *Ludibrium*, laughing to scorn.\* So in S. Basil. Regul. 11, *Hi hæpdon him to glige halpende minegunge. Ludibrio habebant salutarem ejus admonitionem.*

(10).—This sense of the word was perhaps not ill founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

*Lrīg*-man was also used to signify *Scurra*, a "Saucy Jester." (Somn.)

*Lrīg-georn. Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quam par est amans. Officium Episcopale, 3.*

*Lrīpan. Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurram agere. Canon. Edgar, 58.*

(2). Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

*Lrīpan. Parasitus, Assentator; "A Fawner, a Toggler, a Parasite, a Flatterer." (Somn.)*

## IV.

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word *Lrīg*; notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied; yet

The derivative *Glee* (though now chiefly used to express Merriment and Joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify Music and Minstrelsy. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) E. g.

"For though that the best harper upon live  
Would on the beste sound jolly harpe  
That evir was, with all his fingers five  
Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,  
Were his nailes poincted never so sharpe  
It shoulde makin every wight to dull  
To heare is glee, and of his strokes ful."  
Troyl. lib. ii. 1030.

Junius interprets *Glees* by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's Third Boke of Fame:

'... Stoden . . the castell all aboutin  
Of all maner of Mynstrales  
And Jestours that tellen tales  
Both of wepyng and of game,  
And of all that longeth unto fame;  
There herde I play on a harpe  
That sownd both well and sharpe  
Hym Orpheus full craftily;  
And on this syde fast by  
Sate the harper Orion;  
And Eacides Chirion;  
And other harpers many one,  
And the Briton Glaskyrion.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds:

\* The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon works, so full and copious beyond anything that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, in MS., but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English Interpretations given by Somner, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that *Glee* denoted "Minstrelsy," or *Gligman* a "Minstrel."

\* To gleeck, is used in Shakspeare, for "to make sport,

"And small Harpers with her Gleees  
Sat under them in divers sees."

\* \* \* \*

Again, a little below, the poet, having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds:

"There sawe I syt in other sees  
Playing upon other sundry Gleees,  
Which that I cannot never<sup>\*</sup>  
More than starres ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1). That by *Jestours*, I suppose we are to understand *Gestours*; scil. the relaters of *Gests* (Lat. *Gesta*), or stories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in prose or verse. (Compare the record below, in marginal note subjoined to (V) 2.) Of the stories in prose, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the *Gesta Romanorum*, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called *Conteurs*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first Prose Romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2). That the "Briton Glaskeryon," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous Harper Glasgerion, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, at page 206.—In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the Minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus, "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3). As for the word *Gleees*, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not

seen the advertisements proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or Glee?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth." Geoffrey's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Baldolphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos et barbam,\* cultumque Joculatoris cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, sese Cytharistam exhibebat." Galf. Monum. Hist., 4to., 1508, lib. vii. c. 1.—That *Joculator* signifies precisely a Minstrel appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to *Citharista* or Harper (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See lib. i. cap. 22, where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes Cantores quos precedens aetas habuerat et in modulis et in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat: ita ut Deus Joculatorum videretur."—Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relater of Facts, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of Words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts." Both of these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury; and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards Abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest,† and consequently was as proper judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had

\* Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the *Joculatores* or Minstrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c., from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaven: (see above, p. xx, note J,) as they likewise did the mimicry, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the composing and singing to the harp heroic songs, &c., which they inherited from their own progenitors the bards and scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other northern people, brought these with them into Italy. For in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a Minstrel of Lombardy, whose song promised him success and victory. "Contigit JOCULATORUM ex Longobardorum gente ad Carolum venire, et CANTIUNCULAM A SE COMPOSITAM, rotando in conspectu suorum cantare." Tom. II. p. 2, Chron. Monast. Noval. lib. III. cap. x. p. 717. (T. Warton's Hist. vol. II. Emend. of vol. I. p. 113.)

† Natus 1030, scriptis 1091, obiit 1109. Tanner.

\* Neven, i. e. name.

actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Ante-Norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Joculator* or Minstrel was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but thirty-three years.\* Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes that are now remaining. Vid. note (G).

As for Asser Menevensis, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story, it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid Monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds.† Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting, in his opinion, no great honour on his patron.

The learned editor of Alfred's Life, in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines, from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. Vid. Annot. in *Ælfr. Mag. Vitam*, p. 33, Oxon. 1678, fol.

(M) "Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a 'Minstrel.'" "Fingens se JOCUATOREM, assumpta cithara," &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869.—"Sub specie MIMI . . . ut JOCUTATORIÆ professor artis." Gul. Malmesb.

\* Obiit anno 1142. Tanner.

† (See above, p. xxx.) Both Ingulph and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans, who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

l. ii. c. 4, p. 43. That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* signify literally, a Minstrel, see proved in notes (B), (K), (N), (Q), &c. See also note (G g).

Malmesbury adds, "Unius tantum fidelissimi fruebatur conscientia." As this confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old Metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection: See Series the First, Song vi.; Series the Third, Song vii., &c. Among the French and Provençal Bards, the *Trouverre*, or Inventor, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the harp, or other musical instrument. "Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleurs, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs harpes ou vielles les vers qu'il avoit composés. Ceux qui faisoient les Sons aussi bien que les Mots étoient les plus estimés." Fontenelle Hist. du Theatr.

That Alfred excelled in Music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS., many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musitians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction:" p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which we have seen above, note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was shameful to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid Monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment, savouring only of

worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs. [Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audiens . . . memorita retinebat:] p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c.: p. 43, et ib.] Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.\*

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel." [Assumptâ manu citharâ . . . professus Mimum, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium Cantus accepit:] Malmesb. l. ii. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (not any mimicry or tricks, but) his singing (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader, that *Mimus* in Middle Latinity signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimia*, Minstrelsy, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Gange:

"Mimus: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Palatinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majorie. In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, Mimi seu Joculatores licitè possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit lætitiâ . . . Quapropter volumus et ordinamus, quod in nostra curia Mimi debeant esse quinque, quorum duo sint tubicinatores, et tertius sit tabeleus [i. e. a player on the tabor].† Lit. remiss. ann. 1374. Ad Mimos cornicitantes, seu bucinantes necesserunt."

\* Thus Leob, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a song and its derivative *Leal* signifies a ballad to this day in the German tongue. and *Cuntare*, we have seen above, is by Alfred himself rendered *Be heapan rîgan*.

† The Tabour or Tabourin was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon (vid p. lxi): thus in an ancient French MS in the Harl. collection (2253, 75), a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback and bearing his Tabour.

"Entour son col porta son Tabour,  
Depeynt de Or, e riche Agour."

See also a passage in Menage's Diction Etym. [v Menestriers], where *Tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the *Viele*. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the instrument, and with his other hand plays on some keys that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the *Vielle*, vol. II p. 288,

*Mimia*, *Ludus Mimicus*, *Instrumentum [potius, Ars Joculatoria.]* Ann. 1482 . . . "mimia et cantu victum acquiro."

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(O) "To have been a Dane." The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish Scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation), that if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

"Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso [Islandico] idiomate Angliæ, Hybernique Regibus oblati et liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum, principumque familiarem fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiomata in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrímii id invicto argumento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab Adalsteino, Angliæ rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cujus filium propinquosque occiderat . . . rei statim ordinem metho, nunc satis obscuro, exposuit nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti." [Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. II. st. fol.]

This same Egill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a Scald; and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan, that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis et scriniis, duobus bene magnis argento repletis . . . Quin etiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticum, à se lingua Norvegiæ (quæ tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas marcas auri puri (pondus marcæ . . . 8 Æncias æqu-

who thinks it the same with the *Rote*, or wheel. See page 270 in the note.

"Il ot un Jogleor a sans,  
Qui navoit pas sovent robe entiere;  
Sovent estoit sans sa Viele."

Fabliaux et Cont. II. 184, 5.

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"Il ot un Jougleor a sens,  
Qui n'avoit pas sovent robe entiere;  
Sovent estoit sans sa Viele."

Fabliaux at Cont. ii. 184, 5.

bat) honorarii loco retulit." [Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic. lib. ii. p. 129.]

See more of Egill, in the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45, whose poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all in rhyme, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin. See Egill's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own . . . and to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds"; if this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular facts, could not be so as to the general manners and customs which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) "In Doomesday Book," &c.] Extract ex Libro Domesday: Et vid. Antist. Ord. Gart. ii. 304.

*Glowecestresceire.*

Fol. 162. Col. 1. *Berdic Joculator Regis habet iii. villas, et ibi v. car. nil redd.*

That *Joculator* is properly a Minstrel, might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth (v. note K), where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already offered, vid. supra, p. xxv., xxxii., xxxiii., note. See also Du Cange's Gloss. vol. iii. c. 1543. "*Jogulator pro Joculator.*—Consilium Masil. an. 1381. Nullus Ministreys, Jogulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum eujuscumque generis," &c., &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur*; so he was called in Spanish *Juiglar* and *Juglar*. "Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los Juglares, que assistian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero." Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1740, 4to.

"El anno 1328, en las siestas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Ara-

gon . . . \* el Juglar Ramasol cantó una Villanesca de la Composicion del . . . infante [Don Pedro] y otro Juglar, llamado Novellet, recitó y representó en voz y sin cantar mas de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro que llamaban Rima Vulgar." Ibid.

"Los Trobadores inventaron la Gaya Ciencia . . . estos Trobadores eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.—Es verdad, que ya entonces se havian entrometida entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los *Contadores*, los *Cantores*, los *Juglares*, los *Truenez*, y los *Bufones*." Ibid.

In England the King's Juglar continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. [vid. Note (C c)]. But in what sense the title was there applied does not appear. In *Barklay's Egloges*, written circ. 1514, Juglers and Pipers are mentioned together. Egl. iv. (vid. T. Warton's Hist. ii. 254).

(R) "A valiant warrior, named Taillefer," &c.] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, "Quod Ministellorum munus interdum præstant milites probatissimi. Le Roman De Vaceo, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir  
Mout veissiez Engleiz fremir . . .  
Taillefer qui mout bien chantoit,  
Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,  
Devant euls aloit chantant  
De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,  
Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,  
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

"Qui quidem Taillefer a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit." Gloss. tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un écuyer nommé *Taillefer*, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanson de Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les bouches des François, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment. Le *Taillefer* après avoir entonné la chanson que les soldats répétoient, se jetta le premier parmi les Anglois, et fut tué." [Voltaire Add. Hist. Univ. p. 69.]

The reader will see an attempt to restore the *Chanson de Roland*, with musical notes, in Dr. Burney's Hist. ii. p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, Series the Third. p. 189. Note (m).

\* "ROMANSE JUTULAR canta alt veire . . . devant le  
— "Don Pedro" Chron. d'Aragon, and Du Cange iv. 771

(S) "An eminent French writer," &c.] "M. l'Evêque de la Ravaliere, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, prétend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire avant celles de Provençaux, mais postérieurement au Règne Philippe I., ou à l'an 1100." [v. Révolutions de la Langue Françoise, à la suite des Poesies du Roi de Navarre.] "Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'une demi siècle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostre-dame fixe à l'an 1162," &c. Pref. à l'Anthologie Franç. 8vo. 1765.

This subject hath since been taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c., to M. Le Grand's "Fables ou Contes du xii<sup>e</sup> et du xiii<sup>e</sup> Siecle, Paris, 1788," 5 tom. 12mo., who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old *Rimeurs* of the North of France over the *Troubadours* of Provence, &c.

(S 2) "Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist." Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child (Series the Third, No. 1, p. 192),\* which although from the mention of Sarazens, &c., it must have been written at least after the first crusade in 1096, yet, from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for a Gleeman or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth; for, after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology: no quotation, "As the Romance sayth:" not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of northern extraction: Child *Horn* is the son of *Allaf* (i. e. Olaf or Olave), king of *Sudenne* (I suppose Sweden), by his Queen *Godylde* or *Godyllt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse* (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Ermynyld* is of an-

other king *Thurstan*; whose sons are *Athylld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of king Aylmer, &c., &c. All these savour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original from which was translated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleyan MS. 527, mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer iv. 68), and by T. Warton (Hist. i. 38), whose extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rhyme, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in Hickes's *The-saurus*, tom. i. cap. 24, p. 224 and 231.

(T) "The different production of the sedentary composer and the rumbling Minstrel." Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addressed to readers, or recitation reading: these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Arlous* (Series the Third, No. 20, p. 194), of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library, A 2, folio 3, the II Fitte thus concludes:

" . . . thus ferr have I red."

Such is *Ipomydon* (Series the Third, No. 23, p. 195), of which one of the divisions (Sign. E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus,

"Let hym go, God hym spede,  
Tyll ofte-soone we of him reed" [i. e. read].

So in *Amys and Amyllon*\* (Series the Third, No. 31, p. 195), in sta. 3d we have,

"In Geste as we rede;"

\* It ought to have been observed in its proper place in Series the Third, No. 31, p. 195, that *Amys* and *Amyllon* were no otherwise "Brothers," than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Essayist formerly with a curious transcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c.; and that it was his opinion that both the fragment of the "Lady Bellesnt," mentioned in the same No. 31, and also the mutilated Tale, No. 37 (p. 37), were only imperfect copies of the above romance of "Amys and Amyllon," which contains the two lines quoted in No. 37.

and similar phrases occur in stanzas 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the minstrels themselves.

Of this class, I conceive the romance of *Horn-Child* (mentioned in the last note (S 2) and in Series the Third, No. 192, p. 2), which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the *Squire of Low Degree* (Series the Third, No. 24, p. ), in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "As the romance sayth,"\* or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance as one would expect from an itinerant Bard. And

Such also is *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, &c., in 8 Fyttes, of which are extant two editions, 4to., in black-letter, described more fully in page 80 of this work. This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant satire aimed at abbots and their convents, &c., could not possibly have been composed by any monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced; but especially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal* (Series the Third, No. 2, p. 315), the 121st of which has

"In romances as we rede."

This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe the only one in which is inserted the name of the author.

\* Wherever the word *romance* occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the romance or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton (l. 140, note) from two passages in the pr. copy of "Sir Eglamour," viz., Sign. E. i.

In romaunce as we rede.  
Again in fol. ult.

In romaunce this cronyele is.  
But in the Cotton MS. of the original the first passage is  
As I herde a Clarke rede.  
And the other thus,

In Rome this Gest cronyeled ys.  
So that I believe references to "the Romaunce," or the like, were often mere expletive phrases inserted by the oral reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old "Syr Eglamour," in the manner that the copy was printed.

(T 2) "Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel." He is recorded by Leland under both these names, in his *Collectanea*, scil. vol. 1, p. 61.

"*Hospitale S. Bartholomei in West Smithfelde in London.*"

"Royer Mimis Regis fundator."

"*Hosp. Sti. Barthol. Londini.*"

"Raherus Mimis Regis II. 1, primus fundator, an. 1102, 3 II. 1, qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol." Ibid. page 99.

That *Mimus* is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the word in this essay, one extract from the accounts [*Lat. Computis*] of the Priory of Maxtocke, near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. Mimus Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharisantibus, ludentibus," &c., ii. 106, note q.) The same year, the prior gave to a *doctor predicans*, for a sermon preached to them, only 6d.

In the *Monasticon*, tom. ii. p. 166, 167, is a curious history of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection; which seems exactly such a composition as one of those which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous legend-maker, in 1380 (see T. Warton's curious account of him, in vol. ii. p. 190, note); who required no materials to assist him in composing his Narratives, &c., for in this legend are no particulars given of the founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed to King Edward the Confessor, and predicted by three Grecians, &c. Even his minstrel profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance or design, as the profession was, perhaps, falling into discredit when this legend was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself *suavitate joculari*. (This last is the only word that seems to have any appropriated meaning.) This will account for the indistinct incoherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore, in his time, called the King's Minstrel."—Survey of Lond. Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U) "In the early times, every harper was expected to sing." See on this subject King Alfred's version of Cædmon, above in note (H), page xxviii.

So in Horn-Child, King Allof orders his steward Athelbrus to

"— teeche him of harpe and of song."

In the Squire of Lowe Degree, the king offers to his daughter,

"Ye shall have harpe, sautry,\* and song."

And Chaucer, in his description of the Limitour or Mendicant Friar, speaks of harping as inseparable from singing (i. p. 11, ver. 268).

"— in his harping, whan that he hadde songe."

(U 2) "As the most accomplished," &c.] See Hoveden, p. 103, in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to King Richard himself, till Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. p. 62) showed it to belong to his Chancellor. "Ilic ad augmentum et fumam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum Cantores et Joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis et jura dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe." For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see T. Warton's *Ilist.* vol. ii. Addit. to p. 113 of vol. i.

(U 3) "Both the Norman and English languages would be heard at the houses of the great." A remarkable proof of this is, that the most diligent inquirers after ancient English rhymes find the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Hen. II. (little more than a century after the Conquest) recorded by Lambard in his *Dictionary of England*, p. 36.

"Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken  
England is thine and myne, &c.

\* The Harp (Lat. *Cithara*) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry (Lat. *Psalterium*) in that the former was a stringed instrument, and the latter was mounted with wire: there was also some difference in the construction of the bellies, &c. See "Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum," as Englished by Trevisa and Batman, ed. 1584, in Sir J. Hawkins' *Ilist.* ii. p. 285.

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, in the same reign of King Henry II., vid Camdeui Britannia (art. Suffolk), 1607, folio.

"Were I in my castle of Bungey  
Vpon the riuer of Waueney  
I would ne care for the king of Cokeney.

Indeed, many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—"Listen, lordings," and the like.—These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from vol. iii. p. 190, et seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

(V) "That intercommunity, &c., between the French and English minstrels," &c.] This might perhaps, in a great measure, be referred over to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the English Minstrels and others who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c., between the Minstrels of the two nations would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry which led knights, and their attendants, the heralds, and minstrels, &c., to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

(V 2) "Is not the only instance," &c.] The constant admission granted to minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus, in the old romance of Horn-Child, the Princess Rymenyld being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince, her lover, and some assistant knights, with concealed arms, assume the minstrel character, and approaching the castle with their "Gleyinge" or Minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, and fythelers,"\* has them admitted, when

\* Jogeler (Lat. *Joculator*) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Jocu-*

Horn sette him abenche [i. e. on a bench.]  
Is [i. e. his] harpe he gan clenche  
He made Rymenild a kny.

This sets the princess a weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the borde," or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

(V 3) . . "assumed the dress and character of a harper, &c." We have this curious *historiette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery, in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury. See Vincent's *Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility*, &c., folio, page 445-6, &c. Take the following extract (and see Dugdale's *Baron*, i. p. 175).

"Ela uxor Gullielmi Longespee primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbiriā, patre et matre Normannis.

"Pater itaque ejus defectus senio migravit ad Christum, A. D. 1196. Mater ejus ante biennium obiit. . . . Interea Domina charissima clam per cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, et ibidem sub tutā et arctā custodiā nutrita. Eodem tempore in Angliā fuit quidam miles nomine Guelhelmus Talbot, qui induit se habitum Peregrini [Anglice, a *pilgrim*] in Normanniam transfretavit et moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandum dominam Elam Sarum. Et illā inventā exiit habitum Peregrini, et induit se quasi Cytharistator et curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Eī ut erat homo Jocosus, in Gestis Antiquorum valde peritus, ibidem grantanter fuit acceptus quasi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens secum istam venerabilem dominam Elam et hæredam comitatus Sarum; et eam Regi Richardo præsentavit. Ac ille lætissime eam suscepit, et Fratri suo Guillelmo Longespee maritavit. . . .

*lutor* was, we may learn from the Register of St. Swithun's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton, i. 69). "Et canebat JOCULATOR quidam nomine Herebertus Cantileum Colbrondi, neenon *Gestum Emme* regine a judicio ignis liberato, in aula Prioris." His instrument was sometimes the Fythele, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula*: which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200 (T. Warton's *Hist.* i. p. 17), viz.,

Christofre him served longe

The kynge loved melodye much of fithle and of songs;  
So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye fute,  
And in a tyme he numped in his song the devyl at laste.

"A. D. 1226, Dominus Guill. Longespee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis supervixit. . . . Una die duo monasteria laudavit primo mane xvi Kal. Maii, A. D. 1232, apud Lacock, in quo sancta degunt Canonissæ. . . . Et Henton post nonam, anno vero ætatis suæ xlv., &c."

(W) For the preceding account, Dugdale refers to *Monast. Angl.* i. [r. ii.] p. 185, but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his *Hist. of Cambria*, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welsh MSS. The words in the *Monasticon* are—"Qui accessitis Sutori-bus Cestriæ et Histrioribus, festinanter cum exercitu suo venit domino suo facere succursum. Walenses vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relictā obsidione fugerunt . . . Et propter hoc dedit comes antedictas . . . Constabulario dominationem Satorum et Histriorum. Constabularius vero retinuit sibi et hæredibus suis dominationem Satorum: et histriorum dedit vero Seneschallo." (So the passage should apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* seems redundant.)

We shall see below in note (Z) the proper import of the word *Histriorum*: but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used in the grant of the Constable De Lacy to Dutton, but "*Magisterium omnium Leccatorum et Mercetricium totius Cestreshire, sicut liberius illum [sic] Magisterium teneo de Comite.*" (Vid. Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 156.) Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly held for many ages a *magisterial* jurisdiction over all the Minstrels and Musicians of that County, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Mercetricis*, the natural inference is that the Minstrels were expressed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange, compiling his *Glossary*, could only find in the writers he consulted this word used in the abusive sense, often applied to every synonyme of the sportive and dissolute Minstrel, viz. *Scurra, vaniloquus, parasitus, epulo*, &c. (This I conceive to be the proper arrangement of these explanations, which only express the character given to the Minstrel elsewhere: see Du Cange *passim* and notes (C), (E), (F), (I). But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the Leccour (Lat. *Leccator*) and the Minstrel are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of territory of Provence, and

from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c. See the passage above in note (C) page xxvi.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton is thus expressed in the Statute Anno 39 Eliz. chap. iv., entitled, "An Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

"§ II. . . . All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Enterludes, and Minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or any other honourable Personage of greater degree, to be authorised to play under the hand and seal of arms of such Baron or Personage:) all Juglers, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . shall be adjudged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c."

"§ X. Provided always that this Act, or anything herein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder John Dutton of Dutton, in the County of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, prebeminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to use within the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient Charters of any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever."

The same clauses are renewed in the last Act on this subject, passed in the present Reign of Geo. III.

(X) "Edward I. . . . at the knighting of his son," &c.] See Nic. Trivetii Annales, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. p. 342.

"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comites Warenniæ et Arundeliæ, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginti dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa Ministrallorum Multitudo, portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad dovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."

(Y) "By an express regulation, &c.]" See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. vol. vi. p. 36. "A Dietarie, Writtes published

after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

"Edward by the grace of God, &c., to Sherifffes, &c., greetying. Forasmuch as . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelsie, and going in messages, and other faigned busines, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely considered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houses: &c. . . We wylling to restrayne suchie outrageous enterprises and idleness, &c. have ordeyned . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles, and Barons, none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none except it be three or four Minstrels of honour at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the Lorde of the House. And to the houses of meurer men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke and with such curtesie as the Maister of the House wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their askyng of anythyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinance, at the firste time he to lose his Minstrelsie, and at the second tyme to forswere his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrel in any house. . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August in the ix. yere of our reigne."

These abuses arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after, in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter 9 E. IV., referred to in p. xliii. "Ex querulosâ insinuatione. . . Ministrallorum nostrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ et artifices diversarum misterarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore Ministrallus, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse Ministrallus nostros proprios, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis Ministrallorum colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligcis nostris deceptivo colligunt, &c."

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous Commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567), for bestowing the Silver Harp on the best *Minstrel*, *Rythmer*, or *Bard*, in the principality of

North Wales; of which a fuller account will be given below in note (B b 3).

(Z) "It is thus related by Stow." See his Survey of London, &c., fol. 1633, p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall.] Stow had this passage from Walsingham's Hist. Ang. . . "Intravit quædam mulier ornata Histrionali habitu, equum bonum insidens Histrionaliter phaleratum, quæ mensas more Histrionum circumvit; et tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, et quandam literam coram rege posuit, et retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit," &c. Anglie Norm. Script. &c., Franc. 1603, fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their great halls. See in this work, page 73.

The answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "Non esse moris domus regie Histriones ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingh.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrion* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof; for in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chap. cxi., Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he *incipit, more Histrionico, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare.*" (T. Warton, iii. p. li.) And Muratori cites a passage in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan—"Super quo Histriones cantabant, sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio." Antich. Ital. li. p. 6. (Observ. on the Statutes, 4th edit. p. 362.)

See also (E) pag. xxvi. &c. (F) p. xxvii. &c.

(A a) "There should seem to have been women of this profession." This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz.: Anglo-Sax. *Erlypmeden*, [Glee-maiden] &c. *Erlypmede-maden*, *Erlyphýdenertna*. (Vid. supra p. xxvii.) Fr. *Jengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix*, *Ministrallissa*, *Fæmina Ministerialis*, &c. (Vid. Du Cange Gloss. and Suppl.)

See what is said in page xix. concerning the "sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels;"

see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney (ii. 315), from Muratori, of the Chorus of Women singing through the streets accompanied with musical instruments in 1268.

Had the female described by Walsingham been a *Tumbstere*, or dancing-woman (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 307, and v. Gloss.), that historian would probably have used the word *Saltatrix*. (See T. Warton, i. 240, note m.)

These *Saltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *Joculatores*, *Histriones*, with whom they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesiastics, who censured, in the severest terms, all these sportive characters. (Vid. T. Warton, in loco citato, et vido supra not. (E) (F) &c.)

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet and other subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the minstrel profession, under the different classes of *Troverres* (or *Troubadours*) *Chanterres*, *Conteurs*, and *Jugleurs*, &c. (vid. page xlviii.), as if they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguished from each other by those appropriate terms, we find no sufficient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in Latin, *Histrion*, *Mimus*, *Joculator*, *Ministrallus*, &c.; in French, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, *Jongleur*, *Jugleur*, &c.; and in English, *Joyeleur*, *Jugler*, *Minstrel*, and the like, seem to be given them indiscriminately. And one or other of these names seems to have been sometimes applied to every species of men whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with poesy, singing, music, or gesticulation, singly, or with a mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one class, order, or community (many of the above arts being sometimes exercised by the same person), they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general history of the profession, to show what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, whether, in the various passages quoted in these pages, the word *Minstrel*, &c., is always to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a singer to the harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of



MINSTRELS, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestrels de Trompes*, and *Menestrels de Bouche*, in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227, and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymier, whom I shall quote at large.

"Le Queens\* manda les Menestrels; \*Le  
[Compte.

Et si a fet† crier entre els, † fait.  
Qui la meilleur truffe † sauroit † Sornette,  
Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit [a gibe, a jest,  
Sa robe d'escarlante neuve. [or flouting.]  
L'uns Menestrels à l'autre reuve  
Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,  
Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre sot;  
Li uns chante, li autre note;  
Et li autres dit la riote;  
Et li autres la jenglerie; ‡ Janglerie, ba-  
Cil qui seivent de jonglerie [billage, rail-  
Violent par devant le Conte; [lerie.  
Acuns ja qui fabliaus conte  
Il i ot dit mainte risée," &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient *Jugglers*, we learn from the following citation from an old romance, written in 1230.

"Quand les tables ostees furent  
C'il jugglers in pies esturent  
S'ont vielles, et harpes prisees  
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises  
Et gestes, chantés nous ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, ii. 44, from Andr. Du Chene. See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. p. 299.

All the before-mentioned sports went by the general name of *Ministralcia*, *Ministellorum Ludicra*, &c.—"Charta an. 1377, apud Rymer, vii. p. 160. 'Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælati, Magnatibus, et Proceribus prædictis: et deinceps Magnates Milites, et Domini, alique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in Tripediis coræis et solempnibus Ministralciis, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuarent.'" (Du Cange, Gloss. 773.) [This was at the Coronation of King Richard II.]

It was common for the minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing (see above, note (E), p. xxvi.) Thus, in the old romance of

*l'irante el Blanco*; Val. 1511, the 14th cap. lib. ii. begins thus, "Despues que las mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los ministriles; y delante del Rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion."

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of sleight of hand, hence the word *Jugler* came to signify a performer of legerdomain: and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his *Squire's Tale* (ii. 108) speaks of the horse of brass, as

— like

An apparence ymade by som magike,  
As Jogelours plaien at thise festes grete.  
See also the *Frere's Tale*, p. 279, v. 7049.

(A a 2) "Females playing on the Harp." Thus in the old Romance of "*Syr Degore (or Degree*," Series the third, No. 23, p. 194), we have [Sign. D. i.]

The lady, that was so faire and bright,  
Upon her bed she sate down ryght;  
She harped notes swete and fine.  
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]  
And Syr Degore sate him downe,  
For to hear the harpes sowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is supplied from the folio MS.

In the "*Squyr of lowe Degree*" (Series the Third, No. 24, p. 195), the king says to his daughter [Sign. D. i.]

Ye were wont to harpe and syng,  
And be the meriest in chamber comyng.

In the "*Carle of Carlisle*," (Series the Third, No. 193, p. 29.) we have the following passage. [Folio MS. p. 451, v. 217.]

Downe came a lady faire and free,  
And sett her on the Carles knee:  
One whiles shee harped another whiles song,  
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

And in the Romance of "*Eger and Grime*" (Series the Third, No. 12, p. 194), we have [Ibid. p. 127, col. 2] in Part, I. v. 263.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde  
Shee sate downe by the bed side

Shoe laid a souter [psaltry] vpon her knoe  
Theron shoe plaid full lovesomelye.  
... And her 2 maydens sweetlye sange.

A similar passage occurs in Part IV. v. 120, (page 136.)—But these instances are sufficient.

(B b) "A charter . . . to appoint a king of the Minstrels." Entitled *Carta le Roy de Minstraulx* (in Latin *Histriones*, vid. Platt, p. 437). A copy of this charter is printed in Monast. Anglic. i. 355, and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717. (art. King.)

That this was a most respectable officer, both here and on the Continent, will appear from the passages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Minstraulx*, and *Histriones*, was forgot, that he was called King of the Fiddlers; on which subject see below, Note (E c 2).

Concerning the King of the Minstrels we have the following curious passages collected by Du Cange, Gloss. iv. 773.

"Rex Ministorum; supremus inter *Ministellos*: de cujus munere, potestate in ceteros *Ministellos* agit *Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ* in Monast. Anglicano, tom. i. pag. 355.—*Charta originalis* an. 1338. Jo Robert Caveron Roy des Menestrels du Royaume de France. Aliæ ann. 1357 et 1362. Copin de Biequin Roy des Menestres du Royaume de France. *Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis*, ann. 1367. Pour une Couronne d'argent qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphiane au Roy des Menestrels.

"*Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecentisium* an. 1296. Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillions *Juglator*, cui Dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam Regem *Juglatorum* in civitate Trecenti *Magisterium Juglatorum*, quem admodum suæ placeret voluntati, concesserunt." Gloss. c. 1587.

There is a very curious passage in Pasquier's "*Recherches de la France*," Paris, 1633, folio, liv. 7, ch. 5, p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loss how to account for the title of Le Roy assumed by the old composers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a Minstrel. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Menestrels*, will be esteemed more probable than what Pasquier here advances; for I have never

seen the title of *Prince* given to a Minstrel, &c., scil.—"A nos vieux Portes . . . comme . . . fust qu'ils eussent certain jeux de prix en leurs Poesies, ils . . . honoroient du nome, tantot de Roy, tantot de Prince, celui qui avoit le mieux fuiet comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalastiers, et Harquebusiers estre fait le semblable. Ainsi l'Antheur du Roman d'Oger le Danois s'appelle Roy.

"Icy endroiet est cil Livre finez  
Qui des enfans Oger est appelez  
Or vueille Diex qu'il soit parachevez  
En tel maniere kestre n'en puist blamez  
Le Roy Adams [r. Adones] ki il' est rimez.  
"Et en celuy de Cleomades,  
"Ce Livre de Cleomades  
Rimé jo le Roy Adenes  
Menestre au bon Duc Henry.

"Mot de Roy, qui seroit très-mal approprié à un Menestrier, si d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit à un jeu du prix: Et de fuiet il semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encorres quelque remarques, en ce que le mot de Jouingleur s'estant par succession de temps tourné en batelage, nous avons veu en nostre jeunesse les Jouing leurs se trouver à certain jour tous les ans en la ville de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestrier devant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'est pas pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainsi pour monstrier qu'il n'y a chose si belle qui ne s'anéantisse avec le temps."

We see here that in the time of Pasquier the poor Minstrel was sunk into as low estimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England: but by his apology for comparing the Jouingleurs, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for King *Adenes*, or *Adenez* (whose name in the first passage above is corruptly printed *Adams*), he is recorded in the "*Bibliothèques des Romans*, Amst. 1735," 12mo. vol. i. p. 232, to have composed the two Romances in verse above mentioned, and a third, entitled *Le Roman de Bertin*: all three being preserved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bon Duc Henry* I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B b 2) "King of the Minstrels," &c.] See Antis's Register of the Order of the Gar-

ter, ii. p. 303, who tells us "The President or Governour of the *Minstrels* had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by a patent; and long before his time payments were made by the crown to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto Ministrallo scutifero ad arma commoranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to. [Bibl. Cotton. Vespas. c. 16, f. 3]; as likewise [Libro Garderob. 25 E. I.] Ministrallis in die nuptiarum Comitissæ Holland filæ Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori, &c. Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Monthant, et Jacketto de Scot. Regibus, cuilibet eorum xl. s. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c. Under Ed. II. we likewise find other entries, Regi Roberto et aliis Ministrallis facientibus Menistrallias [Ministralcias qu.] suas coram Rege. [Bibl. Cotton. Nero. c. 8, p. 84, b. Comp. Garderob.] That king granted Willielmo de Morlee dicto Roy de North, Ministrallo Regis, domos quæ fuerunt Johannis le Boteler dicti Roy Brunhaud. [Pat. de terr. forisfact. 16 E. III.] He adds below (p. 304) a similar instance of a *Rex Juglutorum*, and that the "King of the Minstrels," at length was styled in France *Roy de Violins*, (Furetiere Diction. Univers.) as with us "King of the Fiddlers;" on which subject see below, note (F e 2).

(B b 3) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402), c. 27, runs in these terms, "Item, pur eschuir plusieurs diseases et mischiefs qont advenuz devaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales par plusieurs Westours, Rymours, Minstralx et autres Vacabondes, ordoignez est et establiz qe nul Westour, Rymour, Minstral ne Vacabond soit aucunement sustenuz en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoeqes." This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the resentment occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English Government, it is not to be wondered, that the Act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as *Rymours*, *Minstralx*, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to express the Welsh Bards with the usual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their *Minstralx* had

been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legislature to suppress them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced "les diseases et mischiefs en la Terre de Gales."

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does not still more clearly appear in the Commission issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, 1764, 4to. p. v. for bestowing the Silver Harp on "the chief of that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, and *Bards*, had lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also expert *Minstrels* and *Musicians in tongue and cunynge* thereby much discouraged, &c." and "hindred [of] livings and preferment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, or *Bards*," within five shires of North Wales, "shall appear to show their learnings accordingly," &c. And the Commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c., upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(B b 4) Holingshed translated this passage from Tho. de Elmham's "*Vita et Gesta Henrici V.*," scil. "*Soli Omnipotenti Deo se velle victoriam imputari . . . in tantum, quod cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citharistas vel alios quoscunque cantari penitus prohibebat.*" [Edit. Hearnii, 1727, p. 72.] As in his version Holingshed attributes the making as well as singing ditties to Minstrels, it is plain he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(C c) "The Household Book," &c.] See Section V.

"Of the Nombre of all my lords Servaunts."

"Item, Mynstrals in Household iii. viz. A Taberet, a Layte, and a Rebeck." [The Rebeck was a kind of Fiddle with three strings.]

Sect. XLIV. 3.

"Rewardes to his lordship's Servaunts, &c."

"Item, My lord usith and accustomith to gyf yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to his Minstrallis that be daily in his household, as his Tabret, Lute, and Rebecke, upon New Yeresday in the mornyng when they do play at my lordis chamber dour for his Lordschip and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xiii. s. iiii. d. for my Lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my Lady, if she be at my lords fyndyng, and not at hir owen; and for playing at my lordis Sone and Heir's chamber doure, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playinge at the chamber dours of my lords *Yonger Sonnes, my yonger masters, after* xiii. d. the pece for every of them.—xxiii. iiii. d."

Sect XLIV. 2.

"Rewardes to be geven to strangers, as Players, Mynstralls, or any other, &c."

"First, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to the Kings Jugler; . . . when they custome to come unto him yerly, vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif yerely to the kings or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custom to come unto him yerly,—vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accenstomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erls Mynstrellis, when they custome to come to hym yerely, iii. s. iiii. d. And if they come to my lorde seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomedeth to gife yerely to an Erls Mynstralls, if he be his speciall lorde, friende, or kynsman, if they come yerely to his lordschip . . . And, if they come to my 'lord' seldome, ones in ii or iii years . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes or Erlis Trumpetts, if they come vi together to his lordschipp, viz. if they come yerly, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than x. s."

"Item, my lorde usith and accustometh to gife yerly, when his lordschip is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they come to my lorde yerely, x. s."

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot conclude this note without observing, that in this enumeration the family Minstrels seem to have been Musicians only, and yet both the Earl's Trumpets and the King's Shawmes are evidently distinguished from the Earl's Minstrels, and the King's Jugler: Now we find *Jugglers* still coupled with *Pipers* in Barclay's *Egloges*, circ. 1514. (Warton, ii. 254.)

(C e 2) The honours and rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c., in the middle ages were excessive, as will be seen by many instances in these volumes; v. notes (E), (F), &c. But more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c., see T. Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. p. 89—92, 116, &c., ii. 105, 106, 254, &c. Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. p. 316—319, 397—399, 427, 428.

On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the *Fleta*, lib. ii. c. 23. "OFFICIUM ELEMOSINARII est. Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Elemosinam largiter recipere et fideliter distribuere; debet etiam Regem super Elemosinæ largitione crebris summonitionibus stimulare et precipue diebus Sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suos quæ magni sunt precij Histrionibus, Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel MINISTRALLIS, sed ad Elemosinæ suæ incrementum jubeat largiri." Et in c. 72. "Ministralli, vel Adulatoris."

(D d) "A species of men who did not sing," &c.] It appears from the passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of *Jongleurs* or Minstrels, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteurs*, or Reciters in prose. It is in his *Ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of such preachers as imitated the tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—"Apud Anglos est similegenus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatores [Mountebanks] de quibus modo dictum est; qui irrumpunt in convivia MAGNATUM, aut in CAUPONAS VINARIAS; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis fere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latrare videntur verius quam loqui." Opera, tom. v. c. 958. (Jortin, vol. ii. p. 193.)

As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the Moral Reciters of Prose than from Chanters of Rhyme; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(E e) This character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the romance of "Morte Arthur;" but none, it seems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to show how nearly the idea of the Minstrel character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot, having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark King of Cornwall had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot," is comforted by a knight named Sir Dinadan, who tells him "I will make a Lay for him, and when it is made, I shall make an Harper to sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an Harper, that hyght Elyot; and when he could it, hee taught it to many harpers. And so, . . . the Harpers went straight unto Wales and Cornwaile to sing the Lay. . . . which was the worst Lay that ever Harper sung with harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at a] great feast that King Marke made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had, . . . came Eliot the Harper; . . . and because he was a curious Harper, men heard him sing the same Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason, that ever man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, King Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou Harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a Minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these Lords that I bear the armes of. And, Sir King, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the Round Table made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said King Marke, I charge thee that thou lie thee fast out of my sight. So the Harper departed, &c." [Part II. c. 113, ed. 1634. See also Part III. c. 5.]

(E e 2) "This Act seems to have put an

end to the profession," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fiddlers, or other common Musicians; which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. (See his Historical Antiquities of Cheshire, 1673, p. 141.)

In this sense it is used in an Ordinance in the times of Cromwell, (1656,) wherein it is enacted, that if any of the "persons commonly called Fiddlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any Inn, Ale-house, or Tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any. . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's "King of the Minstrels" at length came to be called, like *Le Roy des Violons* in France, v. noto (B b 2), "King of the Fiddlers." See the common ballad entitled "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood with Clorinda, Queen of Tulbury Feast;" which, though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject,\* seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted Lemman "Maid Marian;" who together with his chaplain "Frier Tuck" were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice Dance, as may be seen by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's Editions of Shakspeare: by whom she is mentioned, 1 Hen. IV., act iii. sc. 3. (See also Warton, i. 245, ii. 237.) Whereas, from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the King," and "that he may get children," &c.,

\* Of the twenty-four songs in what is now called "Robin Hood's Garland," many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys' collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in p. iii), are ancient fragments of the following, viz, Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Frier Tuck.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robin Hood's death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies: but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS., where half of every leaf hath been torn away.

it is evidently posterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and can scarce be older than the reign of King Charles I.; for King James I. had no issue after his accession to the throne of England. It may even have been written since the Restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite King Charles II., on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys collection.

(F f) "Historical Song, or Ballad." The English word Ballad is evidently from the French *Ballade*, as the latter is from the Italian *Ballata*; which the Crætan Dictionary defines, *Canzone, che si canta Ballando*, "A Song, which is sung during a Dance." So Dr. Burney [ii. 342], who refers to a collection of *Ballette* published by Gastaldi and printed at Antwerp in 1596. [iii. 226.]

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin: for in the decline of the Roman Empire these trivial songs were called *Ballistæ* and *Sallatiunculæ*. *Ballistæum*, *Salmasius* says, is properly *Ballistium*. Gr. βαλλιστόν "ἀπὸ τοῦ βαλλίζω. . . βαλλιστὰ *Sallatio*. . . *Ballistium* igitur est quod vulgo vocamus *Ballot*; nam inde deducta vox nostra." *Salmas. Not. in Hist. Ang. Scriptores VI. p. 349.*

In the life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus may be seen two of these *Ballistæ*, as sung by the boys skipping and dancing, on account of a great slaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic War. The first is,

"Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,  
Unus homo mille decollavimus,  
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.  
Tantum vini habet nemo  
Quantum fudit sanguinis."

The other was

"Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos  
Semel et semel occidimus.  
Mille Persas querimus."

*Salmasius (in loc.)* shows that the trivial Poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, divided into Distichs. [Ibid. p. 350.] This becoming the metre of the hymns in the Church Service, to which the Monks at length

superadded rhyming terminations, was the origin of the common Trochaic Metre in the modern languages. This observation I owe to the learned author of *Irish Antiquities*, &c.

(F f 2) "Little Miscellanies named Garlands," &c.] In the Pepsian and other libraries are presented a great number of these in black letter, 12mo., under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.:

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c., by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleian Library.]
2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.
3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D., 1631.
4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.
5. The Garland of Delight, &c., by Tho. Delone.
6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanffer.
7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses.
8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1636.
9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.
10. The Country Garland.
11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.
12. The Lover's Garland.
13. Neptune's fair Garland.
14. England's fair Garland.
15. Robin Hood's Garland.
16. The Maiden's Garland.
17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.
18. A Royal Garland of New Songs.
19. The Jovial Garland, 8th ed., 1691, &c., &c., &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of "Penny-Merriments;" as little religious tracts of the same size were called "Penny Godlineses." In the Pepsian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

(G g) "The term Minstrel was not confined to a mere Musician in this country any more than on the Continent." The discussion of the question, Whether the term Minstrel was applied in England to Singers and Composers of Songs, &c., or confined to the performers on musical instruments, was properly reserved for this place, because much light hath already been thrown upon the subject in the preceding Notes, to which it will be sufficient to refer the reader.

That on the Continent the Minstrel was understood not to be a mere Musician, but a Singer of Verses, hath been shown in Notes (B), (C), (R), (A a), &c.\* And that he was

\* That the French Minstrel was a singer and composer, &c., appears from many passages translated by M. Le Grand,

also a maker of them is evident from the passage in (C), p. xxv., where the most noted Romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B b), p. xlii., we have the titles of some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were *Gleeman*,\* *Jogeler*,† and latterly *Minstrel*; not to mention *Harper*, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugleur*, *Menestrel* or *Menestrier*.‡ The writers of the middle ages expressed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Ministrellus*, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish, and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find, after a very strict research, to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly *Minstrel*, Lat. *Ministrellus*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. *Jogeler* or *Juglar*) is used as synonymous to *Citharista*, *Nolo* (K), p. xxxi., and to *Cantor* (p. xxxi.), and to *Minstrel* (vid. infra p. xl.). We have also positive proof that the subjects of his songs were *Gestes* and *Romantic Tales*. (V 2) note.

So *Mimus* is used as anonymous to *Joculator*, (M), p. xxxii. He was rewarded for his singing, (N), p. xxxiii., and he both sang, harped, and dealt in that sport (T 2) which is elsewhere called *Ars Joculatoria*, (M) ubi supra.

Again, *Histrion* is also proved to have been a singer, (Z) p. xl., and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria*, (E) p. xxvi. And *Histriones* is the term by which the French word *Ministraults* is most frequently rendered into Latin, (W) p. xxxviii., (B b) p. xlii., &c.

The fact therefore is sufficiently established

in "Tableaux ou Contes," &c., see tom. i. p. 37, 47.—il. 306, 313 et seqq.—iii. 266, &c. Yet this writer, like other French, critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of *Fablier*, *Conteur*, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, and *Jongleur* (tom. i. pref. p. xcvi.), whereas his own *Tales* confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of *Menestrier* or *Minstrel* was applied to them all.

\* See page xxix.

† See page xxxvii.

‡ See page xxxvii. Note.

that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, Singers; so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here, under the more general name of *Minstrels*, they are described as having sung.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to so common a book as T. Warton's *History of English Poetry*; where we shall find extracted from Records the following instances:

Ex Registr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (sub anno 1374). "In festo Alwyni Epi . . . Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus sex Ministralli, cum quatuor Citharistoribus, faciebant Ministralcias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata Dom. Prioris cantabant idem *Gestem* in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti *Joculatores* a Castello Domini Regis et ex familia Epi." (Vol. ii. p. 174.) Here the *Minstrels* and *Harpers* are expressly called *Joculatores*; and as the *Harpers* had Musical Instruments, the Singing must have been by the *Minstrels*, or by both conjointly.

For that *Minstrels* sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Accompt Roll of the Priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire (under the year 1432). "Dat Sex Ministrallis de Bokyngham *cantantibus* in refectionario Martyrium Septem Dormientium in Fasto Epiphanie, iv. s." (Vol. ii. p. 175.)

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the *Minstrel* is represented as singing. To mention only a few:

In the old Romance of *Emaré* (Series the Third, No. 15, p. 194), which from the obscurity of the style, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars, I should judge to be next in point of time to *Horn-Child*, we have

"I have herd Menstrelles syng yn sawe."  
Stanza 27.

In a poem of Adam Davis (who flourished about 1312) we have this Distich,

"Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,  
The Minstrelles synghe, the Jogelours carpe."  
T. Warton, i. p. 225.

So William of Nassyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt (*Chaucer*, iv. 319).

— "I will make no vain carpingo  
Of dedes of armys ne of amours  
As dus Minstrelles and Jestours [Jestours]  
That makys carpinge in many a place  
Of Octaviane and Isebrase.  
And of many other Jestes [Gestes]  
And namely whan they come to festes.\*

See also the Description of the Minstrel in note (E e) from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. (See T. Warton, ii. 235.)

By proving that Minstrels were Singers of the old Romantic Songs and Gestes, &c., we have in effect proved them to have been the makers at least of some of them. For the names of their Authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhymes, as to the men who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them, especially as in the rhymes themselves Minstrels are often represented as the makers or composers?

Thus, in the oldest of all, *Horn-Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jongleur, is in consequence said (fb. 92) to have

"made Rymenild [his mistress] a lay."

In the old Romance of *Emaré*, we have this exhortation to Minstrels, as composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to choose their subjects. (st. 2.)

"Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde  
Her and ther in every a syde  
In mony a dyverse londe  
Sholde ut her byggunyng  
Speke of that rightwes kyng  
That made both see and londe," &c.

And in the old Song or Geste of Guy and Colbronde (Series the Third, No. 4, p. 193), the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye  
Then lords and ladies still wil be  
And sitt and solace lythe

"Then itt is time for meo to speake  
Of keene knights and kempes great  
Such carpinge for to kythe."

We have seen already that the Welsh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they chanted to the Harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own *Rimers*, *Minstrels*. (Vid. (B b 3) p. xliii.)

And that the Provençal *Troubadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Menestrel*, is by the old English translator termed a *Rimer* or *Minstrel* when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses. (p. xxxii.)

And lastly, that Holinshed, translating the prohibition of King Henry V., forbidding any songs to be composed on his victory, or to be sung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his glorious Victory," &c. Vid. p. xviii. and note (B b 4).

Now that this order of men, at first called *Gleemen*, then *Juglers*, and afterwards more generally *Minstrels*, existed here from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other instruments, songs and tales of chivalry, or as they were called *Gests*\* and *Romances* in verse in the English language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance; and exhibit a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of this Bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *Lordings*: and sometimes more positively "Lords and Ladies."

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin,† which appear in their turns

\* *Gests* at length came to signify adventures or incidents in general. So in a narrative of the journey into Scotland, of Queen Margaret and her attendants, on her marriage with King James IV. in 1503 [in Appendix to *Iceland*. Collect. iv. p. 206], we are promised an account "of their *Gestys* and manners during the said voyage."

† The romance of "Richard Cœur de Lion," (No. 26), I should judge to be of English origin from the names *War-drewe* and *Eldrede*, &c., vol. iii. p. 104, 106. As is also *Eger* and *Grime* (No. 12), wherein a knight is named *Sir Gray*

\* The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to hear tales and rhymes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in 1330. (Warton, i. p. 59, 65, 75.) All rhymes were then sung to the harp: even *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, though almost as long as the *Æneid*, was to be "redde . . . or else songe." l. ult. (Warton, i. 388.)



to have afforded versions into that language; a sufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and English Minstrels, which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply, whether from their own native stores, or from other languages.

We have seen above that the *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrion*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harper,\* when the term implied a singer, if not a composer, of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of royal and noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether: for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of Music;"† so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and Musicians of Tongue and Cunning," (B b 3) p. xliii.,‡

*Steel*, and a lady who excels in surgery is called *Loovepaine* or *Loove-pain*: these surely are not derived from France.

\* See the romance of "Sir Isebras" (vol. iii. No. 14, p. 194), sign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall  
With other Minstrels all.

† T. Warton, ii. 258, note (a) from Leland's Collect. (vol. iv. Append. edit. 1774, p. 267.)

‡ The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773," 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in toun and contray;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367), concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the Bards exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars he enumerates, and as it should seem in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minstrels . . . . . struck up; the harp, the *crwth*, and the pipe filled the measures of enthusiasm, which the others had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the harp; and as for the term Minstrel, it was

meaning doubtless by the former, singers, and probably by the latter phrase, composers, of songs. Even "Minstrels Music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.\*

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental music, Minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the Poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puteham's "Arte of English Poesie," p. 9, who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in rhyme, says, "all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of Princes, they did it in such manner of Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small fooles, when they could make their verses go all in ryme."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelsy given by John Liddgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental music then in use:

— "Al maner Mynstralaye,  
That any man kan specifye.  
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayno  
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:  
Songes, Stampes, and eke Daunces;  
Divers plente of plesauces:  
And many unkouth notys new  
Of swiche folke as lov'd trewe.†  
And instrumentys that did excelle,  
Many moo than I kan telle.  
Harpyys, Fythales, and eke Rotys  
Well according to her [i. e. their] notys,  
Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,  
More for estatys, than tavernes:  
Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—  
There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,  
Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes."

T. Warton, ii. 225, note (\*).

not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the bard and the musician.

\* "Your ordinarie rimors use very much their measures in the odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a Minstrels musick." (Puteham's Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589, p. 69.) This must mean his vocal music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject.

† By this phrase I understand, New Tales or Narrative Rhymes composed by the Minstrels on the subject of true and faithful Lovers, &c.

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\*.\* The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels has been very much enlarged and improved since the first edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the reader may find in the second volume of the *Archæologia*, printed by the Antiquarian Society; but which that gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the third volume of the *Archæologia*, No. xxxiv. p. 310.

And in consequence of similar objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject; which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to Minstrelsy in all its branches, as it was established in England, whether by natives or foreigners.

# Reliques

OF

## ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

"I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style: which beeing so evill apparolled in the dust cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!"

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

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### SERIES THE FIRST.

#### BOOK I.

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#### I.

### The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

THE fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique\* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sydney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil apparolled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to *Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist.* 1719, 8vo. vol. i. To the

MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Richard Sheale;\* whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book entitled, *The Complaint of Scotland*,† (fol. 42), under the title of the *Huntis of Chevet*, where the two following lines are also quoted:

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette,‡  
That day, that day, that gentil day :§

which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from

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\* Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, *EXPLICIT [explicit] QUOTH RICHARD SHEALE.*

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1640. See Ames.

‡ See Pt. 2, v. 23.

§ See Pt. 1, v. 104.

\* Spectator, No. 70, 74.

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# THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHERY CHASE.

dry. Indeed, whoever considers the style or orthography of this old poem will not be led to place it lower than the time of Henry VI.: as on the other hand the mention of the SCOTTISH KING,\* with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date.

King James I. who was prisoner in Scotland at the death of his father,† did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.,‡ but before the end of his long reign a third James had mounted the throne.§ A succession of two or three kings, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those times to give it to any Scottish king he wished to mention.

As to much for the date of this old ballad: as to regard to its subject, although it has no sanction or tenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact.

It was one of the Laws of the Marches recently renewed between the two nations, neither party should hunt in the other's lands, without leave from the proprietors or deputies.|| There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty divisions of their respective domains, and frequent contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history.

Nothing of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the Hunting a' Cheviat.¶ Percy Earl of Northumberland vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force:

\* 2, v. 36, 140.

Who died Aug. 6, 1406, in the 7th year of our Hen. IV. Henry VI. was crowned May 22, 1424; murdered Feb. 21, 1455.

† 1430.—Henry VI. was deposed 1461; restored and died 1471.

|| ... Concordatum est, quod ... nullus unius partis exercitus ingrediatur terras, boschas, forestas, warrenas, dominia quæcunque alterius partis alterius subditi, venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatiis, aliave quæcunque de causa, absque licentia ipsius ad quem ... loca ... pertinent, aut de deputatis suis capi. & obtineat. Vid. Bp. Nicolson's Leges Marchie.

this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourn,\* a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of Chery-Chase, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together: if indeed the lines,† in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253, s. 29, 34, 61, 70, et passim.

## THE FIRST FIT.‡

THE Persè owt of Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns  
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,  
In the mauger of doughte Dogles, 5  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away  
Be my feth, sayd the doughti Douglas agayn,  
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may. 10

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,  
With him a myghtye meeny;  
With fifteen hondrith archeres bold;  
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.‡

V. 6, magger in Hearne's P. C. [Printed Copy]. V. 11, The the Perse, P. C. V. 13, archarches bolde off blood and bone, P. C.

\* See the next ballad.

† Vid. Pt. 2, v. 167.

‡ Fit, see ver. 100.

§ By these "shyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of shires, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-

This begane on a Monday at morn In Cheviat the hillys so he; The chyld may rue that ys un-born, It was the mor pittè.	15	His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede; A bolder barne was never born.	
The dryvars thorowe the woodes went For to reas the dear; Bomen bickarte uppone the bent With their browd aras cleare.	20	Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says, Or whos men that ye be: 60 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?	
Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went On every syde shear: Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent For to kyll thear dear.	25	The first mane that ever him an answearmayd, Yt was the good lord Persè: We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says, 65 Nor whos men that we be; But we wyll hount hear in this chays In the spyte of thyne, and of the.	
The begane in Chyviat the hyls above Yerly on a monnyn day; Be that it drewe to the oware off none A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.	30	The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70 Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn, Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.	
The blew a mort uppone the bent, The semblyd on sydis shear; To the querry then the Persè went To se the brytlynge of the deare.		Then sayd the doughtè Doglas Unto the lord Persè: To kyll all thes gilltless men, 75 A-las! it wear great pittè.	
He sayd, It was the Duglas promys This day to meet me hear; But I wyste he wold faylle veramont: A gret oth the Persè swear.	35	But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande, I am a yerle callyd within my contre; Let all our men uppone a parti stande; And do the battell off the and of me. 80	
At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde Lokyde at his hand full ny, He was war ath the doughetie Doglas com- ynge: With him a mightè meany.	40	Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè, Who-soever ther-to says nay. Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says, Thow shalt never se that day;	
Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande: Yt was a myghti sight to se, Hardyar men both off hart nar hande Were not in Christiantè.	45	Netharin Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85 Nor for no man of a woman born, But and fortune be my chance, I dar met him on mah for on.	
The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good Withouten any fayle; The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde, Yth bowndes of Tividale.	50	Then bespayke a squyar off Northombelonde, Ric. Wytharynton* was him nam; 90 It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says, To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.	
Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde, And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed; For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne Had ye never so mickle need.			
The dougheti Dogglas on a stede He rode att his men beforne;	55		

V. 19, throrowe. P. C. V. 31, blwe a mot, P. C. V. 42, myghtie, P. C., passim. V. 43, brylly, P. C. V. 48, withoute  
... seale, P. C. V. 52, boys, P. C. V. 54, ned, P. C.

V. 59, whos, P. C. V. 65, whoys, P. C. V. 71, agay, P. C.  
V. 81, sayd the the. P. C. V. 88, on. i. e. one.

\* This is probably corrupted in the MS. for *Rog Wyndryngton*, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Herald's office.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHIEVY CHASE.

youe byn great lordes twaw, in a poor squyar of lande ; I never se my captayne fyght on a ylde, 95 d stande my-selffe, and looke on, whyll I may my weppone welde, vyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.	Thes worthè freckys for to fyght Ther-to the wear full fayne, 30 Tyll the bloode owte off their basnetes sprete, As ever dyd heal or rayne.
day, that day, that dredfull day : the first fit* here I fynde. 100 'youe wyll here any more athe hountyng athe Chyviat, at ys ther mor behynde.	Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas, And i' feth I shall the bryng Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis 35 Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.
THE SECOND FIT.	Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre, I hight the hear this thinge, For the manfullyste man yet art thowe, That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng. 40
Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent, her hartes were good yenoughe ; first of arros that the shote off, even skore spear-men the sloughe.	Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè, I tolde it the beforne, That I wolde never yeldyde be To no man of a woman born.
bydys the yerle Douglas uppon the bent, 5 captayne good yenoughe, I that was sene verament, 'or he wrought hom both woo and wouche.	With that ther cam an arrowe hastely 45 Fortha off a mightie wane,* Hit hatho strekene the yerle Duglas In at the brest bane.
Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre, lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde, 10 th suar speares off myghttè tre the cum in on every syde.	Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe The sharp arrowe ys ganc, 50 That never after in all his lyffe days, He spayke mo wordes but ane, That was,† Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may, For my lyff days ben gan.
rughe our Yngglishe archery have many a wounde full wyde ; any a doughete the garde to dy, 15 Which ganyde them no pryde.	The Persè leanyde on his brande, 55 And sawe the Duglas de ; He tooke the dede man be the hande, And sayd, Wo ys me for the !
the Yngglyshe men let thear bowys be, And pulde owt brandees that wer bright ; was a hevy syght to se Bright swordes on basnetes lyght. 20	To have sayved thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with My landes for years thre, 60 For a better man of hart, nare of hande Was not in all the north countrè.
nowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple Many sterne the stroke downe streight : any a freyke, that was full free, That undar foot dyd lyght.	Off all that se a Skottishe knyght, Was callyd Sir Hewo the Mongon-byrry, He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght ; 65 He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :
at last the Duglas and the Persè met, 25 Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ; he swapte together tyll the both swat With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.	

3. first, i. e. fight. V. 5, bydys, P. C. V. 17, boys, P.  
V. 18, briggt, P. C. V. 21, thorowe, P. C. V. 22, done,  
C. V. 26, to, i. e. two. Ibid, and of P. C.

\* Fit old Gloss

V. 32, ran, P. C. V. 33, helde, P. C. V. 40, thorowe, P. C.

\* Wane, i. e. ane, one, so. man, an arrow came from a  
mighty one; from a mighty man.

† This seems to have been a Gloss added



He rod uppon a corsiare Throughe a hondrith archery: He never styntyde, nar never blane, Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè. 70	But all wear slayne Cheviat within; The hade no strengthe to stand on hie; The chylde may rue that ys un-borne, It was the mor pittè. 110
He set uppone the lord Persè A dynte that was full soare; With a suar spear of a myghtè tre Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,	Thear was slayne with the lord Persè Sir John of Agerstone, Sir Roge the linde Hartly, Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.
Athe tothar sydo, that a man myght se, 75 A large cloth yard and mare: Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè, Then that day slain wear ther.	Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele 115 A knyght of great renowen, Sir Raff the rych Rugbè With dyntes wear beaten dowene.
An archar off Northomberlonde Say sleen was the lord Persè, 80 He bar a bende-bow in his hande, Was made off trusti tre:	For Wetharryngton my harte was wo, That ever he slayne shulde be; 120 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to, Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.
An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang, To th' hard stele haylde he; A dynt, that was both sad and sore, 85 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.	Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry, Sir Davyo Lwdale, that worthè was, 125 His sistars son was he:
The dynt yt was both sad and sar, That he of Mongon-byrry sete; The swane-fethurs, that his arrowe bar, With his hart blood the wear wete.* 90	Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place, That never a foot wolde fle; Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was, With the Duglas dyd he dey. 130
Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle, But still in stour dyd stand, Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre, With many a bal-ful brande.	So on the morrowe the mayde them byears Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray'; Many wedous with wepyng tears* Cam to fach ther makys a-way.
This battell begane in Chyviat 95 An owar befor the none, And when even song bell was rang The battell was nat half done.	Tivydale may carpe off care, 135 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone, For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear, On the march perti shall never be none.
The tooke 'on' on ethar hand Be the lyght off the mone; 100 Many hade no strenght for to stande, In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.	Word ys comen to Edden burrowe, To Jamy the Skottishe kyng, 140 That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Mer- ches, He lay sleen Chyviot with-in.
Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde Went away but fifti and thre; Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skot- londe, 105 But even five and fifti:	

V. 74, ber, P. C. V. 80, Say, i. e. Sawe. V. 84, haylde, P. C. V. 87, sar, P. C. V. 102, aboun, P. C.

\* This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, kn't. (son of John Lord Montgomery) was slain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Feerage.

V. 108, strenge . . . by, P. C. V. 115, Ioule, P. C. V. 121, in to, i. e. in two. V. 122, kny, P. C. V. 132, gay, P. C. V. 136, mon, P. C. V. 138, non, P. C.

For the names in this page, see the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

\* A common pleonasm, see the next poem, Fit 2d, v. 166. So Harding, in his Chronicle, chap. 140, fol. 148, describing the death of Richard I. says,

He shrove him then unto Abbots thre  
With great sobbyng . . . and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to. "When the duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares," &c

His handdes did he weal and wryng,  
 He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!  
 Such another captayn Skotland within, 145  
 He sayd, y-feth shud never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone  
 Till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
 That lord Persè, leyff-tennante of the Morehis,  
 He lay slayne Chyviat within. 150

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,  
 Good lord, yf thy will it be!  
 I have a hondriith captayns in Ynglonde, he  
 sayd,  
 As good as ever was hee:  
 But Persè, and I brook my lyffe, 155  
 Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,  
 Lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
 For the deth of the lord Persè,  
 He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down: 160

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes  
 On a day wear beaten down:  
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
 Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat; 165  
 That tear begane this spurn:  
 Old men that knowen the grownde well  
 yenoughe,  
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
 Uppon a monnyn day: 170  
 Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,  
 The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes  
 Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,  
 But yt was marvele, and the redde blude  
 ronne not, 175  
 As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,  
 And to the blys us brynge!  
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:  
 God send us all good ending! 180

\* \* \* The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since *Red-Riggs*.—Humbleton is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

## II.

### The Battle of Otterbourne.

THE only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed.

Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II., 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the Westmarches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off three hundred prisoners. It was with a much greater force

that, in the beginning of August,\* they invaded Northumberland; and, having wasted part of the county of Durham,† advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours‡ belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a castle near Otterbourn; and, in the evening of Aug. 9 (as the English writers say; or rather, according to Froissart, Aug. 15), after an unsuccessful assault, were surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James, Earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies showing the utmost bravery;§ the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot;|| the Earl of Murrey mortally wounded; and Hotspur,¶ with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagement's being disputed; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix)\*\* affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field: and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day: but night coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots;

\* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time; but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumberland Kings.

‡ This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

§ Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

|| By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

¶ Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John Lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawford's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad.)

and the Earl of Dunbar, at the same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home: and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englysshmen on the one partye, and the Scottes on the other partye, are good men of warre, for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo\* betwene them as long as speares, swordes, axes, or dager wyll endure; but lay on eche upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felde;† so that shortely eche of them is so contente with other, that at their departyng e curtyously they will saye, God thanks you. But in fyghtyng one with another there is no playe, nor sparyng." Froissart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), Chap. cxlij.

The following Ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library‡ (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52.] In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2 his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy, Earle of Northomberlande, and the Earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno 1388."

\* So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61 "Haer was no ho in devout drynktyng."

† i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

—But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times, for,  
 1 The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knt surnamed Hotspur, (in those times they did not usually give the title of lord to an earl's eldest son.)  
 2 Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt II. ver. 26, and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common, but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority, and thus the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Yr felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
 When husbonds wynn ther haye,  
 The dowhtye Dowglass bowynd hym to ryde,  
 In Ynglond to take a praye;

The yerle of Fyffe,\* withowghten styffe, 5  
 He bowynd hym over Sulway †  
 The grete wold ever together ryde,  
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they† came in,  
 And so dowynd by Rodeleyfecragge, 10

V 2 winn their heave, Harl MS This is the Northumberland phrase to this day by which they always express "getting in their hay"

\* Robert Stewart, second son of King Robert II

† I.e. "over Solway frith" This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle — *Dowynd, or Bounde him* i.e. lured him. Vid Gloss

‡ They are the Earl of Douglas and his party — The several stations here mentioned are well known places in Northumberland. Ottercap hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale ward. Rodeliffe (or, as it is more usually pronounced, Rodeley) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth ward. It lies south-east of Ottercap, and has, within these few years, been distinguished by a small tower erected by Sir Walter Blackett, Bart., which, in Armstrong's map of Northumberland, is pompously called Rodeley-castle. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley — Both the original MSS read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lyn'on

Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lighted dowynd,  
 Styrande many a stagge;

And boldely brent Northomberlonde,  
 And haryed many a towyn;  
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
 To battell that were not bowyn. 16

Than spake a berne upon the bent,  
 Of comforte that was not colde,  
 And sayd, We have biente Northomberlond,  
 We have all welth in holde. 20

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,  
 All the welth in the worlde have wee;  
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
 So styll and stalwurthlye

Upon the morowe, when it was daye, 25  
 The standards schone fulle bryght;  
 To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,  
 And thether they cam fulle ryght

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,  
 I telle yow withowtten drede, 30  
 He had byn a marche-man\* all hys dayes,  
 And kepte Baiwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
 Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within, 35  
 Com to the fyld, and fyght.

For we have biente Northomberlonde,  
 Thy eritage good and ryght;  
 And syne my logeyng I have take,  
 With my biande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles, 41  
 The Skottyssh oste for to se;  
 "And thow hast brente Northomberlond,  
 Full sore it rewytth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre, 45  
 Thow hast done me grete envye;  
 For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
 The tone of us schall dye "

V 12, This line is corrupt in both the MSS viz., "Many a styrande stage" — Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland V 39, *syne* seems here to mean *since*

\* Marche-man, i.e. a scowier of the marches

Where schall I hyde the ? sayd the Dowglas,  
Or where wylte thou come to me? 50  
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,"  
Ther maist thou well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
To make the game and glee:  
The fawkon and the fesaunt both, 55  
Amonge on the holtes on 'hee.'

Ther maist thou have thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther maist be.  
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll," 60  
Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I hyde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
By the fayth of my bodye.  
Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;  
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the  
walles, 65  
For soth, as I yow saye:  
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,  
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye, 70  
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne  
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And there he pyght hys standerd downyn,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo 75  
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysse knyght hoved upon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye:  
So was he ware on the noble Percy  
In the dawninge of the daye. 80

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne,  
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght, 85  
For thou maiste waken wyth wyne;  
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,  
And seven standardes wyth hym.

V. 53, Roc-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham, in the reign of Geo. I. — Whitfield, Esq., of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them. V. 54, hys, MSS. V. 77, upon the best bent, MS.

\* Otterbourn is near the old Walling-street road, in the parish of Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Road. The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle Rigs.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,  
It ys but a fayned taylle: 90  
He durste not loke on my bred banner,  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yester daye at the Newe Castell,  
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Percy hade, 95  
He cowde not garre me oncs to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,  
To loke and it were lesse;  
Araze yow, lordyngs, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse 100

The yerle of Mentayne,\* thou art my eme,  
The forwardes I gyve to the:  
The yerle of Huntlay cawte and kene,  
He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghant† in armure bryght 105  
On the other hand he schall be;  
Lord Jhonstone and Lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be wyth me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde  
To batell make yow bowen: 110  
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstane.

## A FYTTE.

The Perssy came byfore hys oste,  
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,  
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thou haste brente Northumberlonde, 5  
And done me grete envye;  
For thys trespassse thou hast me done,  
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne  
With grete wurdz up on 'hee,' 10  
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one†  
Byholde and thou maiste see.

Wyth that the Percy was grevyd sore,  
For sothe as I yow saye:

V. 1, 13, Percy, al. MS. V. 4, I will hold to what I have promised. V. 10, hys, MSS. V. 11, the one, MS.

\* The Earl of Monteth.

† The Lord Buchan.

‡ He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.

[* He lyghted downyn upon his fote, And schoote his horsse clone away.	15	Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake, And let sharpe arowes flee : Mynstrells, play up for your waryson, And well quyt it schall be. 60
Every man sawe that he dyd soo, That ryall was ever in rowght; Every man schoote hys horsse him froo, And lyght hym rowynde abowght. 20	20	Every man thynke on hys trewe love, And marke hym to the Trenite : For to God I make myne avowe Thys day wyll I not fle.
Thus Syr Hary Pereye toke the fylde, For soth, as I yow saye : Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght Dyd helpe hym well that daye.		The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes, 65 Hys standerde stode on hys ; That every man myght full well knowe : By syde stode Starres thre :
But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ; 25 The cronykle wyll not layne : Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre That day fowght them agayne.	25	The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte, Forsoth as I yow sayne ; 70 The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both : The Skottes faught them agayno.*]
But when the batell byganne to joyne, In hast ther came a knyght, 30 'Then' letters fayre furth bath he tayne, And thus he sayd full ryght :	30	Uppon sent Androwe lowde cane they crye, And thrysso they schowte on hyght, And syno marked them one ovr Ynglysshe men, 75 As I have told yow ryght.
My lorde, your father he greles yow well, Wyth many a noble knyght ; 35 He desyres yow to byde That he may see thys fyght.	35	Sent George the bryght ovr ladies knyght, To name they† were full fayne, Ovr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght, And thrysse the schowtte agayne. 80
The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west, With him a noble companye ; All they loge at your fathers thys nyght, And the battell fayne wold they see. 40	40	Wyth that sharpe arowes bygan to flee, I tell yow in sertayne ; Men of armes byganne to joyne ; Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.
For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Haryo Percy, That dyed for yow and me, Wende to my lorde my father agayne, And saye thou saw me not with yee :		The Percy and the Dowglas mette, 85 That ether of other was fayne : They schapped together, whyll that the swette, With swords of fyne Collayne ;
My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysh knyght, 45 It nedes me not to layne, That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent, And I have hys trowth agayne :	45	Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne, As the roke doth in the rayne. 90 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowgläs, Or els thow schalt be slayne :
And if that I wende off thys grownde For soth unfoughten awaye, 50 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght In hys londe another daye.	50	* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, <i>The crowned harte</i> , and <i>Above stode starres thre</i> , it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a <i>white Lyon</i> Statant, and the <i>Silver Crescent</i> continues to be used by them to this day : they also give <i>thres Lucres Argent</i> for one of their quarters. † i. e. The English.
Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente, By Mary that mykel maye ; Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd 55 Wyth a Skotte another daye.	55	

\* All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.

\* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a *white Lyon* Statant, and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day : they also give *thres Lucres Argent* for one of their quarters.

† i. e. The English.

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet, Thow art sum man of myght, And so I do by thy burnysshed brande, 95 Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.*	Syr Charles Morrey in that place, That never a fote wold flye; 130 Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was, With the Dowglas dyd he dye.
By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy, Now haste thou rede full ryght, Yet wyll I never yelde me to the, 100 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.	Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth as I yow saye, Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts 135 Went but eyghtene awaye.
Theyswapped together, whyll that theyswette, Wyth swordes scharpe and long; Ych on other so faste they beette, Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.	Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde, For soth and sertenlye, A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe, Yt was the more petye. 140
The Percy was a man of strengthth, 105 I tell yow in thys stounde, He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length, That he felle to the growynde.	Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne, For hym ther hartes were sore, The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was slayne, That the Perceyes standerd bore.
The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte, I tell yow in sertayne; 110 To the harte, he cowde hym smyte, Thus was the Dowglas slayne.	Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh pette, For soth as I yow saye: 146 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men Fyve hondert cam awaye:
The stonderds stode styll on eke syde, With many a grevous grone; Ther the fowght the day, and all the 115 nyght, And many a dowghty man was 'slone'.	The other were slayne in the fylde, Cryste kepe their sowles from wo, 150 Seying ther was so few fryndes Agaynst so many a foe.
Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye, But styffly in stowre can stond, Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght 120 drye, Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.	Then one the morne they mayd them beeres Of byrch, and haysell graye; Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres 155 Ther makes they fette awaye.
Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth and sertenly, Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne, That daye that he cowde dye.	Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne, Bytwene the nyghte and the day: Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe, And the Percy was lede awaye.* 160
The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne, 125 Grysely goned uppon the growynd; Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward, Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.†	Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne, Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name, For soth as I yow saye, He borrowed the Percy home agayne.†

V. 116, slayne, MSS. V. 124, i. e. He died that day.

\* Being all in armour he could not know him.

† Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes:

"—fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum, &c., &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James," but see above, pt. I. ver. 112.

V. 143, Covelle, MS.—For the names in this page see the Remarks at the end of this ballad. V. 162, one, i. e. on.

\* sc. Captive.

† In the Cotton MS. is the following note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand:

"Syr Llew Montgomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Percy."

[* He lyghted dowyn upon his fote, And schoote his horsse clene away.	15	Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake, And let sharpe arowes flee :	
Every man sawe that he dyd soo, That ryall was ever in rowght; Every man schoote hys horsse him froo, And lyght hym rowynde abowght.	20	Mynstrolls, play up for your waryson, And well quyt it schall be.  Every man thynke on hys trewe love, And marke hym to the Trenite :	60
Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde, For soth, as I yow saye : Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght Dyd helpe hym well that daye.		For to God I make myne avowe Thys day wyll I not fle.  The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes, 65 Hys standerde stode on hye ;	
But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ; The cronykle wyll not layne : Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre That day fowght them agayne.	25	That every man myght full well knowe : By syde stode Starres thre :  The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte, Forsoth as I yow sayne ; 70	
But when the batell byganne to joyne, In hast ther came a knyght, 'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne, And thus he sayd full ryght :	30	Tho Lucetts and the Cressawnts both : The Skotts faught them agayne.*]  Uppon sent Andrew lowde cane they crye, And thyrse they schowte on hyght,	
My lorde, your father he gretes yow well, Wyth many a noble knyght ; He desyres yow to hyde That he may see thys fyght.	35	And synce marked them one ovr Ynglysshe men, 75 As I have told yow ryght.	
The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west, With him a noble companye ; All they loge at your fathers thys nyght, And the battell fayne wold they see.	40	Sent George the bryght ovr ladies knyght, To name they† were full fayne, Ovr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght, And thyrse the schowtte agayne. 80	
For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy, That dyed for yow and me, Wende to my lorde my father agayne, And saye thou saw me not with yee :		Wyth that sharpe arowes bygan to flee, I tell yow in sertayne ; Men of armes byganne to joyne ; Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.	
My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysch knyght, 45 It nedes me not to layne, That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent, And I have hys trowth agayne :		The Percy and the Dowglas mette, 85 That ether of other was fayne : They schapped together, whyll that the swette, With swords of fyne Collayne ;	
And if that I wende off thys grownde For soth unfoughten awaye, 50 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght In hys londe another daye.		Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne, As the roke doth in the rayne. 90 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowgläs, Or els thow schalt be slayne :	
Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente, By Mary that mykel maye ; Then ever my manhoodschulde be reprovyd 55 Wyth a Skotte another daye.			

\* All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.

\* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a *white Lyon Statant*, and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day: they also give *three Lucres Argent* for one of their quarters.

† i. e. The English.



For I see, by thy bryght bassonet, Thow art sum man of myght, And so I do by thy burnysshed brande, Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.*	95	Syr Charles Morrey in that place, That never a fote wold flye; Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was, With the Dowglas dyd he dye.	130
By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy, Now haste thou rede full ryght, Yet wyll I never yelde me to the, Whyll I may stonde and fyght.	100	Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth as I yow saye, Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts Went but eyghtene awaye.	135
Theyswapped together, whyll that they swette, Wyth swordes scharpe and long; Yeh on other so faste they beette, Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.		Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyssha syde, For soth and sertenlye, A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe, Yt was the more petye.	140
The Percy was a man of strength, I tell yow in thys stounde, He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length, That he felle to the growynde.	105	Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne, For hym ther hartes were sore, The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was slayne, That the Percoyes standard bore.	
The sworde was scharpe and sore cam byte, I tell yow in sertayne; To the harte, he cowde hym snyte, Thus was the Dowglas slayne.	110	Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh porte, For soth as I yow saye: Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men Fyve hondert cam awaye:	145
The stonderds stode styll on eke syde, With many a grevous grone; Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght, And many a dowghty man was 'slone'.	115	The other were slayne in the fyde, Crysto kepe their sowles from wo, Seyng ther was so few fryndes Agaynst so many a foe.	150
Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye, But styffly in stowre can stond, Yehone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye, Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.	120	Then one the morne they mayd them beeres Of byrch, and haysell graye; Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres Ther makes they fette awaye.	155
Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth and sertenly, Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne, That daye that he cowde dye.		Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne, Bytwene the nyghte and the day: Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe, And the Percy was lede awaye.*	160
The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne, Grysely groned uppon the growynd; Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward, Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.†	125	Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne, Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name, For soth as I yow saye, He borowed the Percy home agayne.†	

V. 116, slayne, MSS. V. 124, i. e. He died that day.

\* Being all in armour he could not know him.

† Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes:

"—fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum, &c., &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James," but see above, pt. I. ver. 112.

V. 148, Covelle, MS.—For the names in this page see the Remarks at the end of this ballad. V. 158, one, i. e. on.

\* sc. Captive.

† In the Cotton MS. is the following note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand:

"Syr Hewe Montgomery takyn prisonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Persay."

[* He lyghted dowyn upon his fote, And schoote his horsse clene away.	15	Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake, And let sharpe arowes flec : Mynstrells, play up for your varyson, And well quyt it schall be. 66
Every man sawe that he dyd soo, That ryall was ever in rowght; Every man schoote hys horsse him froo, And lyght hym rowynde abowght.	20	Every man thynke on hys trewe love, And marke hym to the Trenite : For to God I make myne avowe Thys day wyll I not fle.
Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde, For soth, as I yow saye : Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght Dyd helpe hym well that daye.		The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes, 65 Hys standerde stode on hye ; That every man myght full well knowe : By syde stode Starres thre :
But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ; 25 The cronykle wyll not layne : Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre That day fowght them agayne.	25	The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte, Forsoth as I yow sayne ; 70 The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both : The Skotts faught them agayne.*]
But when the batell byganne to joyne, In hast ther came a knyght, 30 ' Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne, And thus he sayd full ryght :	30	Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye, And thrysse they schowte on hyght, And syne marked them one ovr Ynglysshe men, 75 As I have told yow ryght.
My lorde, your father he gretes yow well, Wyth many a noble knyght ; He desyres yow to byde 35 That he may see thys fyght.	35	Sent George the bryght ovr ladies knyght, To name they† were full fayne, Ovr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght, And thrysse the schowtte agayne. 80
The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west, With him a noble companye ; All they loqe at your fathers thys nyght, And the battell fayne wold they see. 40	40	Wyth that sharpe arowes bygan to flec, I tell yow in sertayne ; Men of armes byganne to joyne ; Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.
For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy, That dyed for yow and me, Wende to my lorde my father agayne, And saye thou saw me not with yee :		The Percy and the Dowglas mette, 85 That ether of other was fayne : They schapped together, whyll that the swette, With swords of fyne Collayne ;
My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysch knyght, 45 It nedes me not to layne, That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent, And I have hys trowth agayne :	45	Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne, As the roke doth in the rayne. 90 Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas, Or els thow schalt be slayne :
And if that I wende off thys grownde For soth unfoughten awaye, 50 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght In hys londe another daye.	50	
Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente, By Mary that mykel maye ; Then ever my manhoodschulde be reprovyd 55 Wyth a Skotte another daye.	55	

\* All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.

\* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, *The crowned harte, and Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a *white Lyon Statant*, and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day : they also give *three Lucres Argent* for one of their quarters.

† i. e. The English.

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet, Thow art sum man of myght, And so I do by thy burnysshed brande, 95 Thow art an yorle, or ellis a knyght.*	Syr Charles Morrey in that place, That never a fote wold flye; 130 Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was, With the Dowglas dyd he dye.
By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy, Now haste thou rede full ryght, Yet wyll I never yelde me to the, Whyll I may stonde and fyght. 100	Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth as I yow saye, Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts 135 Went but eyghtene awaye.
Theyswapped together, whyll that theyswette, Wyth swordes scharpe and long; Yeh on other so faste they beette, Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.	Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde, For soth and sertenlye, A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-bughe, Yt was the more petye. 140
The Percy was a man of strength, 105 I tell yow in thys stounde, He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length, That he felle to the growynde.	Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne, For hym ther hartes were sore, The gentyll 'Lovello' ther was slayne, That the Percoyes standerd bore.
The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte, I tell yow in sertyno; 110 To the harte, he cowde hym smyte, Thus was the Dowglas slayne.	Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyssh pette, For soth as I yow saye: 145 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men Fyve hondert cam awaye:
The stonderds stode styll on eke syde, With many a grovous grone; Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght, 115 And many a dowghty man was 'slone'.	The other were slayne in the fylde, Cryste kepe their sowles from wo, 150 Seying ther was so few fryndes Agaynst so many a foo.
Ther was no freke, that ther woldo flye, But styffly in stowre can stond, Yehone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye, 120 Wyth many a bayllefyll bronde.	Then one the morne they mayd them beeres Of byrch, and haysell graye; Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres 155 Ther makes they fette awaye.
Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde, For soth and sertenly, Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne, That daye that he cowde dye.	Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne, Bytwene the nyghte and the day: Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe, And the Percy was lede awaye.* 160
The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne, 125 Grysely groned upon the growynd; Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward, Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.†	Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne, Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name, For soth as I yow saye, He borowed the Percy home agayne.†

V. 116, slayne, MSS. V. 124, i. e. He died that day.

\* Being all in armour he could not know him.

† Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes:

"—fortenque Gyam, fortenuque Cloanthum, &c., &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James," but see above, pt. I. ver. 112.

V. 143, Covello, MS.—For the names in this page see the Remarks at the end of this ballad. V. 153, one, i. e. on.

\* sc. Captive.

† In the Cotton MS. is the following note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand:

"Syr Hewe Montgomery takyn prisoner, was delyvered for the restorynge of Persay."

Now let us all for the Percy praye 165  
 To Jesu most of myght,  
 To bryng his sowle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knight.

\*.\* Most of the names in the two preceding ballads, are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in

#### THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Ver. 112, Agerstone.] The family of Haggerston of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. VI., 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston above mentioned.

N. B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, vol. vii. p. 54.

Ver. 113, Hartly.] Hartley is a village near the sea in the barony of Tincmouth, about 7 miles from North Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114, Hearone.] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration, in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *Caput Baronie* of Heron, was their ancient residence. It descended, 25 Edw. I., to the heir general Emiline Heron, afterwards Baroness Darcy.—Ford, &c. and Bockenfield (*in com. eodum*) went at the same time to Roger Heron, the heir male; whose descendants were summoned to Parliament: Sir William Heron, of Ford Castle, being summoned 44 Edw. III. Ford Castle hath descended by heirs general to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article).—Robert Heron, Esq., who died at Newark, in 1753 (father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.), was heir male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family.—Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart., is heir male of the Herons of Chip-chase, another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115, Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland, 34 Hen. VII. Joh. de Lavale, mil., in the 1 Edw. VI. and

afterwards. (Fuller, 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 305. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117, Rugbè.] The ancient family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's Ducat. I. eod. p. 253. fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119, Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311.) Job. de Widington in 11 of Hen. IV., and many others of the same name afterwards. See also Nicholson, p. 331. Of this family was the late Lord Withorington.

Ver. 124, Mongon-hyrry.] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton.

Ver. 125, Lwdale.] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddell Castle, and of the barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

#### IN THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Ver. 101, Mentaye.] At the time of this battle, the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II., who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103, Huntleye.] This shows this ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley was created Earl of Huntley by King James II.

Ver. 105, Bowghan.] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of King Robert II.

Ver. 107. Jhonstone—Maxwell.] These

two families of Johnstone, Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell, Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was Johnston Marquis of Annandale; of the latter was Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh. So above, in No I. v. 90, Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver. 109, Swynton,] i. e. The Laird of Swintone; a small village within the Scottish border, 3 miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111, Scotte.] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house when the ballad was written.

Ibid. Stowardo.] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112, Agurstone.] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249, temp. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2, note.) It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Ver. 129, Morrey.] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays some time Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Ver. 139, Fitz-hughe.] Dugdale (in his *Baron*, vol. i. p. 403) informs us that John, son of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 403, col. 1, and Nicholson, pp. 33, 60.

Ver. 141, Harbottell.] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about 10 miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller, pp. 312, 313.) A daughter of Guisard Harbottle, Esq., married Sir Thomas Percy, knt., son of Henry, the fifth, and father of Thomas, the seventh, Earls of Northumberland.

### III.

#### *The Jew's Daughter,*

##### A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents; a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the per-

petrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland Toun, it is pro-

bably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town: the Pa is evidently the river Po, although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

The rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,  
Sae dois it doune the Pa:  
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,  
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?  
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white  
To intice the zong thing in:  
Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
And that the sweet bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
And low down by her gair,  
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his  
life;  
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,  
And out and cam the thin;  
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:  
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,  
And drest him like a swine,

And laughing said, Gae nou and pley  
With zour sweet play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead, 25  
Bade him lie stil and sloip.  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,  
And every lady went hame: 30  
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
Bot Lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about, 5  
And sair sair gan she weip:  
And she ran into the Jewis castèl, 35  
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew.  
I pray thee to me spoik.  
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
Gin ze zour sonne wad seik." 40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And knelt upon her kne:  
My bonny Sir Hew, and ze be here,  
I pray thee spoik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither, 45  
The well is wondrous deip,  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
A word I dounae spoik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir, 50  
Fetch me my windling sheet,  
And at the back o' Mirry-land tonn  
Its thair we twa sall meet."

#### IV.

### Sir Cauline.

THIS old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the

Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the

occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, &c., is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, that the Round Table was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by K. Edw. I., he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the Round Table (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form:) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastibudia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.\* And even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "oldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

## THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;  
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,  
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter, 5  
In fashyon she hath no peere;  
And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
But nothing durst he saye; 10  
Ne descervee his counsayl to no man,  
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so befall,  
Grent dill to him was dight;  
The maydens love removde his mynd, 15  
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
One while he spred them nye:  
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love, 20  
For dole now I mun die.

And whan our parish-masse was done,  
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:  
He sayes, Where is Syr Cauline,  
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte, 25  
And fast his handes gan wringe:  
Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
Without a good leechinge.

Fetehe me downe my daughter deere,  
She is a leecher fulle fine: 30  
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,  
And serve him with the wyne soe red;  
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,  
Her maydens followyng nye: 35  
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?  
O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man for shame,  
Never lye soe cowardlee;  
For it is told in my fathers halle, 40  
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love  
That all this dill I drye:  
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
Then were I brought from bale to blisse, 45  
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knyghte, my father is a kinge,  
I am his onlye heire;

\* See Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. p. 318, vol. ii. p. 100, Mémoires de la Chevalerie, tom. i. p. 44.

Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,  
I never can be youre fore. 50

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,  
And I am not thy peere,  
But let me doe some deedes of armes  
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe, 55  
My bacheleere to bee,  
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,  
Giff harm shold happe to thee,

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
Upon the mores brodinge; 60  
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all  
nighte  
Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,  
Will examine you beforne: 65  
And never man bare life awaye,  
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a fond paynim,  
And large of limb and bone;  
And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
Thy life it is but gone. 70

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,\*  
For thy sake, faire ladie;  
And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
Or Ile never more you see.

*Oil, 144, c*  
The lady is gone to her own chambere, 75  
Her maydens following bright:  
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise, 80  
He walked up and downe:  
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
Over the bents soe browne;  
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,  
I am far from any good towne. 85

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,  
A furyous wight and fell;  
A ladye bright his brydle led,  
Clad in a fayre kyrtell;

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline, 90  
O man, I rede thee flye,  
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,  
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,  
Nor in fayth, I wyll not flee; 95  
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,  
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;  
Syr Cauline bold abode:  
Then either shooke his trustye speare, 100  
And the timber those two children\* bare  
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and shoelde,  
They all were well-nye brast. 106

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,  
And stiffe in stower did stande,  
But Syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke  
He smote off his right hand; 110  
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud  
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up, Syr Cauline lift his brande  
All over his head so hye:  
And here I sweare by the holy roode, 115  
Nowe caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

*A*  
Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
Fast wringing of her hande:  
For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Withold that deadlye brande: 120

For the maydens love, that most you love,  
Nowe smyte no more I praye;  
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
He shall thy hests obaye. 124

Nowe sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,  
And here on this lay-land,  
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
And thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come  
To sporte, gamon, or playe: 130  
And that thou here give up thy armes  
Untill thy dyinge daye.

\* Perhaps wake, as in ver. 61.

\* i. e. Knights. See the Preface to Child Waters.  
V. 109, aukeward, MS.



The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes With many a sorrowfulle sigh; And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest, 135 Till the tyme that he shold dye.	But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline, No let no man it knowe; For and ever my father sholde it ken, 180 I wot we wolde us sloe.
And he then up and the Eldridge knighte Sett him in his saddle anone, And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye To theyr castle are they gone. 140	From that day forthe that ladye fayre Lovde Syr Cauline, the knighte: From that day forthe he only joyde Whan shce was in his sight. 185
Then he tooke up the bloudy hand, That was so large of bone, And on it he founde five ringes of gold Of knightes that had be slone.	Yea, and oftentimes they mette Within a fayre arbdure, Where they in love and sweet daliaunce Past manye a pleasaunt houre.
Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde, 145 As hard as any flint: And he tooke off those ringes five, As bright as fyre and breunt.	††† In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of Sigismunda and Guiscard, as told by Boccace and Dryden: see the latter's description of the lovers meeting in the cave; and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "Every white," &c. viz.
Home then pricked Syr Cauline As light as leafe on tree: 150 I-wys he neither stint ne blaune, Till he his lady see.	" But as extremes are short of ill and good, And tides at highest mark regorge their flood; So fate, that could no more improve their joy, Took a malicious pleasure to destroy." Tancred, who fondly loved, &c."
Then downe he knelt upon his knee Before that lady gay: O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills: 155 These tokens I bring away.	PART THE SECOND.
Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline, Thrice welcome unto mee, For now I perceive thou art a true knighte, Of valour bolde and free. 160	Everye white will have its blacke, And everye sweete its sowre: This founde the Ladye Christabelle In an untimely howre.
O ladye, I am thy own true knighte, Thy hests for to obaye: And mought I hope to winne thy love! — Ne more his tonge colde say.	For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline 5 Was with that ladye faire, The kinge, her father, walked forthe To take the evenyng aire:
The ladye blushed scarlette redde, 165 And fette a gentill sighe: Alas! syr knighte, how may this bee, For my degree's see highe?	And into the arbour as he went To rest his wearye feet, 10 He found his daughter and Syr Cauline There sette in daliaunce sweet.
But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth, To be my batchilere, 170 He promise if thee I may not wedde I will have none other fere.	The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys, And an angrye man was hee: Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe, 16 And rewe shall thy ladie.
Then shce held forthe her lilly-white hand Towards that knighte so free; He gave to it one gentill kisse, 175 His heart was brought from bale to blisse, The teares sterte from his ee.	Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde, And throwne in dungeon deepe:

And the ladye into a towre so hye There left to wayle and weepo.	20	But a stranger wight, whom no man knowe, He wan the prize eche daye.	
The queene she was Syr Caulines friend, And to the kinge sayd shee: I praye you save Syr Caulines life, And let him banisht bee.		His acton it was all of blacke, His hewberke, and his sheelde, Ne noe man wist whence he did come, Ne noe man knewe where he did gone, When they came from the feelde.	65
Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent Across the salt sea fome: But here I will make thee a band, If ever he come within this land, A foule deathe is his doome.	25	And now three days were prestlye past In feates of chivalrye, When lo upon the fourth morninge A sorrowfulle sight they see.	70
All woe-begone was that gentil knight To parte from his ladye; And many a time he sighed soro, And cast a wistfulle eye: Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte, Farre lever had I dyc.	30	A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke, All foule of limbo and lere; Two goggling eyen like fire farden, A mouthe from eare to eare.	75
Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright, Was had forthe of the towre; But ever shee droopeth in her minde, As nipt by an ungentle winde Doth some faire lillye flowre.	35	Before him came a dwarffe full lowe, That waited on his knee, And at his backe fyve heads he bare, All wan and pale of blee.	80
And ever shee doth lament and weepe To tint her lover soe: Syr Cauline, thou litle think'st on mee, But I will still be true.	40	Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe, Behold that hend Soldain! Behold these heads I beare with me! They are kings which he hath slain.	85
Many a kinge, and manye a duke, And lorde of high degrees, Did sue to that fayre ladye of love; But never shee wolde them nee.	45	The Eldridge knight is his own cousine, Whom a knight of thine hath shent: And hee is come to avenge his wrong, And to thee, all thy knightes among, Defiance here hath sent.	90
When manye a daye was past and gone, Ne comforte she colde finde, The kyng proclaimes a tourneament, To cheere his daughters mind:	50	But yette he will appease his wrath Thy daughters love to winne: And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd, Thy halls and towers must brenne.	
And there came lords, and there came knights, Fro manye a farre countrye, To breake a spere for theyr ladies love Before that faire ladye.	55	Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee; Or else thy daughter deere; Or else within these lists soe broad Thou must finde him a peere.	95
And many a ladye there was sette In purple and in palle: But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone Was the fayrest of them all.	60	The king he turned him round aboute, And in his heart was woe: Is there never a knighto of my round table, This matter will undergoe?	100
Then manye a knight was mickle of might Before his ladye gaye:		Is there never a knighte amongst yee all Will fight for my daughter and mee? Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan, Right fair his meede shall bee.	105

- For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
And of my crowne be heyre;  
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle  
To be his wedded fere. 110
- But every knighte of his round table  
Did stand both still and pale:  
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,  
It made their hearts to quail.
- All woe-begone was that fayre ladye, 115  
When she sawe no helpe was nye:  
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,  
And the teares gusht from her eye.
- Up then sterte the stranger knighte,  
Sayd, ladye, be not affrayd: 120  
He fight for thee with his grimme soldan,  
Though he be unmaeklye made.
- And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sword,  
That lyeth within thy bowre,  
I trust in Christo for to slay this fiende 125  
Though he be stiffe in stowre.
- Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sword,  
The king he cryde, with speede:  
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;  
My daughter is thy meede. 130
- The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,  
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:  
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,  
Thou lettest me here all daye.
- Then forth the stranger knight he came  
In his blacke armour dight; 135  
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,  
"That this were my true knight!"
- And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett  
Within the lists soe broad; 140  
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steale,  
They gan to lay on load.
- The soldan stricke the knighte a stroke,  
That made him reele asyde;  
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye 145  
And thrice shee deeply sighde.
- The soldan stricke a second stroke,  
And made the bloude to flowe:  
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
And thrice she wept for woe. 150
- The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,  
Which brought the knighte on his knee:  
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
And she shriekt loud shriekings thre.
- The knighte he leapt upon his feete, 155  
All recklesse of the pain:  
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
Or else I shall be staine.
- He grasped his sword with mayne and  
mighte,  
And spying a secrette part, 160  
He drave it into the soldan's syde,  
And pierced him to the heart.
- Then all the people gave a shoute,  
When they sawe the soldan falle:  
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165  
That had reskewed her from thrall.
- And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
And downe he stepped into the listes,  
That courteous knighte to greeto. 170
- But he for payne and luck of bloude  
Was fallen into a swounde,  
And there all walteringe in his gore,  
Lay lifelesse on the ground. 174
- Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,  
Thou art a leech of skills;  
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,  
Than this good knighte sholde spille.
- Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye  
To helpe him if she maye; 180  
But when she did his beavere raise,  
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,  
And shriekte and swoound awaye.
- Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
When he heard his ladye crye, 185  
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;  
For thee I wisht to dye.
- Then giving her one partinge looke,  
He closed his eyes in death,  
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde, 190  
Begane to drawe her breathe.
- But when she found her comely knighte  
Indeed was dead and gone,  
She layde her pale cold cheekes to his,  
And thus she made her moane: 195

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
 For mee thy faithfulle feere;  
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
 Who hast bought my love soo deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone, 200  
 And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
 That burst her gentle hearte in twayne  
 Fayre Christabelle did dye. \* \*

## V.

## Edward, Edward,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.*

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?  
                                 And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?  
 O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid, 5  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:  
                                 And I had nae mair bot hee, O.  
 Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
                                 Edward, Edward. 10  
 Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
                                 My deir son I tell thee, O.  
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15  
                                 That erst was sae fair and free, O.  
 Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
                                 Edward, Edward:  
 Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
                                 Sum other dule ze drie, O. 20  
 O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
                                 Alas! and wae is mee, O!  
 And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that, 25  
                                 Edward, Edward?  
 And quhattan penance will ze drie for that?  
                                 My deir son, now tell me, O.  
 Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
                                 Mither, mither: 30  
 Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
                                 And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.  
 And quhat wul ze doe, wi' zour towirs and  
                                 zour ha',  
                                 Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and  
                                 zour ha', 35  
                                 That ware sae fair to see, O?  
 Ile let thame stand til they down fa',  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 Ile let thame stand til they down fa', 39  
                                 For here nevir mair man I hee, O.  
 And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
                                 zour wife,  
                                 Edward, Edward!  
 And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and  
                                 zour wife,  
                                 Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?  
 The warldis room, let thame beg throw  
                                 life, 45  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 The warldis room, let thame beg throw  
                                 life,  
                                 For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.  
 And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
                                 deir,  
                                 Edward, Edward? 50  
 And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither  
                                 deir?  
                                 My deir son, now tell me, O.  
 The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,  
                                 Mither, mither:  
 The curse of hell frac me sall ze beir, 55  
                                 Sic counsells ze gave to me, O.

This curious Song was transmitted to the  
 Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late  
 Lord Hailes.

## VI.

## King Estmere.

THIS old Romantic Legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS., but which contained very great variations) bears marks of considerable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors; whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in ver. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old Romances. The author of the ancient Legend of Sir Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and 'Tormagante;"\*

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:

"I wyll not ones stirre off this groundo,  
To speake with an heathen hounde.  
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,  
Or I your harte bloud shall se."†

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere "A Christen hounde."‡

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard; for that the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (ver. 35) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic.§ So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see, in this bal-

lad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light;\* here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The further we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters.‡ Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate.§ As to Esmeré's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.||

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader, in that part which relates to the subject of the Harper and his attendant.

\* See Note subjoined to 1st Pt. of Beggars of Bednal, &c.  
† See the Essay on the ancient Minstrels prefixed to this work.

‡ Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Herald's mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxi.

§ Bartholomæi Antiq. Dana. p. 178.—Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. pp. 388, 389, &c.

|| See also the account of Edward II., in the Essay on the Minstrels, and Note (X.)

\* See a short Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note ††.

† Sign C li. b.

‡ Sign. C. i. b.

§ Odyss. A. 105.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen, Come and you shall heare ; He tell you of two of the holdest brethren That ever borne y-were.		My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe, Of Englande to be queene.	
The tone of them was Adler younge, The tother was Kyng Estmere ; The were as holde men in their deeds, As any were farr and neare.	5	Yesterday was att my deere daughter Syr Bremor the Kyng of Spayne ; And then she nicked him of naye, And I doubt sheele do you the same.	45
As they were drinking ale and wine Within Kyng Estmeres halle : When will ye marry a wyfe, brother, A wyfe to glad us all ?	10	The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim, And 'leeveth on Mahound ; And pitye it were that fayre ladye Shold marrye a heathen hound.	50
Then bespake him Kyng Estmere, And answered him hastilee : I know not that ladye in any land That's able* to marrye with mee.	15	But grant to me, sayes Kyng Estmere, For my love I you praye ; That I may see your daughter deere Before I goe hence awaye.	55
Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother, Men call her bright and sheene ; If I were kyng hero in your stead, That ladye shold be my queene.	20	Although itt is seven yeers and more Since my daughter was in hallo, She shall come once downe for your sake To glad my guests alle.	60
Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother, Throughout merry England, Where we might find a messenger Betwixt us towe to sende.		Downe then came that mayden fayre, With ladyes leed in pull, And halfe a hundred of bold knightes, To bring her from howre to hall ; And as many gentle squiers, To tend upon them all.	65
Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother, He beare you companye ; Many throughe fals messengers are deceived, And I feare lest see shold wee.	25	The talents of golde were on her head sette, Hanged low downe to her knee ; And everye ring on her small finger Shone of the chrystall free.	70
Thus the renisht them to ryde Of twoe good renisht steeds, And when the came to King Adlands halle, Of redd gold shone their weeds.	30	Saies, God you save, my deere madam ; Saies, God you save and see. Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere, Right welcome unto mee.	
And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall Before the goodlye gate, There they found good Kyng Adland Rearing himselfe theratt.	35	And if you love me, as you saye, See well and hartilce, All that ever you are comen about Soone sped now itt shal bee.	75
Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adland ; Now Christ you save and see, Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere, Right hartilye to mee.	40	Then bespake her father deare ; My daughter, I saye naye ; Remember well the Kyng of Spayne ; What he sayd yesterdaye.	80
You have a daughter, said Adler younge, Men call her bright and sheene,		He wold pull downe my halles and castles, And reave me of my lyfe,	

V. 3, brethor, fol. MS. V. 10, his brother's hall, fol. MS.  
V. 14, hartilye, fol. MS.—V. 27, Many a man . . . is, fol. MS.

\* He means fit, suitable.

V. 46, The king his sonne of Spayn, fol. MS

I cannot blame him if he doe, If I reave him of his wyfe.	85	But in did come the Kyng of Spayne With manye a bold barone, Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter, Tother daye to carry her home.	130
Your castle and your towres, futher, Are stronglye built aboute ; And therefore of the King of Spaine Wee neede not stande in doubt.	90	My ladye fayre she greetes you well, And ever-more well by mee : You must either turne againe and fighte, Or goe home and loose your ladye.	
Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmere, By heaven and your righte hand, That you will marrye me to your wyfe, And make me queene of your land.		Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brother, My reade shall ryde* at thee, 136 Whether it is better to turne and fighte, Or goo home and loose my ladye.	
Then King Estmere he plight his troth 95 By heaven and his righte hand, That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe, And make her queene of his land.		Now hearken to me sayes Adler yonge, And your reade must rise† at me, 140 I quicklye will devise a waye To sette thy ladye free.	
And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre, To goe to his owne countree, 100 To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes, That marryed the might bee.		My mother was a westerne woman, And learned in grammyrè,‡ And when I learned at the schole, 145 Something shce taught itt mee.	
They had not ridden scant a myle, A myle forthe of the towne, But in did come the Kyng of Spayne, 105 With kempes many one.		There growes an hearbe within this field, And iff it were but knowne, His color, which is whyte and redd, It will make blacke and browne : 150	
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne, With manye a bold barone, Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter, Tother daye to carrye her home. 110		His color, which is browne and blacke, Itt will make redd and whyte ; That sword is not in all Englande, Upon his coate will byte.	
Shce sent one after Kyng Estmere In all the spede might bee, That he must either turne againe and fighte, Or goe home and loose his ladye.		And you shal be a harper, brother, 155 Out of the north cuntrye ; And Ile be your boy, soo faine of fighte, And beare your harpe by your knee.	
One whyle then the page he went, 115 Another while he ranne ; Till he had oretaken King Estmere, I wis, he never blanne.		And you shal be the best harper, That ever tooke harpe in hand ; 160 And I wil be the best singer, That ever sung in this lande.	
Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere ! What tydinges nowe, my boye ? 120 O tydinges I can tell to you, That will you sore annoye.		Itt shal be written in our forheads All and in grammayrè, That we towe are the boldest men 165 That are in all Christentyè.	
You had not ridden scant a mile, A mile out of the towne, But in did come the Kyng of Spayne 125 With kempes many a one :		And thus they renisht them to ryde, On tow good renish steedes ;	

\* Sic MS. It should probably be *ryse*, i. e. my course shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

† Sic MS. ‡ See at the end of this ballad, note \*.†.

And when they came to King Adlands hall, Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170	O let that man come downe, he said, A sight of him wold I see; And when hee hath beuten well my ladd, Then he shall beate of mee.
And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall, Untill the fayre hall yate, There they found a proud portèr Rearing himselte thereatt. 174	Downe then came the kemperye man 215 And looked him in the care; For all the gold, that was under heaven, He durst not neigh him neare.
Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr; Sayes, Christ thee save and see. Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr, Of what land suever ye bee.	And how nowe, kempe, said the Kyng of Spaine, And how what aileth thee? 220 He saies, It is writt in his forehead All and in gramaryè, That for all the gold that is under heaven I dare not neigh him nye.
Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge, Come out of the northe countrie; 180 Wee beene come hither untill this place, This proud weddinge for to see.	Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe, And plaid a pretty thinge: 226 The ladye upstart from the borde, And wold have gone from the king.
Sayd, And your color were weite and redd, As it is blacke and browne, I wold saye King Estmere and his brother Were comen untill this towne. 186	Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr, For Gods love I pray thee, 230 For and thou playes as thou beginns, Thou'lt till* my bryde from mee.
Then they pulled out a ryng of gold, Layd itt on the porters arme: And ever we will thee, proud portèr, Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190	He stroake upon his harpe againe, And playd a pretty thinge; The ladye lough a loud laughter, 235 As shee sate by the king.
Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere; And sore he handled the ryng, Then opened to them the fayre hall yates, He lett for no kynd of thyng.	Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper, And thy stringes all, For as many gold nobles 'thou shalt have' As heere bee ringes in the hall. 240
Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede 195 Soe fayre att the hall bord; The froth, that came from his brydle bitte, Light in King Bremors beard.	What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,' If I did sell it yee? "To playe my wiffe and me a Fitt,† When abed together wee bee." 244
Saies, Stable thy steed, thy proud harpèr, Saies, stable him in the stalle: 200 It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.	Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay, As shee sitts by thy knee, And as many gold nobles I will give, As leaves been on a tree.
My ladde he is so lither, he said, He will doe nought that's meete; And is there any man in this hall 205 Were able him to beate?	And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay, Iff I did sell her thee? 250 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye To lye by mee then thee.
Thou speakest proud words, sayes the King of Spaine, Thou harper, here to mee; There is a man within this halle Will beate thy ladd and thee. 210	



Hæ played agayne both loud and shrille,  
 And Adler he did syng,  
 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255  
 Noe harper, but a kyng.

'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
 As playnye thou mayest see;  
 And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,  
 Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,  
 And blushte and lookt agayne,  
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
 And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men, 265  
 And loud they gan to crye:  
 Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,  
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere throwe the harpe asyde,  
 And swith he drew his brand; 270  
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can hyte,  
 Throughe help of Gramarye,  
 That soone they have slayne the kompery  
 men, 275  
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,  
 And marryed her to his wiffe,  
 And brought her home to merry England  
 With her to leade his life. 280

\*.\* The word *Gramarye*, which occurs several times in the foregoing poem, is probably a corruption of the French word *Grimoire*, which signifies a conjuring book in the old French romances, if not the art of necromancy itself.

†† Termagaunt (mentioned above), is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound, or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy, the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

"So helpe me Mahowne of might,  
 And Termagaunt my God so bright."

Sign. p. iij. b.

Ver. 253, Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this Edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

This word is derived by the very learned editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon *Tyn* very, and *wagan* mighty.—As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps *Tyn-magan* or *Termagant* had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be applied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily pagans and idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was, in all respects, the same with that of their pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of *Termagant* to the God of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of *Sarazen* to express any kind of pagan or idolater. In the ancient romance of *Mertine* (in the Editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called *Sarazens*.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their frequent appearance in the pageants and religious interludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey:

"Like Mahound in a play,  
 No man dare him withsay."

Ed. 1736, p. 158.

In like manner Bale, describing the threats used by some papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grennyng upon her lyke Termagautes in a playe."—[*Actes of Engl. Votaries*, pt. 2, fo. 83, ed. 1550, 12mo.]

Accordingly, in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife or sister,\* who, it seems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer [s] mad to rid in a cart," he expresses his concern that she should "fall into the

\* See Lysons's "Enviours of London, 4to. vol. i.

hands of such Termagants." [So the orig. dated May 2, 1593, preserved by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.]—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant: it out-herods Herod." A. iii. sc. 3.—By degrees, the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of Termagant was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or interludes of our ancestors, was the *sowdan*, or *soldan*, representing a grim eastern tyrant: this appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals [p. 458]. In a stage-play, "the people know right well, that he that plaiceth the sowdain is percase a sowter [shoe-

maker]; yet if one should call him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestic, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head." The *sowdain* or *soldan*, was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word *sultan*), as the soldan of Egypt, the soudan of Persia, the sowdan of Babylon, &c., who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazons, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians. I cannot conclude this short memoir, without observing that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word termagant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: and from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales.—This may be added to the other proofs adduced in this volume, of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others' romances.

## VII.

## Sir Patrick Spence,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—is given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion, that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my own researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards), "That there be na schip franched out of the realm, with any staplo gudes, fra the feast of Simons-day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our lady called Candelmess." Jam. III. Parl. 2, ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral

who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV., but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

The king sits in Dumferling toun,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
O quhar will I get guid saildr,  
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight, 5  
Sat at the kings richt kne:  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best saildr,  
That sails upon the so.

The king has written a braid letter,\* 10  
And signd it wi' his hand;

\* A braid letter, i. e. open, or patent; in opposition to close Rolls.

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence, Was walking on the sand.		O our Scots nobles wer richt laith To weot their cork-heild schoone ;	30
The first line that Sir Patrick red, A loud lauch lauched he :		Bot lang owre n' the play wer playd, Thair hats they swam aboone.	
The next line that Sir Patrick red,	15	O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit Wi' thair fans into their hand,	
The teir blinded his ee.		Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence	35
O quha is this has don this deid, This ill deid don to me ;		Cum sailing to the land.	
To send me out this time o' the zeir, To sail upon the se ?	20		
Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all, Our guid schip sails the morne.		O lang, lang, may the ladies stand Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,	
O say na sae, my master deir, For I feir a deadlie storme.		Waiting for thair ain deir lords, For they'll se thame na mair.	40
Late late yestreen I saw the new moone	25	Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,* It's fiftie fadom deip :	
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;		And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence, Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.†	
And I feir, I feir, my deir master, That we will com to harme.			

## VIII.

*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were everywhere trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter ; and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration, a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and, from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of

all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all those, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest, in Nottinghamshire ; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

" In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

" The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give

\* A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De mortuo mari*.

† An ingenious friend thinks the Author of *Hurdykrute* has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scottish songs in this collection.

the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poor mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." *Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirksteele in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy:

\**Here undernead his lastt stean  
Laiþ robert earl of huntingtun  
near arcei ber aþ hie sar geud  
an piþl hauld in Robin Hleud  
sick utlato; aþ hi an is men  
hil England nþir si agen.  
abit 24 kal. dekembriþ, 1247.*

This Epitaph appears to me suspicious: however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the Earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was Robert Fitz-ooth.† Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman‡ in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge,§ in eight *fyttes* or parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed: "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham." The first lines are,

"Lythe and lysten, gentylnen,  
That he of free-bore blode:  
I shall you tell of a good yemun,  
His name was Robyn hode.

"Robyn was a proude out-lawe,  
Whiles he walked on grounde;  
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,  
Was never none yfounde." &c.

The printer's colophon is, "¶ Explicit Kinge Edwarde and Robin Hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprinted at London in Fleetestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkin de Worde."—In Mr. Garrick's Collection\* is a different edition of the same poem "¶ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. ¶ (.) D."

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edward III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, written in that reign, a monk says,

I can rimes of Roben Hod and Randal of Chester,

But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothyng at all. Fol. 26, Ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer's *Sermons*† a very curious and characteristic story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arborhill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery,) see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "*Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish*," p. 129, annexed to his "*Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish*." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken

\* See Thoresby's *Ducet*. Leod. p. 576, *Biog. Brit.* vi. 3933.

† Stukeley, in his *Palaographia Britannica*, No. II. 1746.

‡ See also the following ballad, v. 147. § Num. D. 5, 2.

\* Old Plays, 4to. K. vol. x.

† Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12, fol. 75, Gilpin's *Life of Lat.* p. 122.

with this ballad; which, in this Edition, hath  
been brought nearer to the folio MS.

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full  
fayre,

And leaves both large and longo,  
Itt is merrie walking in the fayre forrest  
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease, 5  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,  
A sweaven I had this night; 10  
I dreamt me of two mighty yemen,  
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,  
And toke my bow mee free; 15  
If I be Robin alive in this lande  
He be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John  
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;  
For if itt be never so loude this night,  
To-morrow it may be still. 20

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrie men all,  
And John shall goe with mee,  
For He goe seeke yon wight yomen,  
In greenwood where the bee.

Then the cast on their gownes of grene, 25  
And tooke theyr bowes each one;  
And they away to the greene forrest  
A shooting forth are gone.

Untill they come to the merry greenwood,  
Where they had gladdest bee, 30  
There were the ware of a wight yeman,  
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
Of manye a man the bane;  
And he was clad in his capull hyde 35  
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,  
Under this tree so grene;  
And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
To know what he doth meane. 40

Al! John, by me thou settest mee store,  
And that I farley finde;  
How oft send I my men beffore,  
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken, 45  
And a man but heere him speake;  
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
So they parted Robin and John; 50  
And John is gone to Barnesdale:  
The gates\* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,  
Great heaviness there hee hadd,  
For he found tow of his owne followes 55  
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote  
Fast over stocke and stone,  
For the sheriffe with seven score men  
Fast after him is gone. 60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,  
With Christ his might and mayne;  
He make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,  
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bow, 65  
And fettoled him to shoote:  
The bow was made of a tender boughie,  
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,  
That ere thou grew on a tree; 70  
For now this day thou art my bale,  
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,  
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine;  
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men, 75  
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent  
To have bene abed with sorrowe,  
Than to be that day in the green wood slade  
To meet with Little John's arrowe. 80

But as it is said, when men be mett  
Fyve can doe more than three,  
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,  
And bound him fast to a tree.

Ver. 1, For *Shaws* the MS. has *shades*: and *shradds* should perhaps be *swards*: i. e. the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields were in their beauty:" or perhaps shades.

\* i. e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. *Gate* is a common word in the North for *way*.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe, 85  
And hanged hie on a hill.

But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth  
John,  
If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Litle John,  
And thinke of Robin Hood, 90  
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, said Robin so  
fayre,  
"Good morrowe, good fellowe," quoth he:  
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy  
hande 95  
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,  
And of my morning tyde.  
He lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;  
Good fellow, He be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
Men call him Robin Hood;  
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe  
Than forty pound see good.

Now come with me thou wighty yeman, 105  
And Robin thou soone shalt see:  
But first let us some pastime find  
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
Among the woods so even, 110  
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood  
Here att some unsett steven.

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,  
That grew both under a breere,  
And sett them threescore rood in twaine 115  
To shoot the prickes y-fer.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,  
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.  
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
My leader thou shalt bee. 120

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
He mist but an inch it froe:  
The yeoman he was an archer good,  
But he cold never shoote see.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,  
He shote within the garlande: 126

But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;  
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode; 130  
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
Under the leaves of lyne.  
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin, 135  
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
And Robin to take I me swerne;  
And when I am called by my right name  
I am Guye of good Gisborne. 140

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
By thee I set right nought:  
I am Robin Hood of Barnsdale,  
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neither beene kith nor kin. 145  
Might have scene a full fayre sight,  
To see how together these yeomen went  
With blades both browne\* and bright.

To see how these yeoman together they fought  
Two howres of a summers day: 150  
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy  
Them fettle to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
And stumbled at that tyde;  
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,  
And hitt him ore the left side. 156

Ah, deare lady, sayd Robin Hood, 'thou  
That art both mother and may,'  
I think it was never mans destinye  
To dye before his day. 160

\* The common epithet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is *brown*. As "brown braud," or "brown sword, brown bill," &c.; and sometimes even "bright brown sword." Chaucer applies the word *rustie* in the same sense; thus he describes the revo:—

"And by his side he bare a rusty blade."

*Profl. ver. 620.*

And even thus the god Mars:—

"And in his hand he had a rousty sword."

*Test of Cressid. 188.*

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet. See War-ton's *Observ.* vol. ii. p. 62. It should seem, from this particularity, that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.

- Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
And soone leapt up againe,  
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,  
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.
- He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre, 165  
And sticked itt on his bowes end :  
Though hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,  
Which thing must have an ende.
- Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
And nicked Sir Guy in the face, 170  
That he was never on woman born,  
Cold tell whose head it was.
- Saies, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,  
And with me be not wrothe ;  
If thou have had the worse strokes at my  
hand, 175  
Thou shalt have the better clothe.
- Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
And on Sir Guy did it throwe,  
And hee put on that capull hyde,  
That cladd him topp to toe. 180
- The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,  
Now with me I will beare ;  
For I will away to Barnësedale,  
To see how my men doe fare.
- Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,  
And a loud blast in it did blow. 186  
That behoord the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
As he leaned under a lowe.
- Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,  
I heare nowe tydings good, 190  
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,  
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.
- Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,  
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman, 195  
Cladd in his capull hyde.
- Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir  
Guy,  
Aske what thou wilt of mee.  
O, I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
Nor I will none of thy fee : 200
- But now I've slaine the master, he sayes,  
Let me go strike the knave ;
- This is all the rewardes I aske ;  
Nor noe other will I have.
- Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe, 205  
Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee :  
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,  
Well granted it shale be.
- When Litle John heard his master speake,  
Well knewe he it was his steven : 210  
Now shall I be looset, quoth Litle John,  
With Christ his might in heaven.
- Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
He thought to loose him belive ;  
The sheriffe and all his companye 215  
Fast after him did drive.
- Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
Why draw you mee soe neere ?  
Itt was never the use in our countrys, 220  
One's shrift another shold heere.
- But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
And loosed John hand and foote,  
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand  
And had it be his boote.
- Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,  
His boltes and arrowes eche one : 226  
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his  
bow,  
He fettled him to be gone.
- Towards his house in Nottingham towne  
He fled full fast away ; 230  
And soe did all his companye :  
Not one behind wold stay.
- But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
But Litle John with an arrowe so broad 235  
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

\* \* The title of Sir was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities, who are still styled *Domini*, "Sirs," to distinguish them from Undergraduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are styled *Magistri*, "Masters."

## IX.

*An Elegy on Henry Fourth Earl of Northumberland.*

THE subject of this poem which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, knights, squires, and even barons: see ver. 32, 183, &c., which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the laws against retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

John Skelton, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among Skelton's Poems, in bl. let. 12mo. 1568. It is addressed to Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c., in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum  
metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina  
Percy,  
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit,  
Ad nutum celebris tu prona reponere leonis,  
Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.  
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet  
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.  
Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos;  
Ad libitum ejus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOUROUS DETHE  
AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE  
MOOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBER-  
LANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
The dedely fute, the dolefulle destenney  
Of him that is gone, alas! withoute restore,  
Of the blode\* royall descendinge nobelly;  
Whos lordshepe doubtles was slayne lamentably 5  
Thorow tresun ageyn hym compassyd and  
wrought;  
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and  
thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Olyo enlde by name  
In the college of musis goddess hystoriall,  
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and  
lame 10  
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:  
To the for soccours, to the for helpe I call  
Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle  
With the freshe waters of Elyconys welle.

\* The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III.—The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III.—The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline du Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II, Vid. Camden Britan. Edmondson, &c.



Of noble actes aunceyently enrolde, 15  
 Of famous princis and lordes of astate,  
 By thy report ar wonte to extold,  
 Regestringe trewly every formare date:  
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,  
 Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy nobles,  
 Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew ex-  
 pres. 20

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene  
 Of formar writinge by any presidente  
 That vilane hastarddis in ther furious tene,  
 Fulfylde with malice of froward entente,  
 Confeterd togeder of commoun conceite, 25  
 Falsly to slo ther moste singular goode lorde?  
 It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,  
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe  
 ken; 30

At his commaundement, whiche had both  
 day and night

Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when  
 He calde upon them, as menyall household  
 men

Were no thes communes uncurteis karlis of  
 kynde

To slo their owne lorde? God was not in  
 their minde. 35

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
 That were aboute hym, his owne servants  
 of trust,

To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?  
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the  
 dust:

They bode not till the rekenyng were dis-  
 cust. 40

What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glose or  
 paynt?

Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was  
 redouted;

Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland  
 stode in drede; 44

To whome grete astates obeyde and lowttede:  
 A mayny of rude villayns made him for to  
 blede:

Unkindly they slew him, that help them  
 oft at nede

He was their bulwark, their paves, and their  
 wall,

Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame  
 mot them befall.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark  
 mad? 50

What frantyk frensy fyll in youre brayne?  
 Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have  
 had?

What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne  
 Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fyne.  
 Ye armed you with will, and left your wit  
 behynd; 55

Well may you be called comones most un-  
 kynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your  
 chef defence,

Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede;  
 Your worship depended of his excellence:

Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede: 60  
 Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your  
 spede:

What movyd you agayn hym to war or tofight?  
 What aylde you to sle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sove-  
 reyn lord, 64

The welle concernyng of all the holo lande,  
 Demaundyng soche dutyes as nedis most a cord  
 To the right of his princee which shold not  
 be withstand;

For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne  
 hande:

But had his nobill men done wel that day,  
 Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay.

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am be-  
 gyld; 71

How-be-it the matter was evident and  
 playne,

For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther  
 shelde,

This noble man doutles had not be slayne.  
 Bot men say they wer lynked with a dou-  
 ble chayn, 75

And held with the commouns under a cloke,  
 Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all  
 this smoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay  
 Of them demaunded and asked by the  
 kinge;

With one voice importune, they playnly said  
 nay: 80

They buskt them on a bushment themself  
 in baile to bringe:

Agayne the king's plesure to wrastle or to  
 wringe,

Bluntly as bestis withe boste and with cry  
They saide, they forseded not, nor carede not  
to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lordo  
and knyght, 85  
As man that was innocent of trechery or  
trayne,

Presed forthe boldly to withstand the myght,  
And lyke marciall Hector, he saught them  
agayne,

Vigorously upon them with myght and with  
mayne,

Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym  
there: 90

Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or  
fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,  
Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,  
Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,  
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye; 95  
Take up whos wolde for them, they let  
hym ly

Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente  
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyyronde aboute on every syde  
Withe his enemys, that were stark mad  
and wode; 100

Yet whils he stode he gave woundes wyde  
Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde  
were goode,

His corage manly, yet ther he shed his  
bloode!

All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne!  
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spyllt, 106  
The famous erle of Northumberlande:  
Of knightly prowes the sworde pomel and  
hylt,

The mighty lyoun\* doutted by se and lande!  
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes fraward  
hande! 110

What man remembring how shamfully he was  
slayne,

From bitter weepinge himself kan restrayne!

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!  
O dolorous Teusday, dedicate to thy name,

\* Alluding to his crest and supporters. Doubtled is contracted for redoubted.

When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man  
to mar! 115

O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the  
same!

Moste noble erle! O fowle mysuryd grounde  
Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre, 120  
Goddess mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,  
All merciles, in the ys no pite!

O homycide, whiche sleest all that thou  
kan,

So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,  
That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall  
dredde, 125

Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,  
Of aureat poems they want ellumyunge;  
Bot by them to knowlege ye may attayne

Of this lordis dethe and of his murtheryng.  
Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every  
thing, 131

Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure  
and tounne,

Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght com-  
pare,

Surmountinge in honor all erls he did ex-  
cede, 135

To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.

Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,  
Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,

Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,  
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne him of fortune's  
duble dyse. 140

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame

With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust?  
Whos noble actis shew worsheply his name,  
Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that  
must

Yet sumwhat wright supprised with hartly  
lust, 145

Truly reportinge his right noble astate,  
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,

Trew to his prince for to defende his right,  
Doublenes hatyng, fuls maters to compas,

Treytory and treson he bannesht out of  
syght, 151

With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,

As all his kintrey kan testefy the same :  
To sūe such a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne 155  
In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,  
Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,  
As persightly as could be thought or devy-  
syd ;  
To me also allthouche it were promysyde  
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160  
All were too litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,  
Grow and encrease, remembre thyn astate,  
God the assyst unto thyn herytage, 164  
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,  
Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.  
And, as the lyounne, whiche is of bestis kinge,  
Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,  
Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast,  
Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge :  
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the  
cast, 172  
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the  
blast :

Let double delingo in the have no place,  
And be not light of credence in no case. 175

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and  
mynd,  
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,  
Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
Allygf Englund and Fraunce were thorow  
saught.

Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they  
ought 180  
Bothe temporall and spirituall for to com-  
playne  
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes  
bold,  
And all other gentilmen with hym enter-  
teynd  
In fee, as menyall men of his housold, 185  
Whom he as lord worshiply manteynd :  
To sorowfull weping they ought to be con-  
streyned,

As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,  
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlesse prince of hevyn emperyalle, 190  
That with one worde formed al thing of  
noughte ;  
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall ;  
Which to thy resemblance wondrously hast  
wrought  
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast  
bought,  
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou  
dyd pay, 195  
And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,  
As thou art of mercy and pite the well,  
Thou bringe unto thy joy etermynable  
The sowle of this lorde from all daunger  
of hell, 200

In endles blis with the to hyde and dwell  
In thy palace above the orient,  
Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of morey, O lady full of grace,  
Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dore,  
Tosorowfull harts cheif comfort and solace, 206  
Of all women O floure withouten pere,  
Pray to thy son above the starris clere,  
He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun  
To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salva-  
cion. 210

In joy tryumphant the heavenly yerarchy,  
With all the hole sorte of that glorious  
place,

His soule mot recyve into ther company  
Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all  
solace :

Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace, 215  
The father, the son, and the holy goste  
In Trinite one God of myghts moste,

††† I have placed the foregoing poem of  
Skelton's before the following extract from  
Hawes, not only because it was written first,  
but because I think Skelton is in general to  
be considered as the earlier poet ; many of  
his poems being written long before Hawes's  
*Graunde Amour*.

## X.

## The Tower of Doctrine.

THE reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Henry VII., though now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505), entitled, "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to, 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1, p. 6, and Warton's Observ. v. 2, p. 105. He was also author of a book, entitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to., no date.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hist. above mentioned. "How fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governauce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c." As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I LOOKED about and saw a craggy roche,  
Farre in the west neare to the element,  
And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent  
The royal tower of Morall Document, 5  
Made of fine copper with turrettes fayre and  
hye,  
Which against Phebus shone soe marveyll-  
ously.

That for the very perfect bryghtnes  
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne  
I could nothyng behold the goodlines 10  
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:  
Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,  
The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus  
Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere, 15  
And often mused of the great hyghnes  
Of the craggy rocke which quadrant did ap-  
peare:

But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches  
Was all about,) sexangled doubtles;

Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many  
lyons, 20  
Made of fyne golde; with divers sundry dra-  
gons.\*

The little turrets with ymages of golde  
About was set, whiche with the wynd aye  
moved

With propre vices, that I did well beholde  
About the tower, in sundry wyse they  
hoved 25

With goodly pypes, in their mouthes  
ituned,

That with the wynd they piped a daunce  
Eclipped *Amour de la hault plesauunce*.

The toure was great of marveyllous wydnes,  
To whyche ther was no way to passo but  
one, 30

Into the toure for to have an intres:  
A grece there was yehesyld all of ston  
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone  
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I  
With bothe the Grayhoundes in my com-  
pany:† 35

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,  
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly portres,  
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late;  
To whome I gan in every thyng expresse  
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busy-  
nesse, 40

And eke my name; I told her every dell:  
Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called Countenaunce;  
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then  
lede, 44

Where was a fountayne depured of plesance,  
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,  
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;  
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and  
stonte

Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

V. 25, towers, P. C. V. 44, besy courte, P. C. V. 40, par-  
tyes, P. C.

\* Grayhoundes, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the  
royal supporters.

† This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

<p>Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght          clere, 50          Sweter than Nylus* or Ganges was ther          odoure:          Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere:          I dyd than taste the aromatyke lyeoure,          Fragraunt of fume, and swete as any floure;          And in my mouth it had a marveyulous scent          Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.</p> <p>And after thys further forth me brought          Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,          Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:          Thy wyndowes cleare depured all of crys-          tall, 60          And in the roufe on hye over all</p>	<p>Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;          Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.</p> <p>The flore was paved with beral clarified,          With pillers made of stones precious, 85          Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,          It myght be called a palaice glorious,          So muche delectable and solacious;          The hall was hanged hye and circular          With cloth of arras in the rycheest maner, 70</p> <p>That treated well of a ful noble story,          Of the doubty waye to the Tower Peril-          lous;*          Howe a noble knyght should wynde the vic-          tory          Of many a serpente foule and odious.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p>
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## XI.

*The Child of Elle,*

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.: which though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt the completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

On yonder hill a castle standes  
 With walles and towres bedight,  
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
 A younge and comely knyghte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went, 5  
 And stood at his garden pale,  
 Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,  
 Y-wis he stodee not stille, 10

And soone he mette fair Emmelines page  
 Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,  
 Now Christe thee save and see!  
 Oh tell me how does thy ladye gaye, 15  
 And what may thy tydings bee?

My lady she is all wec-begone,  
 And the teares they falle from her eyne;  
 And aye she laments the deadlye feude  
 Betweene her house and thine. 20

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe  
 Bedewde with many a teare,  
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde 25  
 The last boone thou mayst have,  
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
 When she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
 And in grave soone must shee bee, 30  
 Sith her father hath chuse her a new new love,  
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
 Sir John of the north countraye,  
 And within three dayes shee must him wedde,  
 Or he vowes he will her slaye. 36

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
 And greet thy ladye from mee,  
 And tell her that I her owne true love  
 Will dye, or sette her free. 40

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
 And let thy fair ladye know  
 This knight will I bee at her bowre windowe,  
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, 45  
 He neither stint ne stayd  
 Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre  
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,  
 And he greets thee well by mee; 50  
 This night will he be at thy bowre-windowe,  
 And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come,  
 And all were fast asleepe,  
 All save the ladye Emmeline, 55  
 Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true loves voice  
 Lowe whispering at the walle,  
 Awake, awake, my deare ladye,  
 Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
 Come, mount this faire palfraye;  
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
 He carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65  
 Nowe nay, this may not bee;  
 For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,  
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
 Mayst safely wend alone, 70  
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
 Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,  
 Of lynage proude and hye;  
 And what would he saye if his daughter 75  
 Awaye with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,  
 Nor his meate shoulde doe him no goode,  
 Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
 And seene thy deare hearts bloodde." 80

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
 And a little space him fro,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette, 85  
 And once without this walle,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,  
 And aye her heart was woe: 90  
 At length he seized her lilly-white hand,  
 And downe the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
 And kist her tenderlie:  
 The teares that fell from her fair eyes 95  
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
 And her on a fair palfraye,  
 And slung his bugle about his necke,  
 And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

All this beheard her owne damselle,  
 In her bed whereas shee lay,  
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
 See I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde! 105  
 Awake, my noble dame!  
 Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle  
 To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
 And called his merrye men all: 110  
 "And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,  
 Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
 A mile forth of the towne,  
 When she was aware of her fathers men 115  
 Come galloping over the downe:

And formost came the carlish knight,  
 Sir John of the north countraye:  
 "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitdure,  
 Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye linèage, And was of a ladye borne, And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne To carrie her hence to scorne."		My mother she was an earl's daughter, 165 And a noble knyght my sire — The baron he frowned and turn'd away With mickle dole and ire.	
Nowe loud thou lyst, Sir John the knight, Nowe thou doest lye of mee; 126 A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore, Soe never did none by thee.		Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept, And did all trembling stand: 170 At lengthe she sprang upon her knee, And held his lifted hand.	
But light nowe downe, my ladye faire, Light downe, and hold my steed, 130 While I and this discourteous knyghte Doe trye this arduous deede.		Pardon, my lorde and father deare, This faire yong knyght and mee: Trust me, but for the earlish knyght, 175 I never had fled from thee.	
But light nowe downe, my deare ladye, Light downe, and hold my horse; While I and this discourteous knight 135 Doe trye our valour's force.		Oft have you called your Emmeline Your darling and your joye; O let not then your harsh resolves Your Emmeline destroye. 180	
Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept, And aye her heart was woe, While twixt her love and the earlish knight Past many a baleful blowe. 140		The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke, And turned his heade asyde To whipe awaye the starting teare He proudly strave to hyde.	
The Child of Elle hee fought soe well, As his weapon he waved amaine, That soone he had slaine the earlish knight, And layd him upon the plaine.		In deepo revolving thought he stooode, 185 And mused a little space: Then raised faire Emmeline from thegrounde, With many a fond embrace.	
And nowe the baron and all his men 145 Full fast approached nye: Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe Twere nowe no boote to flye.		Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd, And gave her lillie white hand; 190 Here take my deare and only child, And with her half my land:	
Her lover he put his horne to his mouth, And blew both loud and shrill, 150 And soone he saw his owne merry men Come ryding over the hill.		Thy father once mine honour wrongde In dayes of youthful pride; Do thou the injurys repayre 195 In fondnesse for thy bride.	
"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron, I pray thee hold thy hand, Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts 155 Fast knit in true love's band.		And as thou love her, and hold her deare, Heaven prosper thee and thine: And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee, My lovelye Emmeline. 200	
Thy daughter I have dearly loved Full long and many a day; But with such love as holy kirke Hath freelye said wee may. 160		* * * †† From the word <i>kirke</i> in ver. 129, this hath been thought to be a Scottish Ballad, but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the Northern counties of England, <i>kirke</i> is used in the common dialect for <i>church</i> , as well as beyond the Tweed.	
O give consent, shee may be mine, And bless a faithfull paire: My lands and livings are not small, My house and lineage faire:			

## XII.

## Edom O' Gordon,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, mdcclv. 8vo., 12 pages, — We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled Captain Adam Carre, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House or Castle of the Rodes stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes.\* The fact, however, on which the ballad is founded, happened in the North of Scotland, (see below), yet it is but too faithful a specimen of the violence practised in the feudal times in every part of this Island, and indeed all over Europe.

\* This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is entitled Adam o' Gordon. It may be observed, that the famous freebooter, whom Edward I. fought with hand to hand, near Farnham, was named Adam Gordon.

From the different titles of this Ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or Minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further West, and vice versâ.—The foregoing observation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have since been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs), the principal Commander of the expedition was a Gordon, and the immediate Agent a Car, or Ker; for then the reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon or a Car, as best suited his purpose. In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of Gil Morris, wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS. instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Britton's-borrow," and also "Diactors" or "Draitours-borrow," (for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the Additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,

Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw till a hauld.

An quhat a hauld sall we draw till,

My mirry men and me?

We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,  
To see that fair ladie.



The lady stude on hir castle wa' Beheld baith dale and down : There she was ware of a host of men Cum ryding towards the town.	10	But reach my pistoll, Gland, my man,* And charge ze weil my gun :* For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher, 55 My babes we been undone.
O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ? O see ze nat quhat I see ? Methinks I see a host of men : I marveil quha they be.	15	She stude upon hir castle wa', And let twa bullets flee :* She mist that bluidy butchers hart, And only raz'd his knee. 60
She weend it had been hir lovely lord, As he cam ryding hame ; It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon, Quha reekt nae sin nor shame.	20	Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn, All wood wi' dule and ire : Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid, As ze bren in the fire.
She had nae sooner buskit hersel, And putten on hir gown, But Edom o' Gordon and his men Were round about the town.		Wae worth, wae worth ze, Joek my man, 65 I paid ze weil your fee ; Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane, Lets in the reek to me ?
They had nae sooner supper sett, Nae sooner said the grace, But Edom o' Gordon and his men Were light about the place.	25	And ein wae worth ze, Joek my man, I paid ze weil your hire ; 70 Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane, To me lets in the fire ?
The lady ran up to hir towir head, Sa fast as she could hie, To see if by hir faire speechès She could wi' him agree.	30	Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ; Ze paid me weil my fee : But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man, 75 Maun either doe or die.
But quhan he see this lady saif, And hir yates all locked fast, He fell into a rage of wrath, And his look was all aghast.	35	O then bespauk hir little son, Sate on the nurses knee ; Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this house, For the reek it smithers me. 80
Cum down to me, ze lady gay, Cum down, cum down to me : This night sall ye lig within mine armes, To-morrow my bride sall be.	40	I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe, Sae wald I a' my fee, For ane blast o' the western wind, To blaw the reek frae thee.
I winnae cum down, ze fals Gordon, I winnae cum down to thee ; I winnae forsake my ain dear lord, That is sac far frae me.		O then bespauk hir dochter dear, 85 She was bath jimp and sma : O row me in a pair of sheits, And tow me owre the wa.
Give owre your house, ze lady fair, Give oure your house to me, Or I sall brenn yoursel therein, Bot and your babies three.	45	They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits, And towd hir owre the wa : 90 But on the point of Gordon's spear She gat a deadly fa.
I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn, To nae sik traitor as zeo : And if ze brenn my ain dear babes, My lord shall make ze drie.	50	O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth, And cherry were hir cheiks,

\* These three lines are restored from Foulis's edition,  
and the fol. MS., which last reads "the bullets," in v. 58.

And clear clear was hir zellow hair, Whereon the reid bluid dreips.	95	For he that is hindmost o' the thrang Sall neir get guid o' me.
Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre, O gin hir facc was wan! He sayd, Ze are the first that eir I wisht alive again.	100	Than sum they rade, and some they rin, Fou fast out-owr the bent; But eir the foremost could get up, Baith ludy and babes were brent.
He turnd hir owre and owre againe, O gin hir skin was whyte! I might ha spared that bonnie face, To hae been sum mans delyte.		He wrang his hands, he rent his hair, And wept in teenefu' muid: O traitors, for this cruel deid Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid.
Busk and boun, my merry nien a', For ill dooms I doe guess: I cannae luik in that bonnie face, As it lyes on the grass.	105	And after the Gordon he is gane, Sa fast as he might drie; And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid He's wroken his dear ladie.
Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir, Then freits wil follow thame: Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon Was daunted by a dame.		†† Since the foregoing ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found re- corded in Abp. Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259; who informs us, that
But quhen the lady see the fire Cum fluming owre hir head, She wept and kist her children twain, Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.	115	"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scot- land, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir; and, under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, es- pecially upon the Forbes. . . . Having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord Forbes. . . . Not long after he sent to sum- mon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alex- ander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.
The Gordon then his bougill blow, And said, 'Awa', 'awa'; This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame, I hault it time to ga'.	120	"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."
O then bespyed hir ain dear lord, As hee cam owr the lee; He sied his castle all in blaze So far as he could see.		This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him by an ingenious writer who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May 9,) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775, p. 219.
Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave, And all his hart was wae; Put, on, put on, my wighty men, So fast as ze can gae.	125	
Put on, put on, my wighty men, So fast as ze can drie;	130	

V. 98, 102, O Gin, &c., a Scottish idiom to express, great admiration. V. 109, 110, Thame, &c., i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

## SERIES THE FIRST.

## BOOK II.

## I.

## Ballads that Illustrate Shakspeare.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and, that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This second book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English Stage, and on the conduct of our first Dramatic Poets; a subject which, though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already, will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

## ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, ETC.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of Scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c., these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were

probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodsley's Old Plays and in Osborne's Harleian Miscel. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic Poets,\* entitled "a Merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas,"† &c., being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenpieghe*. Howleglass, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a Leman or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglass owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds: "And than in the meane season, while Howleglas was parysh clarke, at Easter they should play the Ressurrection of our Lorde: and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the grave for an Aungell: and this seing Howleglas, toke to him iij of the symple persons that were in the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Person [i. e. Parson or Rector] played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons, When the Aungell asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuneth that the tyme was come that they

\* Dp. Warburton's Shakspeare, vol. v. p. 338.—Prof. to Dodsley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c. These were all the author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.

\* See Ben Johnson's Postaster, act iii. sec. 4, and his Masque of The Fortunate Isles. Whalley's edit. vol. ii. p. 49, vol. vi. p. 190.

† Howleglass is said in the preface to have died in mcccc. At the end of the book, in mcccc.

must playe, and the Aungel asked them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priestes leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smytten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than toke she him by the heare [hair]; and that seing his wyfe, came running hastily to smite the priestes leman; and than the priest seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And than Howleglas seying them lyinge together by the cares in the bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and came no more there."<sup>2</sup>

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form complete dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifications. These they entitled Moral Plays or Moralities. The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the Scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII.; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is entitled "Every Man."† The subject of this piece is the summoning of Man out of the world by Death; and its moral that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ances-

tors to the Prologue on their rude stage). then God\* is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the Human Race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-Man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good Dedes, who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her,† introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the "holy man Confession," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and, after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits (y) have taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good Dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his *Requiem*; and the Epilogue is spoken by a person, called Doctour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

"¶. This memoriall men may have in mynde,  
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,  
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyveth you in  
thende,  
And remembre Beautie, Five Witts, Strength  
and Discretion,  
They all at last do Every Man forsake;  
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take;  
But beware, for and they be small,  
Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that "Every Man" is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply

\* ¶. IMPRINTED . . BY WYLLIAM COPLAND: without date, 4to, bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.

† This play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his 3 vols. of Old Plays, entitled, "The Origin of the English Drama" 12mo Oxford 1773. See vol. i. n. 97

\* The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

† The before-mentioned are male characters.

‡ i. e. The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage (see Riccoboni, p. 98); but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every-Man, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of Every-Man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.\*

The other play is entitled "Hick-Scorner,"† and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is spoken by Pity, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyll, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion Imaginacion, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants, in a kind of lyric measure, on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewyll appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine

companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, hating the moral and religious reflection of Pity, &c., the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these moralities were upon the very threshold of real tragedy and comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that tragedies and comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover. But plays of miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the School of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a miracle play of St. Catherine, composed by himself.\* This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. Catherine was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: and an eminent French writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the re-

\* See more of every man, in Series the Second, Pref. to B. ii., note.

† "Imprinted by me Wynkyn de Worde," no date; in 4to. bl. let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," vol. i. p. 69.

\* *Apud Dunestapliam . . . quendam ludum de sancta Katerina (quem miracula vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad que decoranda, petiit a sacrista sancti Albani, ut sibi Cepas Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina.* Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 56.—We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens: quoted below.

rival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Representations of Mysteries in France; for these did not begin till the year 1398.\*

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays, representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II.; and a lighter sort of Interludes appear not to have been then unknown.† In the subsequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips.‡

They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the council of Constance§ ascribes to the English the introduction of plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor, having been absent from the council for some time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English fathers in particular did, upon that occasion, cause a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday, Jan. 31, 1417; the subjects of which were:—The Nativity of our Saviour; the arrival of the Eastern Magi; and the Massacre by Herod. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject, will appear from the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512:—

\* Vid. Abregé Chron. de l'Hist. de France, par M. Henault, à l'ann. 1179.

† See Fitz-Stephens's Description of London, preserved by Stow (and reprinted with notes, &c., by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.), *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the reign of Hen. II., and to have died in that of Richard I. It is true, at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis*, *Rex filius*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Reges Anglie*. From a passage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

‡ See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyr-whitt's Ed.

§ M. L'Enfant. Vid. Hist. du Conc. de Constance, vol. ii. p. 440.

|| "The regulations and establishments of the household of Hen. Alg. Percy, fifth Earl of Northumb. Lon. 1770," 8vo. Whereof a small impression was printed by order of the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to bestow

whence I shall select a few extracts, which show that the exhibiting scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the chaplain in those days to compose Plays for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

"My Lordes Chapleyns in Household vj. viz. The Almonar, and if he be a maker of Interludys, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the Parts; and ells to have non. The maister of gramer, &c." Sect. V. p. 44.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely if is lordship kepe a chapell and be at home, them of his lordships chapell, if they doo play the play of the Nativite uppon cristynnes day in the mornnyng in my lordis chapell befor his lordship—xxs." Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"Item, . . . to them of his lordship chapell and other his lordships servaunts that doith play the play befor his lordship uppon Shrof-Towsday at night yerely in reward —xs." Ibid. p. 345.

"Item, . . . to them . . . that playth the play of Resurrection upon estur day in the mornnyng in my lordis 'chapell' befor his lordships—xxs." Ibid.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the Master of the Revells yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the overseyng and orderinge of his lordships playes, interludes and dresinge that is pluid befor his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristenmas and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs." Ibid. p. 346.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf every of the iiij. Parsones that his lordship admyted as his Players to com to his lordship yerly at Cristynnes ande at all other such tymes as his lordship shall comande them for playing of playe and interludes affor his lordship in his lordships hous for every of their fees for an hole yere" . . . Ibid. p. 351.

"Item, to be payd . . . for rewards to Players for playes playd at Cristynmas by strane

in presents to their friends.—Although begun in 1612, some of the Regulations were composed so late as 1626.

geres in my house after xxd.\* every play, by estimacion somme—xxxijs, iiij.”† Sect. 1, p. 22.

“Item, My Lorde usith, and accustometh to gif yerely when his lordship is at home, to every erlis Players that comes to his lordshipe betwixt Cristynmas ande Candelmás, if he be his special lorde & frende & Kynsman—xxs.” Sect. XLIIII. p. 340.

“Item, My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely, when his lordship is at home to every lordis Players, that comyth to his lordshipe betwixt Crystynmas and Candilmas—xs.” Ibid.

The reader will observe the great difference in the rewards here given to such Players as were retainers of noble personages, and such as are styled Strangers, or, as we may suppose, only strollers.

The profession of a common player was about this time held by some in low estimation. In an old satire, entitled “Cock Lories Bote,”‡ the author enumerating the most common trades or callings, as “carpenters, coopers, joyners,” &c., mentions

“Players, purse-cutters, money batterers,  
Golde-washers, tomlers, jogelers,  
Pardoners, &c.” Sign. B. vj.

III. It hath been observed already, that plays of Miracles, or Mysteries, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays or Moralities, which prevailed so early, and became so common, that towards the latter end of King Henry VIIIth’s reign, John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published “A new Interlude and a Mery of the Nature of the Four Elements declarynge many proper points of Philosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers Straunge Landys,” &c. It is observable that the

poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent:

—“Within this xx yero  
Westwarde be founde new landes  
That we never harde tell of before this,” &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Household Book.) The play of “Hick Scorne” was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of “the Newe founde Ilonde.” (Sign. A. vij.)

It is observable that in the olden moralities, as in that last mentioned. Every-man, &c., is printed no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of “Lusty Juventus,”\* written under Edward VI., the exits and entrances began to be noted in the margin:‡ at length in Queen Elizabeth’s reign moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early printed plays, it may just be observed, that, although so few are now extant, it should seem many were printed before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as at the beginning of her reign, her Injunctions in 1559 are particularly directed to the suppressing of “many pamphlets, playes, and ballads; that no manner of person shall enterprize to print any such, &c.” but under certain restrictions. Vid. Sect. V.

In the time of Hen. VIII., one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the

Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude; among which are, “¶ Of certeyn conclusions prouvyng the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle.”—“¶ Of certeyne points of cosmographie—and of dyvers straunge regions—and of the new founde landys, and the maner of the people.” This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.

\* Described in Series the Second, preface to book ii. The Dramatis Personæ of this piece are “¶ Messenger,

\* This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d., and for a lean one 8s.

† At this rate the number of plays acted must have been twenty.

‡ Pr. at the Sun in Fleet St. by W. de Worde, no date, b. l. 4to.

classical names of comedy and tragedy,\* but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth, tragedies and comedies began to appear in form, and, could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. "Corboduc," a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561;† and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited "Jocasta," a translation from Euripides, as also "The Supposes," a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakspeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their old mysteries and moralities,‡ and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. From the graver sort of moralities our modern Tragedy appears to have derived its origin; as our Comedy evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic§ has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural Tragi-comedies. Even after the people had been accustomed to tragedies and comedies, moralities still kept their ground: one of them entitled "The New Custom"|| was printed so late as 1773: at length they assumed the name of masques,¶ and, with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

\* Bishop Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his *Mystory of "God's Promises,"* in 1538. In 1540 John Palsgrave, B. D., had republished a Latin comedy, called "*Acostasus*," with an English version. Hollingshed tells us (vol. iii. p. 850), that so early as 1520 the king had "a good comedie of Plautus played" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious "*Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*," 8vo. p. 31.

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‡ The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage, will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

§ Dp. Warburton. *Shakspeare*. vol. v.

¶ Reprinted among Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i.

|| In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, 1616, one of the personages is Minced Pye.

IV. The old mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, appear to have given birth to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with tragedy and comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were historical plays, or histories, a species of dramatic writing which resembled the old mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from tragedies, just as much as historical poems do from epic: as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Æneid*.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that soon after the mysteries ceased to be exhibited, was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called "*The Mirrour for Magistrates*,"\* wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast; and therefore, as an elegant writer† has well observed, might have its influence in producing historical plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an historical play itself, which was perhaps as early as any mystery on a religious subject; for such, I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English history, that was expressed in actions and rhymes. This was the old Coventry play of "*Hock Tuesday*,"‡ founded on the story of the massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002.§ The play in question was performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other shows and entertainments at Kenilworth Castle, in July, 1575, prepared for Queen Elizabeth, and this the rather "because the matter mentioneth

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how valiantly our English women, for the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose words are here quoted,\* hath given a short description of the performance; which seems on that occasion to have been without recitation or rhymes, and reduced to mere dumb show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danish and English "lance-knights on horseback," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen; which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and many led captive by our English women."†

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there,‡ had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well meaning but precise preachers, of whose "sourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill manners, papistry, or any superstition,"§ which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious mystery. But having been discontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the players apparently had not been able to recover the old rhymes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action; which if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars;"|| his counselling and contriving the plot to despatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression—"expressed in actions and

rhymes after their manner,"\* one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe.†

Whatever this old play, or "storial show,"‡ was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country, at these "princely pleasures of Kenilworth,"§ whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, "whereat her majesty laught well," and rewarded the performers with two bucks and five marks in money: who, "what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so heartified:" but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a play, which the same evening, after supper, was there "presented of a very good theme, but to set forth by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,"|| we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of Sybille, a savage man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

But that the historical play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakspeare himself, as distinct from tragedy and comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages

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Laneham describes this play of *HOCK TUESDAY*, which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storial show" (p. 32).—And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33): although we are also told by Bevil Higgon, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his *Short View of Eng. History*, 8vo., p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734.)

† Laneham, p. 37.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. p. 33.

|| Ibid. p. 32.

\* Laneham, p. 33.

† The Rhymes, &c., prove this play to have been in English, whereas Mr. Thos. Warton thinks the *Mysteries* composed before 1323 were in Latin. Malone's *Shaksp.* vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

‡ Laneham, p. 32.

§ See Nicholls's *Progresses*, vol. i. p. 57.

|| Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on Sunday evening July 9.

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But that the historical play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakspeare himself, as distinct from tragedy and comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages

\* Ro. Laneham, whose Letter, containing a full description of the Shows, &c., is reprinted at large in Nicholls's Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, &c., vol. i. 4to., 1788.—That writer's orthography, being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

Laneham describes this play of HOCK TUESDAY, which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storial show" (p. 32).—And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33); although we are also told by Nevil Higgon, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo., p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1784.)

† Laneham, p. 37.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. p. 33.

|| Ibid. p. 32.

\* Laneham, p. 33.

† The Rhymes, &c., prove this play to have been in English, whereas Mr. Thos. Warton thinks the Mysteries composed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

‡ Laneham, p. 32.

§ See Nicholls's Progresses, vol. i. p. 57.

|| Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on Sunday evening, July 9.

in their works. "Of late days," says Stow, "in place of those stage plays<sup>1</sup> hath been used comedies, tragedies, enterludes and histories both true and fained."<sup>2</sup>—Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to "*The Captain*," say,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
Nor History."——

Polonius in "*Hamlet*" commends the actors, as the best in the world, "either for tragedie, comedie, historie, pastorall," &c. And Shakspeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edition of his plays, in 1623,<sup>3</sup> have not only entitled their book "*Mr. William Shakspeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies*:" but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads; placing in the class of histories, "*K. John, Richard II., Henry IV., 2 pts. Henry V., Henry VI., 3 pts. Rich. III., and Henry VIII.*;" to which they might have added such of his other plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's lives.

Although Shakspeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama,<sup>4</sup> yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple artificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of genius that his histories maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

Before Shakspeare wrote, historical plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Q. Elizabeth's license in 1574<sup>5</sup> to James Burbage and others, who are only empowered "to use, exercise, and occupie, the arte and facultye of playenge comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-plays, and such other like."—But when Shakspeare's histories had become the ornaments of the stage, they were considered by the public, and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distin-

guished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the license granted by K. James I., in 1603,<sup>6</sup> to W. Shakspeare himself, and the players his fellows; who are authorized "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morales, pastorals, stage-plays, and such like."

The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late comedians of Q. Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing comedies, histories, interludes, morales, pastorals, stage-plays, and such like."<sup>7</sup> The same appears in an admonition issued in 1637<sup>8</sup> by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of his Majesty's servants the players, that "diverse of their books of comedyes and tragedyes, chronicle-histories, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

This distinction we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakspeare's histories appear to have been no longer relished; at least the distinction respecting them is dropped in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeston in June 1660,<sup>9</sup> to use the house in Salisbury-court "for a play-house, wherein comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, pastoralls, and interludes, may be acted," but also from the fuller grant (dated August 21, 1760)<sup>10</sup> to Thomas Killegrew, Esq., and Sir William Davenant, knt., by which

<sup>1</sup> The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners Well in 1409.

<sup>2</sup> See Stow's Survey of London, 1603, 4to., p. 94, (said in the title page to be "written in the year 1598.") See also Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 109.

<sup>3</sup> The same distinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.

<sup>4</sup> See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. i. part ii. p. 31.

<sup>5</sup> See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 37.

<sup>6</sup> See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 40.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid. p. 49. Here Histories, or Historical Plays, are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity. In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636 (Ibid. p. 144), Histories are not particularly mentioned: but so neither are tragedies: they being briefly directed to "act playes, comedies, and interludes, without any lett," &c.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid. p. 130.

<sup>9</sup> This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 239.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid. p. 244.

they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the representation of tragedyes, comedyes, playes, operas, and all other entertainments of that nature."

But while Shakspeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon,\* that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his historical plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable lectures on English history so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole, we have had abundant proof that both Shakspeare and his contemporaries considered his histories, or historical plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from tragedy and comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the Unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine and work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakspeare's Histories by the general laws of tragedy or comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

\* See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. vi. p. 427. This ingenious writer will, with his known liberality, excuse the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than nineteen play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*.† From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine and beer,"‡ were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown)§ retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen,¶ who protected them in the exercise of their profession; and many of them were occasionally Strollers, that

\* He speaks in p. 492, of the Playhouses in Bishopgate street, and on Ludgate Hill, which are not among the seventeen enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's Old Plays. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that twenty-three Playhouses had been at different periods open in London: and even six of them at one time. See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. i. pt. II. p. 48.

† So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 12d., 18d., 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a play-house day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beer, and such like vaine expences, which playes do usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?" Prynne's *Hystriom.* p. 322.

But that tobacco was smoked in the playhouses, appears from Taylor the water-poet, in his proclamation for tobacco's propagation. "Let play-houses, drinking-schools, taverns, &c., be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it be possible) bring it into the Churches, and there chaok up their preachers." (Works, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter, in 1607, against "taking tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning gown.

§ See the extracts above, in p. 139, from the Earl of Northumb. Household Book.

¶ See the Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays.—The author of an old invective against the Stage, called a third Blast of Retreat from Plaies, &c., 1580, 12mo., says, "Alas! that private affection should so reign in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to upholde them in their vanytie, they should restraine the magistratus from executing their office! . . . They [the nobility] are thought to be covetous by permitting their servants . . . to live at the devotion or almes of other men, passing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more truella, are become beggers for their servants. For comonlie the good-will, men beare to their Lordes, makes them draw the stringes of their purses to extend their liberallitie." *Vid.* pag. 75, 76, &c.

travelled from one gentlemen's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the play-house called the Globe, who founded Dulwich College, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age.\*

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches.† The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*,‡ and seats of three-pence and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of *Prynn*e above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: that play-house called the Hope had seats of five several rates from six-pence to half-a-crown.§ But a shilling seems to

have been the usual price\* of what is now called the Pit, which probably had its name from one of the play-houses having been a Cock-pit.†

The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouses were only licensed to be opened on that day;‡ but before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon,§ plays being generally performed

talks of "*The six-penny Roomes in Playhouses*;" and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "*Arch-tobacco taker of England*, in ordinaries, upon *stages* both common and private."

\* Shaksp. *Prol.* to *Hen. VIII.*—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prol.* to the *Captain*, and to the *Mad-lover*.

† This etymology hath been objected to by a very ingenious writer (see Malone's *Shaksp.* vol. i. pt. ii. p. 60), who thinks it questionable, because, in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, the area that is under the pulpit, and surrounded by the galleries, is (*now*) called the *pit*; which, he says, no one can suspect to have been a *cock-pit*, or that a playhouse phrase could be applied to a church.—But who-over is acquainted with the licentiousness of boys, will not think it impossible that they should thus apply a name so peculiarly expressive of its situation: which from frequent use might at length prevail among the senior members of the university; especially when those young men became seniors themselves. The name of *pit*, so applied at Cambridge, must be deemed to have been a cant phrase, until it can be shown that the area in other churches was usually so called.

‡ So Sta. Gosson, in his *Schools of abuse*, 1579, 12mo., speaking of the players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make *liii* or *v.* Sundayes at least every week, fol. 24.—So the author of a *Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plades*, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from the libertie of plaieing on the Sabbath-daie . . . To plaie on the Sabbath is but a privilege of sufferance, and might with ease be repelled, were it thoroughly followed," pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabbath of al other daies the most abused? . . . Wherefore abuse not so the Sabbath-daie, my brethren; leave not the temple of the Lord." . . . "Those unsavory morsels of unseasonable sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plader, doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and carrieth better relish in their mouths, than the bread of the worle," &c. *Vid.* pag. 63, 65, 69, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in *Prynn*e, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem from the author of the *Third Blast* above quoted, that the churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he says, that the players (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility), "under the title of their maisters, or as retainers, are privileged to roave abroad, and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of praier."

§ "He entertaines us" (says Overbury in his character of an Actor) "in the best leasure of our life, that is, be

\* Stephen Gosson, in his *Schools of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo. fo. 23, says thus of what he terms in his margin *Players-men*: "Over lashing in apparell is so common a fault, that the very hirelings of some of our Players, which stand at revision of vs. a. by the week, jet under gentlemen's noses in suits of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man, of whom the Sunday before they begged an almes. I speake not this, as though every one that professeth the qualitis so abused himselfe, for it is well known, that some of them are sober, discrete, properly learned, honest householders and citizens, well-thought on among their neighbours at home" [he seems to mean Edw. Allen above mentioned], "though the pryde of their shadowes (I meane those hang-byes, whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat ill-talked of abroad."

In a subsequent period we have the following satirical fling at the showy exterior and supposed profits of the actors of that time.—Vid. Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1625, 4to. "What is your profession?"—"Truly, sir, . . . I am a Player." "A Player? . . . I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for, if by outward habit men should be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man." "So I am where I dwell . . . What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was faine to carry my playing-fardle a foot-baके: *tempora mutantur* . . . for my very share in playing apparell will not be sold for two hundred pounds . . . Nay more, I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a Moral, &c." See Roberto's *Tale*. sign. D. 3. b.

† So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Praise of Boggery*. p. 99.

"Yet have I seen a boggler with his many, [sc. vermin]

Come at a play-house, all in for one penny."

‡ So in the *Belman's Night-walks* by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy two-pence to a player, in this gallery thou mayest sit by a harlot."

§ Induct to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-fair*. An ancient satirical piece, called "*The Blacke Book*, Lond. 1604, 4to."

by daylight.\* All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage,† before the Civil Wars.

Lastly, with regard to the playhouse furniture and ornaments, a writer of King Charles the Second's time,‡ who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewn with rushes, with habits accordingly."§

Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c., splendid when compared with what he saw abroad. Speaking of the theatre for

comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for apparrell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before: for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London: and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor."\*\*

It ought, however, to be observed, that, amid such a multitude of playhouses as subsisted in the Metropolis before the Civil Wars, there must have been a great difference between their several accommodations, ornaments, and prices; and that some would be much more showy than others, though probably all were much inferior in splendour to the two great theatres after the Restoration.

\* \* \* The preceding Essay, although some of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving notice, from what it was in the Second edition, 1767, except in Section iv., which in the present impression hath been much enlarged.

This is mentioned because since it was first published, the History of the English Stage hath been copiously handled by Mr. Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry, 1774, &c." 3 vols. 4to. (wherein is inserted whatever in these volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond Malone, Esq., who in his "Historical Account of the English Stage," (Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii., 1790), hath added greatly to our knowledge of the economy and usages of our ancient theatres.

\* Coryate's Crudities, 4to., 1611, p. 217.

twene meales; the most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise."—Even so late as in the reign of Cha. II., plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon.

\* See Biogr. Brit. i. 117, n. D.

† I say "no English Actress"—on the public stage," because Dryden speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that "they had French-women actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars Playhouse." This was in 1620, *vid.* page 215. And though female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet, in masques at court, the queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the Restoration, introduced women, scenery, and higher prices. See Gibber's Apology for his own Life.

‡ See a short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknor's "Love's Kingdom," 1671, 12mo.

§ It appears from an Epigram of Taylor, the Water-poet, that one of the principal Theatres in his time, *viz.* The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole parish), had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613—See Taylor's Sculler, Epig. 22, p. 31. Jonson's Execration on Vulcan.

Puttenham tell us they used Vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble princes chambers with too many folkes." Art of Eng. Poes. 1589, p. 26. From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the Masques at Court.

## I.

*Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly,*

— were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage, of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a forrester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long-bow  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a  
shot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clym of the  
Clough,  
And William a Clowdslee  
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;  
And our Forester beat them all three.  
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspeare, in his comedy of "Much ado about nothing," act 1, makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,\* and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam:" meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers

\* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask, or firkin, half filled with soot; and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured, that "Abraham Cupid," in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, should be "Adam Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym o' the Clough in his *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The Long Vacation in London," describes the attorneys and proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields.

"With loynes in canvass bow-case tyde: \*  
Where arrows stick with mickle pride; ...  
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme,  
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him.  
Works, 1673, fol. p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Foedera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be of considerable antiquity, they were here given (corrected in some places by a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to, *Imprinted at London in Lolliburge by Wm. Copland* (no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly followed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond. 1791," 8vo., the variations from which, that occur in the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio MS. above mentioned, and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this ballad is followed by another, entitled *Younge Clowdeslee*, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

\* i. e. Each with a canvass bow-case tied round his loins.



## PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in the grene forest  
Amonge the levès grene,  
Whereas men hunt east and west  
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raise the dere out of theyr denne;  
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;  
As by thre yemen of the north countreÿ,  
By them it is I mene.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,  
The other Clym of the Clough,\*  
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,  
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,  
These yemen everychone;  
They swore them brethren upon a day  
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,  
That of myrthes loveth to here:  
Two of them were single men,  
The third had a wedded fore.

Wylliam was the wedded man,  
Muche more than was hys care:  
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,  
To Carleile he would fare,

For to spoke with fayre Alyce his wife,  
And with his chyldren thre.  
By my trowth, sayde Adam Bel,  
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,  
And from thys wyld wode vende,  
If that the justice may you take,  
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,  
By pryne to you agayne,  
Truste you then that I am 'taken,'  
Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,  
And to Carlile he is gon:  
There he knocked at his owne winddwe  
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,  
My wife and chyldren thre?  
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbànde,  
Wylliam of Cloudeslee.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,  
And syghed wonderous sore,  
Thys place hath ben besette for you  
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslee,  
I would that in I were.  
Now fetehe us meate and drynke ynoughe,  
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,  
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;  
And pleased hym with that she had,  
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
A lytle besyde the fyre,  
Whych Wylliam had found of charytye  
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth shee goos,  
Evill mote shee speede therfore;  
For shee had sett no foote on ground  
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,  
As fast as she could hye;  
Thys nyght, shee sayd, is come to town  
Wylliam of Cloudeslye.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also:  
Thou shalt not trauaile hither, dame, for  
nought,  
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune,  
Of scarlate, 'and of graine:'  
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,  
And couched her doune agayne.

They rayssed the towne of mery Carleile  
In all the haste they can;  
And came thronging to Wylliames house,  
As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yemàn  
Round about on every syde:  
Wylliam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
That thither-ward fast hyed.

V. 24, *Caerleil*, in P. O. passim. V. 35, *take*, P. O. *tane*, MS.

\* *Clym of the Clough* means Clem. [Clement] of the Cliff:  
for so Clough signifies in the North.

Alyce opened a backe wynddwe, And loked all aboute, She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe, Wyth a full great route.	85	Wyllyam shot so wonderous well, Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe, And the fyre so fast upon hym fell, That hys bowstryng brent in two.	130
Alas! treason, cryed Alyce, Ever we may thou be, Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd, Swote Wyllyam of Cloudeslee.	90	The sparkles brent and fell upon Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè: Than was he a wofull man, and sayde, Thys is a cowardes death to me.	135
He toke hys swerd and hys bucler, Hys bow and hys chyldren thre, And wente into hys strongest chamber, Where he thought surest to be.	95	Leever had I, sayd Wyllyam, With my sworde in the route to renne, Then here among my enemyes wode Thus cruelly to bren.	140
Fayre Alyce, like a lover true, Took a pollaxe in her hande: Said, He shall dye that cometh in Thys dore, whyle I may stand.	100	He toke hys swerd and hys bucler, And among them all he ran, Where the people were most in prece, He smote downe many a man.	
Cloudeslee bente a right good bowe, That was of a trusty tre, He smot the justice on the brest, That hys arowe burst in thre.		There myght no man abyde hys stroakes, So forly on them he ran: Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him, And so toke that good yemàn.	146
'A' curse on his harte, saide William, Thys day thy cote dyd on! If it had ben no better then myne, It had gone nere thy bone.	105	There they hym bounde both hand and fote, And in a deepe dungeon hym east: Now, Cloudeslee, sayd the justice, Thou shalt be hanged in hast.	150
Yelde the Cloudeslè, sayd the justice, And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce, That my husband councelleth so.	111	'A' payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife, Now shal I for thee make; And the gates of Carcil shal be shutte: No man shal come in therat.	155
Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife, Syth it wyll no better be, And brenne we therin William, he saide, Hys wife and chyldren thre.	116	Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe, Nor yet shall Adam Bell, Though they came with a thousand mo, Nor all the devels in hell.	160
They fyred the house in many a place The fyre flew up on hys; Alas! then cryed fayre Alyce, I se we here shall die.	120	Early in the mornynge the justice uprose, To the gates first can he gone, And commaunded to be shut full close Lightlilè everychone.	
William openyd a backe wynddwe, That was in hys chamber hys, And there with sheetes he did let downe His wife and children thre.		Then went he to the markett place, As fast as he coude hys; There a payre of new gallowes he set up Besyde the pyllorye.	165
Have you here my treasure, sayde William, My wyfe and my chyldren thre: For Christès love do them no harme, But wreke you all on me.	126	A lytle boy 'among them asked,' What meant that gallow-tre? They sayde to hange a good yemàn, Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.	170

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
And kept fayre Alyces swyne;  
Oft he had seene William in the wodde, 175  
And geun hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,  
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;  
There met he with these wightye yemen  
Shortly and anone. 180

Alas! then sayd the lytle boye,  
Ye tary here all too longe;  
Cloudeslee is taken, and dampned to death,  
And readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell, 185  
That ever we saw thys daye!  
He had better have tarryed with us,  
So ofte as we dyd him praye.

He myght have dwelt in greene forreste,  
Under the shadowes greene, 190  
And have keppe both hym and us att reste,  
Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam hente a ryght good bow,  
A great hart some hee had shayne; 194  
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,  
And bring me myne arrowe agayne.

Now gow we hence, sayed these wightye yeo-  
men,  
Tarrye we no longer here;  
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,  
Though we buy it full dere. 200

To Caorleil wente these bold yemen,  
All in a mornynge of maye.  
Here is a fyt\* of Cloudeslye,  
And another is for to saye.

## PART THE SECOND.

And when they came to mory Carleile,  
All in 'the' mornynge tyde,  
They founde the gates shut them untyll  
About on every syde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell, 5  
That ever we were made men!  
These gates be shut so wonderous fast,  
We may not come therein.

Then bespake hym Clym of the Clough,  
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng; 10  
Let us saye we be messengers,  
Streight come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,  
Now let us wysely werke,  
We wyl saye we have the kynges seale; 15  
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell hete on the gates  
With strokes great and stronge:  
The porter marvelled, who was therat,  
And to the gates he thronge. 20

Who is there now, sayde the porter,  
What maketh all thys knockinge?  
We be tow messengers, quoth Clym of the  
Clough,  
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel, 25  
To the justice we must itt bryng;  
Let us in our message to do,  
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here cometh none in, sayd the porter,  
By hym that dyed on a tre, 30  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wylyam of Cloudesle.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the  
Clough,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
And if that we stande long wythout, 35  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:  
What, Lurden, art thou wode?  
The porter went\* it had been so,  
And lightly dyd off hys hode. 40

Welcome is my lordes seale, he saide  
For that ye shall come in.  
He opened the gate full shortlye:  
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell, 45  
Wherof we are full faine;  
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,  
How we shall com out agayne.

V. 38, Lordeyne, P. C

V. 179, yongemen, P. C. V. 190, sic MS. shadowes sheene,  
P. C. V. 197, jolly yeomen, MS. wight yong men, P. C.

\* See Gloss.

\* i. e. weened, thought, (which last is the reading of the folio MS.)—Calais, or Rouen, was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough, Ryght wel then shoulde we spede, Then might we come out wel ynough When we se tyme and nede.	50	Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde, And saw hys 'brethren twaine At a corner of the market place, Redy the justice for to slaine.	90
They called the porter to counsell, And wrang his necke in two, And caste hym in a depe dungeon, And toke hys keys hym fro.	55	I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè, Yet hope I well to fare, If I might have my handes at wyll Ryght lytle wolde I care.	95
Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel, Se brother the keys are here, The worst porter to merry Carleile That 'the' had thys hundred yere.	60	Then spake good Adam Bell To Clym of the Clough so free, Brother, se you marke the justyce wel, Lo! yonder you may him se:	100
And now wyll we our bowes bend, Into the towne wyll we go, For to delyuer our dere brothèr, That lyeth in care and wo.		And at the shyrife shote I wyll Strongly wyth an arrowe kene; A better shote in mery Carleile Thys seven yere was not sene.	
Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes, And loked theyr stringes were round,* The markett place in mery Carleile They beset that stound.	65	They loosed their arrowes both at once, Of no man had they dread; The one lyt the justice, the other the sheryfe, That both theyr sides gan blode.	105
And, as they loked them besyde, A paire of new galowes 'they' see, And the justice with a quest of squyers, That judged William hanged to be.	70	All men voyded; that them stode nye, When the justice fell to the grounde, And the sheryfe nye him by; Eyther had his deathes wounde.	110
And Cloudeslè lay ready there in a cart, Fast bound both fote and hand; And a stronge rop about hys necke, All readye for to hange.	75	All the citezens fast gan flye, They durst no longer abyde; There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslee, Where he with ropes lay tyde.	115
The justice called to hym a ladde, Cloudeslees clothes hee shold have, To take the measure of that yemàn, Therafter to make hys grave.	80	Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne, Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge, On eche syde he smote them downe, Hee thought he taryed too long.	120
I have sene as great mervaille, said Cloudesle, As betweyne thys and pryme, He that maketh a grave for mee, Hymselfe may lye therin.		Wyllyam sayde to his brethren two, Thys daye let us lyve and die, If ever you have nede, as I have now, The same shall you finde by me.	
Thou speakest proudlye, said the justice, I will thee hange with my hande. Full wel herd this his brethren two, There styll as they dyd stande.	85	They shot so well in that tyde, Theyr stringes wer of silke ful sure, That they kept the stotes on every side That batayle did long endure.	125
		They fought together as brethren true, Lyke hardy men and bolde, Many a man to the ground they threw And many a herte made colde.	130

\* So Ascham in his *Toxophilus* gives a precept; "The stringe must be rounde;" (p. 149, ed. 1761;) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the arrow will not fly true.

But when their arrowes were all gon, Men preed to them full fast, They drew theyr swordes then anone, And theyr bowes from them cast.	135	When they came to Englyshe wode, Under the trusty tre, There they found howes full good, And arrowes full great plentye.	175
They went lyghtlye on theyr way, Wyth swordes and buclers round; By that it was mydd of the day, They made many a wound.	140	So God me help, sayd Adam Bell, And Clym of the Clough so fre, I would we were in mery Carleile, Before that fayre meynye.	180
There was an out-horne* in Carleile blowen, And the bellies backward dyd ryng, Many a woman sayde, Alas! And many theyr handes dyd wryng.		They set them downe, and made good chere, And ate and dranke full well. A second tyt of the wightye yeomen: Another I wyll you tell.	185
The mayre of Carleile forth com was, Wyth hym a ful great route: These yomen dred hym full sore, Of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.	145	PART THE THIRD.	
The mayre came armed a full great pace, With a pollaxe in hys hande; Many a strong man wyth him was, There in that stowro to stande.	150	As they sat in Englyshe wood, Under the green-wode tre, They thought they herd a woman wepe, But her they mought not se.	
The mayre smot at Cloudesley with his bil, Hys bucler he brast in two, Full many a yeman with great evyll, Alas! Treason they cryed for wo.	155	Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce: ‘That ever I sawe thys day!’ For nowe is my dere husband slayne. Alas! and wel-a-way!	5
Kope well the gates fast, they had, That these traytours therout not go.		Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren, Or with eyther of them twayne, To show them what him befell, My hurt were out of payne.	10
But al for nought was that they wrought, For so fast they downe were layde, Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought, Were gotten without, abruide.	160	Cloudesley walked a lytle beside, He looked under the grene wood lynde, He was ware of his wife, and chyl dren thre, Full wo in harte and mynde.	16
Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel, Myne office I here forsake, And yf you do by my counsell A new porter do ye make.	165	Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wylliam, Under ‘this’ trusty tre: I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John, Thou sholdest me never ‘have’ se.	20
He threw theyr keys at theyr heads, And had them well to thryve,† And all that letteth any good yeman To come and comfort his wyfe.	170	“Now well is me that ye be here, My harte is out of wo.” Dame, he sayde, he mery and glad, And thanke my brethren two.	
Thus be these good yeman gon to the wode, As lyghtly as lefe on lynde; The lough and be mery in theyr mode, Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.		Herof to speake, said Adam Bell, I-wis it is no bate: The meate, that we must supp withall, It runneth yet fast on fote.	25

V. 148, For of, MS.

\* Outborne is an old term signifying the calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Diet. Bailey, &c.

† This is spoken ironically.

V. 176. merry green wood, MS. V. 186, see part i. v. 197  
V. 20, never had so, P. C. and MS.

Then went they downe into a launde,  
These noble archaues all thre;  
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,  
The best that they cold se.

30

Have here the best, Alyce, my wife,  
Sayde Wylliam of Cloudeslye;  
By cause ye so boundly stode by me  
When I was slayne full nye.

35

Then went they to suppere  
Wyth such meate as they had;  
And thanked God of ther fortune:  
They were both mery and glad.

40

And when they had supped well,  
Certayne withouten lease,  
Cloudeslye said, We wyll to our kyng,  
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng  
In a nunnery here besyde;  
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,  
And there they shall abyde.

45

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;  
For hym have 'you' no care:  
And he shall bring you wordo agayn,  
How that we do fare.

50

Thus be these yemen to London gone,  
As fast as they myght 'ho,\*  
Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,  
Where they woulde nedes be.

55

And whan they came to the kynges courte,  
Unto the pallace gate,  
Of no man wold they aske no leave,  
But boldly went in therat.

60

They preed prestly into the hall,  
Of no man had they dreade;  
The porter came after, and dyd them call,  
And with them began to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have?  
I pray you tell to me:  
You myght thus make offycers shent:  
Good syrs, of whence be ye?

66

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest  
Certayne withouten lease;  
And hether we be come to the kyng,  
To get us a charter of peace.

70

And whan they came before the kyng,  
As it was the lawe of the lande,  
The kneled down without lettynge,  
And eche held up his hand.

75

The sayed, Lord, we beseeche the here,  
That ye wyll graunt us grace;  
For we have slayne your fat falow dere  
In many a soudry place.

80

What be your nauns, then said our king,  
Aunde that you tell me?  
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,  
And Wylliam of Cloudeslye.

Be ye those theves, then said our kyng,  
That men have tolde of to me?  
Here to God I make an avowe,  
Ye shal be hanged al thre.

85

Ye shal be dead without mercy,  
As I am kyngo of this lande.  
He commanded his officers overichone,  
Fast on them to lay hando.

90

Then they toke these good yemen,  
And arrested them al thre:  
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,  
Thys game lyketh not me.

95

But, good lordo, we beseeche you now,  
That yee graunt us grace,  
Insomuche as 'frely' we be to you come,  
'As frely' we may fro you passe,

100

With such weapons, as we have here,  
Tyll we be out of your place;  
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng;  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
That were great pitye, then said the quene,  
If any grace myght be.

105

My lordo, whan I came fyrst into this lande  
To be your wedded wyfo,  
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,  
Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:

110

And I asked you never none tyll now;  
Therefore, good lordo, graunt it me.  
Now aske it, madam, sayd the kyng,  
And graunted it shal be.

115

V. 50, have I no care, P. C.

\* I. e. hie, hasten.

V. 111, 119, etc. MS. bowne, P. C.

Then, good my lord, I you beseeche, These yemen graunt ye me. Madame, ye myght have asked a boone, 119 That shuld have been worth them all thre.	The kyng hec opened the letter anon, Himselfe he red it thro, And founde how these outlawes had slain Thre hundred men and mo:
Ye myght have asked towres, and townes, Parkes and forestes plentè. None see pleasant to my pay, shoo sayd; Nor none so lefe to me.	Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe, 165 And the mayre of Carleile towne; Of all the constables and catchipolles Alyve were 'scant' left one:
Madame, sith it is your desyre, 125 Your askyng graunted shal be; But I had lever have given you Good market townes thre.	The baylyes, and the bedyls both, And the sergeauntes of the law, 170 And forty fosters of the fe, These outlawes had yslaw:
The quene was a glad woman, And sayde, Lord, gramarcy; 130 I dare undertake for them, That true men shal they be.	And broke his parks, and slayne his dere; Of all they chose the best; So perelous out-lawes, as they were, 175 Walked not by easte nor west.
But, good my lord, speke som mery word, That comfort they may se. I graunt you grace, thou sayd our king; 135 Wash, felos, and to mente go ye.	When the kyng this letter had red, In hys harte he syghed sore: Take up the tables anon he bad, For I may eat no more. 180
They had not setten but a whyle Certayne without lesyngo, There came messengers out of the north With letters to our kyng. 140	The kyng called hys best archars To the buttes wyth hym to go: I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd, In the north have wrought this wo.
And whan the came before the kyngo, They knelt down on theyr kne; And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well, Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.	The kynges bowmen buske them blyve, 185 And the quenes archers also; So dyd these thre wyghte yemen; With them they thought to go.
How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng, 145 And my sherife also? Syr, they be slayne without leasyngo, And many an officer mo.	There twyse, or thrise they shote about For to assay theyr hande; 190 There was no shote these yemen shot, That any prycke* myght stand.
Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng; Anone that thou tell me. 150 "Adam Bell, and Olime of the Clough, And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."	Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè; By him that for me dyed, I hold hymn never no good archar, 195 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.
Alas, for rewth! then sayd our kyngs: My hart is wonderous sore; I had lever than a thousande pounde, 155 I had knowne of thys before;	'At what a butte now wold ye shote?' I pray thee tell to me. At suche a but, syr, he sayd, As men use in my countree. 200
For I have graunted them grace, And that forthynketh me: But had I knowne all thys before, They had been hanged all thre. 160	Wyllyam wente into a fyeld, And 'with him' his two brethren: There they set up two hasell rodde Twenty score paces betwene.

V. 130, God a mercy, MD.

V. 168, left but one, MS., not one, P. C. Ver. 185, bly the, MS. Ver. 202, 203, to, P. C. Ver. 204, i. e. 400 yards.

- I hold him an archer, said Cloudeslè, 205  
That yonder waunde cleveþ in two.  
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,  
Nor no man can so do.
- I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè, 210  
Or that I farther go.  
Cloudesly with a bearyng arowe  
Clave the wand in two.
- Thou art the best archer, then said the king,  
Forsothe that ever I se.  
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam, 215  
I wyll do more maystery.
- I have a sonne is seven yere olde,  
He is to me full deare;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake;  
All shall se, that be here; 220
- And lay an apple upon hys head,  
And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
And I my selfe with a broad ardw  
Shall cleve the apple in two.
- Now haste the, then sayd the kyng, 225  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
But yf thou do not, as thou hast sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.
- And thou touche his head or gowne,  
In syght that men may se, 230  
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
I shall hange you all thre.
- That I have promised, said William,  
That I wyll never forsake.  
And there even before the kyng 235  
In the earth he drove a stake:
- And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
And bad hym stand styll thereat;  
And turned the childes face him fro,  
Because he should not start. 240
- An apple upon his head he set,  
And then his bowe he bent:  
Syxe score paces they were meaten,  
And thether Cloudeslè went.
- There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe, 245  
Hys bowe was great and longe,  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.
- He prayed the people, that wer there,  
That they 'all still wold' stand, 250  
For he that shoteth for such a wager  
Behoveth a stedfast hand.
- Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,  
That his lyfe saved myght be,  
And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255  
There was many weeping eo.
- 'But' Cloudeslè clefte the apple in two,  
'His sonne he did not see.'  
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
That thou shold shote at me. 260
- I geve thee eightene pence a day,  
And my bowe shalt thou bere,  
And over all the north countrè  
I make the chyfe ryddere.
- And I thyrteene pence a day, said the quene,  
By God, and by my fay; 260  
Come seeke thy payment when thou wyll,  
No man shall say the nay.
- Wyllyam, make the a gentleman  
Of clothyng, and of fa: 270  
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,  
For they are so seemely to se.
- Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,  
Of my wyne-seller he shall be;  
And when he cometh to mans estate, 275  
Better avaunced shall he be.
- And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, said the  
quene,  
Me longeth her sore to se:  
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman, 280  
To governe my nurserye.
- The yemen thanked them all curteously.  
To some byshop wyl we wend,  
Of all the synnes, that we have done,  
To be assoyld at his hand.
- So forth be gone these good yemen, 285  
As fast as they might 'he';\*  
And after came and dwelled with the kyng,  
And dye good men all thre.
- Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;  
God send them eternall blysse; 290  
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth:  
That of heaven may never mysse. Amen.

Ver 208, sic. MS, none that can, P. C. Ver 212, to, P. C.  
Ver. 222, i. e. 120 yards. Ver. 243, sic. MS., out met, P. C.

Ver 252, steedye, MS Ver 265, And I gave the xvij  
pence, P. C. Ver. 282, And sayd to some Bischopp wee will  
wend, MS.

\* he, i. e. he, hasten. See the Glossary.



## II.

## The Aged Lover Renounceth Love.

THE grave-digger's song in Hamlet, act v., is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time: or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum.\* This lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c., for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his metre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the *counterfeit action* very lively and pleasantly." *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, p. 51. See another song by this poet in Series the Second, No. VIII.

I LOVE that I did love

In youth that I thought swete,  
As time requires: for my behove  
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,

My fantasies all are fled;  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steling steps

Hath clawde me with his crowch,  
And lusty 'Youthe' away he leapes,  
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight

Me, as she did before:

My hand and pen are not in plight, 15  
As they have bene of yore.

For Reason me donies,

'All' youthly idle rime;

And day by day, to me she cries,  
Leave off these toyes in tyme. 20

The wrinkles in my brow,

The furrowes in my face

Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,  
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbenger of death,

To me I se him ride,

The cough, the cold, the gasping breath, 25  
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeaxe and a spade,

And eke a shrowding shete,

A house of clay for to be made 30  
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarks,

'That knoles the carefull knell;

And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke, 35  
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers \* knit the knot,

That youth doth laugh to scorne,

Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot, 40  
As I had 'ne'er' bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,

Whose badge I long did weare:

To them I yeld the wanton cup,  
That better may it beare.

Ver. 6, be, P. C. [printed copy in 1557.] V. 10, Crowch perhaps should be clouch, clutch, grasp. Ver. 11, Life away she, P. C.

\* Harl. MSS. num. 1703, § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs," &c., of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to.

V. 18, This, P. C. Ver. 23, So Ed. 1583; 'tis badge in Ed 1557, hath caught him, MS. V. 30, wyndynge-sheete, MS. V. 34, bell, MS. V. 36, wofull, P. C. V. 38, did, P. C. V. 39, cleane shal be, P. C. V. 40, not, P. C.

\* Alluding perhaps to Eccles. xli. 3.

Lo here the bared skull;  
By whose balde signe I know,  
That stouping age away shall pull  
‘What’ youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her band,  
These crooked cares had wrought,

45 And shipped me into the land,  
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,  
Have ye none other trust:  
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,  
So shall ye ‘turne’ to dust.

55

## III.

## Jephthah Judge of Israel.

IN Shakspeare’s Hamlet, act ii., the hero of the play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection: for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the reader; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said, that the original ballad, in blackletter, is among Anthony à Wood’s Collections in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this Song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former edition.

The banter of Hamlet is as follows:

“*Hamlet*. ‘O Jephthah, Judge of Israel,’  
what a treasure hadst thou!

“*Polonius*. What a treasure had he, my lord?

“*Ham*. Why, ‘One faire daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.’

“*Polon*. Still on my daughter.

“*Ham*. Am not I i’ th’ right, old Jephthah?

“*Polon*. If you call me Jephthah, my lord,  
I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

“*Ham*. Nay, that follows not.

“*Polon*. What follows then, my lord?

“*Ham*. Why, ‘As by lot, God wot:’ and  
then you know, ‘It came to passe, As most

like it was.’ The first row of the pious chan-  
son will shew you more.”

Edit. 1793, vol. xv. p. 133.

Have you not heard these many years ago,  
Jephthah was judge of Israel?

He had one only daughter and no mo,  
The which he loved passing well:

And, as by lott, 5

God wot,

It so came to pass,

As Gods will was,

That great wars there should be,  
And none should be chosen chief but he. 10

And when he was appointed judge,  
And chieftain of the company,  
A solemn vow to God he made;

If he returned with victory,

At his return 15

To burn

The first live thing,

\* \* \* \*

That should meet with him then,  
Off his house, when he should return agen

It came to pass, the wars was oer, 21

And he returned with victory;

His dear and only daughter first of all

Came to meet her father foremostly:

And all the way, 25

She did play

On tabret and pipe,

Full many a stripe,

With note so high,

For joy that her father is come so nigh. 30

V. 45, bare-heddo, MS., and some, P. CC. V. 48, Which,  
P. C., That MS., What is conject.

But when he saw his daughter dear		What thou hast said,	45
Coming on most foremostly,		Be not affraid ;	
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,		Altho' it be I ;	
And cryed out most piteously ;		Keep promises to God on high.	
Oh ! it's thou, said he,	35		
That have brought me		But, dear father, grant me one request,	
Low,		That I may go to the wilderness,	
And troubled me so,		Three months there with my friends to stay ;	
That I know not what to do.		There to bewail my virginity ;	51
		And let there be,	
For I have made a vow, he sed,		Said she,	
The which must be replenished :	40	Some two or three	
* * * *		Young maids with me."	
"What thou hast spoke		So he sent her away,	
Do not revoke :		For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.	

## IV.

*A Robyn Jolly Robyn.*

In his "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare introduces the clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song ; which has been recovered from an ancient MS. of Dr. Harrington's at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these only a small part hath been printed in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," 3 vols. 12mo. ; a work which the public impatiently wishes to see continued.

The song is thus given by Shakspeare, act iv. sc. 2. (Malone's edit. iv. 93.)

*Clown.* "Hey Robin, jolly Robin." [singing.]

"Tell me how thy lady does."

*Malvolio.* Fool.—

*Clown.* "My lady is unkind, perdy.

*Malvolio.* Fool.—

*Clown.* "Alas, why is she so ?"

*Malvolio.* Fool, I say.—

*Clown.* "She loves another."—Who calls, ha ?"

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the song should begin thus :

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me  
How does thy lady do ?

My lady is unkind perdy—  
Alas, why is she so ?"

But this ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS., and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (scil. p. 68). That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII., and as it contains many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, hath had almost all the contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyatt also ; but the discerning reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old MS. to the 3d and 5th stanzas is prefixed this title, *Responce*, and to the 4th and 6th, *Le Plaintif* ; but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles, and to mark the changes of the dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the MS. is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin—Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune.

A ROBYN,  
Jolly Robyn,  
Tell me how thy leman dooth,  
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde perde."  
Alack! why is she so? 5  
"She loveth another better than me:  
And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:  
I fynde women true. 10  
My lady loveth me dowties,  
And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that dooth last;  
But I say, as I fynde,  
That women's love is but a blast, 15  
And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,  
That can abide their torn.  
"But I alas can no way prove 20  
In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme  
Lerne this lesson of me,  
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,  
And let them warme with thee.

## V.

## A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

THIS sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards\* in the "Paradise of Dainty Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakspeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his "Romeo and Juliet," act iv. sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the musicians.

"*Peter*. . . why 'Silver Sound'? 'why 'Musicke with with her silver sound'? what say you, Simon Catling?

"1 *Mus*. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

"*Pet*. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?

"2 *Mus*. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

"*Pet*. Pretty too! what say you, James Soundpost?

"3 *Mus*. Faith, I know not what to say.

"*Pet*. . . . I will say it for you: It is 'musicke with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding."

Edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 529.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written

is not inelegant), as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25), entitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time:" with some corrections from *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596.

Where gripinge griefes the hart would wounde,  
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,  
There musicke with her silver sound  
With spede is wont to send redresse; 5  
Of trobled mynds, in every sore,  
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirth abounde,  
In woe yt cheres our hevvy sprites;  
Be strawghted heads relyef hath founde, 9  
By musickes pleasaunte swete delightes:  
Our senses all, what shall I say more?  
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse;  
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye: 15  
For, as the Romayne poet sayes,  
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,  
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
Arion playing on his harpe.

Ver. 4, shall, MS.

\* Concerning him, see Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* and Tanner's *Biblioth.*; also Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, &c.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd, 19  
Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!  
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde

To comforte manne, whom cares would  
nippe!  
Since thow bothe man and beste doest move,  
What beste ys he, yll the disprove?

## VI.

## King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,

—is a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

—“Her (Venus’s) purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam\* Cupid, he that shot so true,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.

As the 13th line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote it “shot so trim,” which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to “true.” The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.†

In the 2d part of *Hen. IV.*, act v. sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistoll,

“O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.”

These lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombast play of “King Cophetua.” No such play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers,‡ which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any list. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says, in his *Comedy of “Every Man in his Humour,”* act iii. sc. 4,

\* See above, Preface to Song i. Book ii. of this vol. p. 158.

† Since this conjecture first occurred, it has been discovered that “shot so trim” was the genuine reading. See Shakspeare ed. 1793, xiv. 393.

‡ See *Meres Wits Treas.* f. 283. *Arte of Eng. Poes.* 1659, p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

“I have not the heart to devour thee, an’ I  
might be made as *rich* as King Cophetua.”  
At least there is no mention of King Cophetua’s riches in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson’s “*Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*,” 1612, 12mo. (where it is entitled simply “A Song of a Beggar and a King”): corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Affrica  
A princely wight did raine,  
Who had to name Cophetua,  
As poets they did faine:  
From natures lawes he did decline, 5  
For sure he was not of my mind,  
He cared not for women-kinde,  
But did them all disdaine.  
But marke, what hapned on a day,  
As he out of his window lay, 10  
He saw a beggar all in gray,  
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim  
From heaven downe did hie;  
He drew a dart and shot at him, 15  
In place where he did lye:  
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,  
And when he felt the arrow pricke,  
Which in his tender heart did sticke  
He looketh as he would dye. 20  
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,  
That I to love must subject be,  
Which never thereto would agree,  
But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come, 25  
And laid him on his bed,  
A thousand heapes of care did runne  
Within his troubled head:

For now he meanes to crave her love,  
And now he seekes which way to proove  
How he his fancie might remoove, 31  
And not this beggar wed.  
But Cupid had him so in snare,  
That this poor beggar must prepare  
A salve to cure him of his care, 35  
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus dyd lye,  
He thought for to devise  
How he might have her companie,  
That did so 'maze his eyes. 40  
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life:  
For surely thou shalt be my wife,  
Or else this hand with bloody knife  
The Gods shall sure suffice.  
Then from his bed he soon arose, 45  
And to his pallace gate he goes;  
Full little then this beggar knowes  
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,  
The beggers all gan cry: 50  
Vouchsafe to give your charity  
Our childrens food to buy.  
The king to them his purse did cast,  
And they to part it made great haste;  
This silly woman was the last 55  
That after them did hie.  
The king he cal'd her back againe,  
And unto her he gave his chaine;  
And said, With us you shal remaine  
Till such time as we dye: 60

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,  
And honoured for my queene;  
With thee I meane to lead my life,  
As shortly shall be seene:  
Our wedding shall appointed be, 65  
And every thing in its degree:  
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,  
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.  
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.  
Penelope,\* O king, quoth she: 70  
With that she made a lowe courtsey;  
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke  
Unto the king's pallace:  
The king with courteous comly talke 75  
This beggar doth imbrace:  
The beggar bluseth scarlet red,  
And straight againe as pale as lead,  
But not a word at all she said,  
She was in such amaze, 80  
At last she spake with trembling voyce,  
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce  
That you wil take me for your choyce,  
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come, 85  
The king commanded strait  
The noblemen both all and some  
Upon the queene to wait.  
And she behaved herself that day,  
As if she had never waltk the way: 90  
She had forgot her gown of gray,  
Which she did weare of late.  
The proverbe old is come to passe,  
The priest, when he begins his masse,  
Forgets that ever clerke he was; 95  
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,  
Though long time fancie-fad,  
Compelled by the blinded boy  
The beggor for to wed: 100  
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,  
To do the same was glad and faine,  
Or els he would himselfe have shaine,  
In storie, as we read.  
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere, 105  
But pitty now thy servant heere,  
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,  
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life  
During their princely raigne: 110  
And in a tombe were buried both,  
As writers sheweth plaine.  
The lords they tooke it grievously,  
The ladies tooke it heavily,  
The commons cryed pitiously, 115  
Their death to them was paine,  
Their fame did sound so passingly  
That it did pierce the starry sky,  
And throughoute all the world did flye  
To every princes realme.\*

\* Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour lost," act. iv. sc. 1), gives the Beggar's name *Zenelophon*, according to all the old editions; but this seems to be a corruption for *Penelopion*, in the text, sounds more like

V. 80, i. e. tramped the streets. V. 105, Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress. V. 112, Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

\* An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should

## VII.

## Take thy Old Cloak about thee.

—is supposed to have been originally a Scotch ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the 2d) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edition. Shakspeare, in his *Othello*, act ii., has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings of that stanza are however given in the margin.

THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,  
And frost doth freeze on every hill,  
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,  
That all our cattell are like to spill;  
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife,  
Shee sayd unto me quietlye,  
Rise up, and save cow *Cumbockes* life,  
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

## HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne?'  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin: 10  
Itt is soe bare and overworne  
A cricke he theron cannot renn:  
Then Ile no longer borrowe nor lend,  
'For once Ile new appareld bee,  
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,' 15  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## SHE.

Cow *Crumbocke* is a very good cowe,  
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle  
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
And other things shee will not fayle; 20  
I wold be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, counsell take of mee,  
It is not for us to go soe fine,  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

## HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25  
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,  
But now it is not worth a groat;  
I have had it four and forty yeere:  
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,  
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see,

It will neither hold out winde nor raine; 31  
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## SHE.

It is four and forty yeeres agoe  
Since the one of us the other did ken,  
And we have had betwixt us towe 35  
Of children either nine or ten;  
Wee have brought them up to women and  
men;  
In the feare of God I trow they bee;  
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee. 40

## HE.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'foute!'  
Now is nowe, and then was then:  
Seeke now all the world throughout,  
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.  
They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or  
gray, 45  
Soe far above their owne degree:  
Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
His breeches cost him but a crowne, 50  
He held them sixpence all too deere;  
Therefore he calld the taylor *Lowne*.  
Ile was a wight of high renowe,  
And thouse but of a low degree:  
*Itt's pride that puttis this cuntrye downe,* 55  
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

## HE.

'Bell my wiffe she loves not strife,  
Yet she will lead me if she can;  
And oft, to live a quiet life,  
I am forced to yield, though Ime good-  
man;' 60  
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
Unless he first gave oer the plea:  
As wee began wee now will leave,  
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

V. 41, *Hyte*, MS. V. 49, *King Harry* . . a very good king, MS. V. 50, I trow his hose cost but, MS. V. 51, Ile thought them 12d. to deere, MS. V. 52, clowne, MS. V. 53, Ile was king and ware the crowne, MS.

## VIII.

*Willow, Willow, Willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the "Willow," in his *Othello*, act iv. sc. 3, though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner :

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd  
mad,  
And did forsake her. She had a song of—  
Willow.  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it."  
Ed. 1793, vol. xv. p. 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, thus entitled, "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." To a pleasant tune.

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore  
tree;  
O willow, willow, willow!  
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his  
knee:  
O willow, willow, willow!  
O willow, willow, willow! 5  
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar-  
land.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,  
Come willow, &c.  
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is  
gone;  
O willow, &c. 10  
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar-  
land.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove;  
O willow, &c.  
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.  
O willow, &c. 15  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pittie me, (cried he) ye lovers, each one;  
O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my  
mone.

O willow, &c. 20  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept  
apace;

O willow, &c.  
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned  
his face:

O willow, &c. 25  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by  
his mones;

O willow, &c.  
The salt tears fell from him, which softened  
the stones.

O willow, &c. 30  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;  
O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her  
love.

O willow, &c. 35  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's  
so hard!

Sing willow, &c.  
My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c. 40  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace or  
bower;

O willow, &c.  
For women are trothles, and flete in an  
houre.

O willow, &c. 45  
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I  
complaine:

O willow, &c.



I must patiently suffer her scorne and dis- daine. 50	Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue. O willow, &c. 25
O willow, &c.	Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.	
Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me, O willow, &c.	With these words engraven, as epitaph meet, O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falsor than she.	"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."
O willow, &c. 55	O willow, &c. 30
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.	Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;	Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.	O willow, &c.
A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.	And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.	O willow, &c. 35
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar- land!	Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
PART THE SECOND.	
Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;	I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, willow, willow!	O willow, &c.
Against her to cruell, still still I complaine,	Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
O willow, willow, willow!	O willow, &c. 40
O willow, willow, willow! 5	Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar- land!	The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!	O willow, &c.
O willow, &c.	It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart;	O willow, &c. 45
O willow, &c. 10	Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar- land.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.	
O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,	As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.	O willow, &c.
A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:	It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c. 15	O willow, &c. 50
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.	Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,	
O willow, &c.	Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:	O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, &c. 20	Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar- land.	O willow, willow, willow!
	O willow, willow, willow!
In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,	Sing, O the greene willow shall be my gar- land.
O willow, &c.	

## XI.

## Sir Lancelot du Lake.

THIS ballad is quoted in Shakspeare's second part of Henry IV., act ii. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of King Arthur (commonly called Morte Arthur), being a poetical translation of chap. cviii., cix., ex., in part 1st, as they stand in ed. 1634, 4to. In the older editions the chapters are differently numbered.—'This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the editor's folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Henry IV., Silence hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield:"—

All this behoord three wighty yeomen,  
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:  
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar  
As he sate under a throne.

That ballad may be found on every stall,  
and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victorys wanne,  
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came  
With fifty good and able  
Knights, that resorted unto him,  
And were of his round table:

And he had justs and turnaments,  
Wherto were many prest,  
Wherein some knights did far excell  
And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Who was approved well,  
He for his deeds and feats of armes  
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,  
In play, and game, and sportt,

He said he wold goe prove himselve  
In some adventurous sort. 20

He armed rode in a forrest wide,  
And met a damsell faire,  
Who told him of adventures great,  
Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott: 25  
For that cause came I hither.  
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,  
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,  
That now is of great fame: 30  
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,  
And what may be thy name.

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."  
Quoth she, it likes me than:  
Here dwells a knight who never was 35  
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights  
And four, that he did wound;  
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,  
And of his table round. 40

5 She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
And many shields to see.

10 He struck soe hard, the bason broke;  
And Tarquin soon he spyed:  
Who drove a horse before him fast,  
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

15 Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,  
Bring me that horse-load hither, 50  
And lay him downe, and let him rest;  
Weel try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou hast,  
Soe far as thou art able,

Done great despite and shame unto The knights of the Round Table.	55	His name is Launcelot du Lake, He slew my brother deere ; Him I suspect of all the rest : I would I had him here.	95
If thou be of the Table Round, Quoth Tarquin speedilye, Both thee and all thy fellowship I utterly defye.	60	Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne, I am Lancelot du Lake, Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ; King Hauds son of Schuwake ;	100
That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho, Defend thee by and by. They sett their speares unto their steeds, And cache att other flie.		And I desire thee to do thy worst. Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho, One of us two shall end our lives Before that we do go.	
They coucht their speares (their horses ran, As though there had beene thunder), And stricke them each immidst their shields, Wherewith they broke in'sunder.	66	If thou be Lancelot du Lake, Then welcome shalt thou bee : Wherfore see thou thyself defend, For now defye I thee.	105
Their horses backes brake under them, The knights were both astound : To avoyd their horses they made haste And light upon the ground.	70	They buckled then together so, Like unto wild boares rashing :* And with their swords and shields they ran At one another slashing :	110
They tooke them to their shields full fast, They swords they drew out than, With mighty strokes most eagerlye Each at the other ran.	75	The ground besprinkled was wyth blood : Tarquin began to yield ; For he gave backe for wearinesse, And lowe did beare his shield.	115
They wounded were, and bled full sore, They both for breath did stand, And leaning on their swords awhile, Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,	80	This soone Sir Lancelot espyde, He leapt upon him then, He pull'd him downe upon his knee, And rushing off his helm,	120
And tell to me what I shall aske, Say on, quoth Lancelot tho. Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight That ever I did know ;		Forthwith he stricke his necke in two, And, when he had soe done, From prison threescore knights and four Delivered everye one.	
And like a knight that I did hate : See that thou be not bee, I will deliver all the rest, And eke accord with thee.	85	<p>* Rushing seems to be the old hunting term to express the stroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. To rase has apparently a meaning something similar. See Mr. Steevens's Note on K. Lear, act. iii. sc. 7 (ed. 1793, vol. xlv. p. 193), where the quartos read,</p> <p>"Nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh rask boarish fangs." So in K. Richard III, act iii., sc. 2 (vol. x. p. 567, 683). "He dreamt To night the Boar had rased off his helm."</p>	
That is well said, quoth Lancelott ; But sith it must be soe, What knight is that thou hatest thus ? I pray thee to me show.	90		

## X.

## Corydon's Farewell to Phillis,

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakspeare's Twelfth-Night, act ii. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany, entitled "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the Twelfth-Night, Sir Toby sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys collection, [vol. i. pp. 33, 496.]; but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:

## THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon

Of reputation great by fame;

He took to wife a faire woman,

Susanna she was callde by name:

A woman fair and vertuous;

Lady, lady:

Why should we not of her learn thus

To live godly?

If this song of Corydon, &c., has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,

Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.

Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie

There be many mo, though that she doe goe,

There be many mo, I fear not: 5

Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true  
I will not spend more time in wooing you:

But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find  
love there:

Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?

Shall I bid her goe and spare not? 11

O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a  
while:—

Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time be-  
guile:

I have no power to move. How now am I  
in love? 15

Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!

Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart 19

Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.

But seeing I must lose thy love, which I  
did choose,

Goe thy way for me, since that may not be,

Goe thy ways for me. But whither?

Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I doe? my love is now departed.

She is fair, as she is cruel-hearted. 20

She would not be intreated, with prayers  
oft repeated,

If she come no more, shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

## XI.

## Gernutus the Jew of Venice.

In the "Life of Pope Sixtus V., translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti, by the Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect.

"It was reported in Rome that Drake had

taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which

he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of flesh it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that, if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, "when contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice" is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious "Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. i. page 128," has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakspeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the "Connoisseur," vol. i. No 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority "Leti" had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the "Jewe, representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and

bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called the "Bull," before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse,"\* which was printed in that year.

As for Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," the earliest edition known of it is in quarto, 1600; though it had been exhibited in the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Meres's "Wits Treasury," &c. 1598, 12mo. fol. 282. See Malone's Shakspeare.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection,† entitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of 'Gernutus, a Jewe,' who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow."

## THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew, 6  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge, 10  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard;  
Which never can do any good, 15  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest. 20

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost full of murke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

\* Warton, ubi supra.

† Compared with the Ashmole Copy.

His wife must lend a shilling, For every weeke a penny, Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth, If that you will have any.	25	And to Gernutus strait he comes With cap and bended knee, And sayde to him, Of curtesie I pray you beare with mee.	65
And soo, likewise, you keepe your day, Or else you loose it all: This was the living of the wife, Her cow she did it call.	30	My day is come, and I have not The money for to pay: And little good the forfeiture Will doe you, I dare say.	70
Within that citie dwelt that time A marchant of great fame, Which being distressed in his need, Unto Gernutus came:	35	With all my heart, Gernutus sayd, Commaund it to your minde: In thinges of bigger waight then this You shall me ready finde.	75
Desiring him to stand his friend For twelve month and a day, To lend to him an hundred crownes: And he for it would pay	40	He goes his way; the day once past Gernutus doth not slacke To get a sergiant presently; And clapt him on the backe:	80
Whatsoever he would demand of him, And pledges he should have. No, (quoth the Jew with fearing lookes,) Sir, aske what you will have.		And layd him into prison strong, And sued his bond withall; And when the judgement day was come, For judgement he did call.	
No penny for the loane of it For one year you shall pay You may doe me as good a turne, Before my dying day.	45	The marchants friends came thither fast With many a weeping eye, For other means they could not find, But he that day must dye.	85
But we will have a merry jeast, For to be talked long: You shall make me a bond, quoth he, That shall be largo and strong:	50	THE SECOND PART.	
And this shall be the forfeiture; Of your owne fleshe a pound. If you agree, make you the bond, And here is a hundred crownes.	55	"Of the Jews crueltie; setting forth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Mar- chant. To the tune of Blacke and Yellow."	
With right good will! the marchant he says: And so the bond was made. When twelve month and a day drew on That backe it should be payd.	60	Some offered for his hundred crownes Five hundred for to pay; And some a thousand, two or three, Yet still he did deny.	
The marchants ships were all at sea, And money came not in; Which way to take, or what to doe To thinke he doth begin:		And at the last ten thousand crownes They offered, him to save. Gernutus sayd, I will no gold: My forfeite I will have.	5
		A pound of fleshe is my demand, And that shall be my hire. Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend, Let me of you desire	10
		To take the flesh from such a place, As yet you let him live: Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes To thee here will I give.	15

V. 32, Cow, &c., seems to have suggested to Shakespeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, act i. to which Antonio replies:

"Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or are your gold and silver ewes and rams?  
"Shy. I cannot tell. I make it breed as fast."

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here:		Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,	
For this it shall be tride,		Or cancell me your bond.	
For I will have my pound of fleshe		O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,	
From under his right side.	20	That doth against me stand!	60
It grieved all the companie		And so with griping grieved mind	
His crueltie to see,		He biddeth them fare-well.	
For neither friend nor foe could helpe		'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,	
But he must spoyled bee.		That ever this heard tell.	
The bloudie Jew now ready is	25	Good people, that doe heare this song,	65
With whetted blade in hand,*		For trueth I dare well say,	
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,		That many a wretch as ill as hee	
By forfeit of his bond.		Doth live now at this day;	
And as he was about to strike		That seeketh nothing but the spoyle	
In him the deadly blow:	30	Of many a wealthy man,	70
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;		And for to trap the innocent	
I charge thee to do so.		Deviseth what they can.	
Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,		From whence the Lord deliver me,	
Which is of flesh a pound:		And every Christian too,	
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,	35	And send to them like sentence eke	75
Nor yet the man confound.		That meaneth so to do.	
For if thou doe, like murderer		* * Since the first edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reason to believe that both Shakspeare and the Author of this ballad are indebted for their story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was first printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book entitled, <i>Il pecorone, nel quale si contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche</i> , &c., republished at Florence about the year 1748, or 9.—The Author was Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time in which the scene of Boccace's Decameron is laid. (Vid. Manni <i>Istoria del Decameron di Giov. Boccac.</i> 4to. Fior. 1744.	
Thou here shalt hanged be:			
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut			
No more than longes to thee:	40		
For if thou take either more or lesse			
To the value of a mite,		That Shakspeare had his plot from the Novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the ballad some hints that were not suggested by the novel. (See above, pt. 2, ver. 25, &c., where, instead of that spirited description of <i>the whetted blade</i> , &c., the Prose Narrative coldly says, "The Jew had prepared a razor," &c. See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the abridgment of the novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the end	
Thou shalt be hanged presently,			
As is both law and right.			
Gernutus now waxt frantick mad,	45		
And wotes not what to say;			
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes		V. 61, griped, Ashmol. copy.	
I will that he shall pay;			
And so I graunt to set him free,			
The judge doth answer make;	50		
You shall not have a penny given;			
Your forfeiture now take.			
At the last he doth demaund			
But for to have his owne.			
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,	55		
Thy judgement shall be showne.			

\* The passage in Shakspeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other. See act iv. sc. 2.

"Bass. Why dost thou wheel thy knife so earnestly? &c."

of his commentary on Shakspeare's play. The translation of the Italian story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title, "The Novel, from which the Merchant of Venice, written by Shakspeare, is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added, a translation of a novel from the Decamerone of Boccacio, London, Printed for M. Cooper, 1755, 8vo."

## XII.

*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

THIS beautiful sonnet is quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 1, and hath been usually ascribed (together with the reply) to Shakspeare himself by the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this madrigal, containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the answer, being printed in "The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musicke, by Mr. William Shakspeare, Lond. printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." Thus was this sonnet, &c., published as Shakspeare's in his lifetime.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the "Nymph's Reply:" for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*,\* under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good."—It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old poetical miscellany, entitled, "England's Helicon," it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it; and the reply is signed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year,  
In plains and groves," &c.

\* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to Marlow, and Raleigh; notwithstanding the authority of Shakspeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir John Oldcastle, the London Prodigal, and the Yorkshire Tragedy, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.\*

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, besides the imitation above mentioned, another is to be found among Donne's Poems, entitled, "The Bait," beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, &c."

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, i. 138.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we wil all the pleasures prove  
That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

\* Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, in his correct edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, &c. See his *Shaksp.* vol. x. p. 340.



There will we sit upon the rocks, 5  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies, 10  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold; 15  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move, 20  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's toung,

These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold, 5  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield: 10  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, 16  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love. 20

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be my love.

XIII.

Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

THE reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of "Titus Andronicus," and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in page 125, for the priority of the ballad of the Jew of Venice may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian. Thus, in the ballad, is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus

afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play, Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia; the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's son, in the play to his brother. In the tragedy, only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third, being banished, returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad, all three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene, the emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed

by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances, and some others, wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare, with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair, in 1614," as one that had then been exhibited "five-and-twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25; an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces:\* and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.†

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland," entitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, entitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus," &c. "to the Tune of Fortune," printed for E. Wright. Unluckily, none of these have any dates.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore  
yeeres, 5  
My name beloved was of all my peeres;  
Fulle five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces  
bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were  
sent; 10

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Of five-and-twenty sonnes, I brought but  
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Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did  
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And did present my prisoners to the king,  
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a  
Moore, 19  
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,  
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife;  
The Moore, with her two sonnes did growe  
soe proud,  
That none like them in Rome might beallowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress'  
eie, 25  
That she consented to him secretlye  
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
And soe in time a Blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were  
inclinde, 29  
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde  
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and griefe began then to increase:  
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter  
brighte, 35  
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged  
sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Césars sonne, a young and noble man:  
Who, in a hunting by the emperours wife,  
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise, 41  
Into a darksome den from light of skies:  
The cruell Moore did come that way as then  
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with  
speed, 45  
For to accuse them of that murderous deed.

And when my sonnes within the den were  
found,  
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But now, behold! what wounded most my  
mind,  
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind 50  
My daughter ravished without remorse,  
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to  
sowre,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not  
tell 55  
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off  
quite.  
Whereby their wickednesse she could not  
write;  
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
Staining the grassie ground with purple blood,  
That trickled from her stumpes, and blood-  
lesse armes:  
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65  
With teares of blood I wet mine aged face:  
For my Lavinia I lamented more  
Then for my two-and-twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor  
speake, 69  
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;  
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,  
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,  
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:  
"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse  
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse." 76

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,  
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,  
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fame,  
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

The Moore delighting still in villainy 81  
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free

I should unto the king my right hand give,  
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should  
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The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,  
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed, 86  
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine, 89  
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,  
And therewithal the heades of my three  
sonnes,  
Which filled my dying heart with fresher  
moanes.

Then past reliefe, I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:  
I shot my arrowes\* towards heaven hie 95  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The emperesse then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were  
clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and murder  
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To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veins† a certaine space,  
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,  
Where both her sonnes unto a post were  
bound,  
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the  
pan 105  
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the blood it  
ran:  
And then I ground their bones to powder  
small,  
And made a paste for pyes streight there-  
withall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty  
pyes, 109  
And at a banquet served in stately wise.

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by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances, and some others, wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare, with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair, in 1614," as one that had then been exhibited "five-and-twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25; an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces:\* and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.†

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland," entitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, entitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus," &c. "to the Tune of Fortune," printed for E. Wright. Unluckily, none of these have any dates.

Your noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for  
Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore  
yeeres, 5  
My name beloved was of all my peeres;  
Fulle five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forward vertues made their father  
glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces  
bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were  
sent; 10

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That she consented to him secretlye  
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Consented with the Moore of bloody minde  
Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friends,  
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in ago I thought to live in peace,  
Both care and grieve began then to increase:  
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Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged  
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My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man:  
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And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise, 41  
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The Moore then fetcht the emperour with  
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When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to  
sowre,  
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not  
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How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off  
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Whereby their wickednesse she could not  
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Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
Staining the grassie ground with purple blood,  
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloud-  
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Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

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Before the empress set this loathsome ment ; Then this revenge against the Moore was  
 So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat. found,  
 Myselfe hercav'd my daughter then of life, Alive they sett him halfe in the ground,  
 The empress then I slewe with bloody knife, Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.  
 And stabb'd the emperor immediatelia, 115 And soe God send all murderers may be  
 And then myself: even so did Titus die. serv'd. 120

## XIV.

*Take those Lips away.*

THE first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic\* justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," act iv. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," act v. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakspeare's smaller poems: but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim, † &c.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworne;  
 And those eyes, the breake of day,  
 Lights, that do misleade the morne:  
 But my kisses bring againe, 5  
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom heares,  
 On whose tops the pinks that growe  
 Are of those that April wears; 10  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## XV.

*King Leir and his three Daughters.*

THE reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of King Lear, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed)† bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakspeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles‡ do not mention, as also the ex-

travagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within; this the reader must weigh, and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakspeare was not the first of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the story of *Leir* to the stage. His first 4to edition is dated 1608; but three years before that had been printed a play entitled "The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordelia, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted, 1605, 4to."—This is a very poor

\* Dr. Warburton in his *Shakesp.*

† Mr. Malone in his improved edition of *Shakspeare's Sonnets*, &c., hath substituted this instead of Marlow's *Madrigal*, printed above; for which he hath assigned reasons which the reader may see in his vol. x. p. 340.

‡ Mrs. Lenox. *Shakspeare illustrated*, vol. iii. p. 302.

§ See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c., who relate *Leir's* history in many respects the same as the ballad.



and dull performance, but happily excited Shakspeare to undertake the subject which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir's madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece; in all which Shakspeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgment of Shakspeare's merit, the curious reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch, which he will find printed at the end of the twenty plays of Shakspeare, republished from the quarto impressions by George Steevens, Esq., with such elegance and exactness as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath since published.

The following ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. entitled, "A lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters. To the tune of When flying Fame."

KING Leir once ruled in this land  
With princely power and peace;  
And had all things with hearts content,  
That might his joys increase.  
Amongst those things that nature gave, 5  
Three daughters fair had he,  
So princely seeming beautiful,  
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
A question thus to move, 10  
Which of his daughters to his grace  
Could shew the dearest love:  
For to my age you bring content,  
Quoth he, then let me hear,  
Which of you three in plighted troth 15  
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;  
Dear father, mind, quoth she,  
Before your face, to do you good,  
My blood shall render'd be: 20  
And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said; 25  
Dear father, for your sake,

The worst of all extremities  
I'll gently undertake;  
And serve your highness night and day  
With diligence and love; 30  
That sweet content and quietness  
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
The aged king reply'd;  
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,  
How is thy love ally'd? 36  
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
Which to your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child,  
And that is all I'll show. 40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,  
Than doth thy duty bind?  
I well perceive thy love is small,  
When as no more I find.  
Henceforth I banish thee my court, 45  
Thou art no child of mine;  
Nor any part of this thy realm  
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more 4  
Than well I can demand, 50  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdom and my land,  
My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd 55  
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,  
By these two sisters here;  
The third has causeless banishment,  
Yet was her love more dear: 60  
For poor Cordelia patiently  
Went wandring up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,  
Through many an English town:

Untill at last in famous France 65  
She gentler fortunes found;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
The fairest on the ground:  
Where when the king her virtues heard,  
And this fair lady seen, 70  
With full consent of all his court  
He made his wife and queen.

Her father King Leir this while  
With his two daughters staid:

- Forgetful of their promis'd loves, 75  
 Full soon the same deny'd;  
 And living in Queen Ragna's court,  
 The eldest of the twain,  
 She took from him his chiefest means,  
 And most of all his train. 80
- For whereas twenty men were wont  
 To wait with bended knee:  
 She gave allowance but to ten,  
 And after scarce to three;  
 Nay, one she thought too much for him;  
 So took she all away, 86  
 In hope that in her court, good king,  
 He would no longer stay.
- Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
 In giving all I have 90  
 Unto my children, and to beg  
 For what I lately gave?  
 I'll go unto my Gonorell:  
 My second child, I know,  
 Will be more kind and pitiful, 95  
 And will relieve my woe.
- Full fast he hies then to her court;  
 Where when she heard his moan  
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,  
 That all his means were gone: 100  
 But no way could relieve his wants;  
 Yet if that he would stay  
 Within her kitchen, he should have  
 What scullions gave away.
- When he had heard, with bitter tears, 105  
 He made his answer then;  
 In what I did let me be made  
 Example to all men.  
 I will return again, quoth he,  
 Unto my Ragan's court; 110  
 She will not use me thus, I hope,  
 But in a kinder sort.
- Where when he came, she gave command  
 To drive him thence away:  
 When he was well within her court 115  
 (She said) he would not stay.  
 Then back again to Gonorell  
 The woeful king did hie,  
 That in her kitchen he might have  
 What scullion boys set by. 120
- But there of that he was deny'd  
 Which she had promis'd late:  
 For once refusing, he should not  
 Come after to her gate.
- 'Thus twixt his daughters for relief 125  
 He wandred up and down;  
 Being glad to feed on beggars food,  
 That lately wore a crown.
- And calling to remembrance then  
 His youngest daughters words, 130  
 That said the duty of a child  
 Was all that love affords:  
 But doubting to repair to her,  
 Whom he had banish'd so,  
 Grew frantick mad; for in his mind 135  
 He bore the wounds of woe:
- Which made him rend his milk-white locks  
 And tresses from his head,  
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
 With age and honour spread. 140  
 To hills and woods and watry founts  
 He made his hourly moan,  
 To hills and woods and senseless things,  
 Did seem to sigh and groan.
- Even thus possess'd with discontents, 145  
 He pass'd o're to Franco,  
 In hopes from fair Cordelia there,  
 To find some gentler chance;  
 Most virtuous dame! which when she heard  
 Of this her father's grief, 150  
 As duty bound, she quickly sent  
 Him comfort and relief:
- And by a train of noble peers,  
 In brave and gallant sort,  
 She gave in charge he should be brought  
 To Aganippus' court; 156  
 Whose royal king, with noble mind  
 So freely gave consent,  
 To muster up his knights at arms,  
 To fame and courage bent. 160
- And so to England came with speed,  
 To repossesse King Leir,  
 And drive his daughters from their thrones  
 By his Cordelia dear.  
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen, 165  
 Was in the battel slain;  
 Yet he good king, in his old days,  
 Possess'd his crown again.
- But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
 Who died indeed for love 170  
 Of her dear father, in whose cause  
 She did this battle move;

He swooning fell upon her breast,  
 From whence he never parted :  
 But on her bosom left his life, 175  
 That was so truly hearted.  
 The lords and nobles when they saw  
 The end of these events,

The other sisters unto death  
 They doomed by consents ; 180  
 And being dead, their crowns they left  
 Unto the next of kin :  
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
 And disobedient sin.

## XVI.

## Youth and Age.

—is found in a little collection of Shakspeare's Sonnets, entitled the "Passionate Pilgrime,"\* the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

CRABBED Age and Youth  
 Cannot live together ;  
 Youth is full of pleasure,  
 Age is full of care ;

Youth like summer morn, 5  
 Age like winter weather,  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare :  
 Youth is full of sport, 10  
 Ages breath is short ;  
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame :  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;  
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee ; 15  
 O, my love, my love is young :  
 Age, I do defie thee ;  
 Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stayst too long. 20

\* \* See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. x., p. 325.

## XVII.

## The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune.

THE following ballad is upon the same subject as the Introduction to Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told† of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy ; and is thus related by an old

English writer: "The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugal, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter ; when as by reason of unseasonable weathier he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance ; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a

\* Mentioned above, song xi. b. ii.

† By Ludov. Vives in Epis. and by Pont. Heuter. Rerum burgund. l. 4.

bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision: constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. ii. sec. 2, meml. 4, 2d ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, which is entitled as above "To the tune of Fond boy."

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps  
a court,

One that plenses his fancy with frolicksome  
sport:

But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,  
Which will make you to smile when you hear  
the true jest:

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the  
ground, 5

As secure in sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard  
and Ben,

Take him home to my palace, we'll sport  
with him then.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon  
convey'd

To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:  
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his  
shirt, shoes and hose, 11

And they put him to bed for to take his re-  
pose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all  
over durt,

They did give him clean holland, this was no  
great hurt:

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown.  
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of  
his crown. 16

In the morning when day, then admiring he  
lay,

For to see the rich chamber, both gaudy and  
gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed  
of state,

Till at last knights and squires they on him  
did wait; 20

And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise  
declare,

He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:  
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman  
gaz'd,

And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose  
a rich suit, 25

Which he straitways put on without longer  
dispute:

With a star on his side, which the tinker oft  
ey'd,

And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little  
with pride;

For he said to himself, Where is Joan my  
sweet wife? 29

Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his  
good grace

Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state, on the tinker they  
wait,

Trumpets sounding before him: thought he,  
this is great: 34

Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did  
view,

With commanders and squires in scarlet and  
blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his  
guests,

He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crim-  
son red,

With a rich golden canopy over his head: 40  
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd

sweet,

With the choicest of singing his joys to com-  
pleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of  
 wine,  
 Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.  
 Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off  
 his bowl, 45  
 Till at last he began for to tumble and roul  
 From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping  
 did snore,  
 Being seven times drunker than ever before.  
 Then the duke did ordain, they should strip  
 him amain,  
 And restore him his old leather garments  
 again: 50  
 'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it  
 they must,  
 And they carry'd him strait, where they  
 found him at first;  
 Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he  
 might;  
 But when he did waken, his joys took their  
 flight.  
 For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,  
 That he thought it to be but a meer golden  
 dream; 56  
 Till at length he was brought to the duke,  
 where he sought  
 For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at  
 nought;

But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold  
 blade, 59  
 Such a frolick before I think never was  
 plaid.  
 Then his highness bespoke him a new suit  
 and cloak,  
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolick-  
 some joak;  
 Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres  
 of ground,  
 Thou shalt never, said he, range the coun-  
 teries round,  
 Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good  
 friend, 65  
 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my  
 duchess attend.  
 Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan  
 my sweet bride  
 Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?  
 Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at  
 command?  
 Then I shall be a squire I well understand:  
 Well I thank your good grace, and your love  
 I embrace, 71  
 I was never before in so happy a case.

## XVIII.

*The Friar of Orders Gray.*

DISPERSED through Shakspeare's plays are  
 innumerable little fragments of ancient bal-  
 lads, the entire copies of which could not be  
 recovered. Many of these being of the most  
 beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor  
 was tempted to select some of them, and with  
 a few supplemental stanzas to connect them  
 together, and form them into a little Tale,  
 which is here submitted to the reader's can-  
 dour.

One small fragment was taken from Beau-  
 mont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray  
 Walkt forth to tell his beades;

18

And he met with a lady faire  
 Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.  
 Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar, 5  
 I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever at yon holy shrine  
 My true love thou didst see.  
 And how should I know your true love  
 From many another one? 10  
 O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
 And by his sandal shoone.\*

\* These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The  
 chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims  
 were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the  
 intention of performance of their devotion. *Warb. Shakspe.*  
*vol. viii. p. 224.*

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turfe,  
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long  
He languisht and he dyed,  
Lamenting of a ladyes love,  
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within you kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !  
And art thou dead and gone !  
And didst thou dye for love of me !  
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe :  
Some ghostly comfort seek :  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrows now reprove ;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth,  
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,  
I'll evermore weep and sigh :  
For thee I only wisht to live,  
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :  
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
Why then should sorrow last ?  
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;  
I pray thee, say not soe :  
For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?  
Will he ne'er come again ?  
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
For ever to remain. 60

His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
The comliest youth was he !  
But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever :  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never. 65

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy ;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy. 70

Now see not soe, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not soe ;  
My love he had the truest heart :  
O he was ever true ! 75

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou dye for mee ?  
Then farewell home ; for ever-more  
A pilgrim I will bee. 80

But first upon my true-loves grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady : rest awhile 85  
Beneath this cloyster wall :  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold  
wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;  
O stay me not, I pray ; 90  
No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears ;  
For see beneath this gown of gray 95  
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought ;  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought. 100

But haply for my year of grace\*  
 Is not yet past away,  
 Might I still hope to win thy love,  
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 105  
 Once more unto my heart;  
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
 We never more will part.

\* \* \* As the foregoing song has been thought

\* The year of probation, or novitiate.

to have suggested to our late excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Emma," (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield,") it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad "Gentle Herdsman," &c., printed in this work, which the doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved. See Series the Second, book i. song xiv. ver. 37, &c.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## SERIES THE FIRST.

### BOOK III.

#### I.

### The more Modern Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of "Chevy-Chase." The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsolescence of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in page 4, which, in modern orthography, &c., would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woo,  
 That ever he slain should be:

For when his legs were hewn in two  
 He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both sad and sore,  
 He on Montgomery set:  
 The swan-feathers his arrow bore  
 With his heart's blood were wet."

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 53) is to the following effect:

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to

determine the dispute by single combat being overruled; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but, notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropped their bows, and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood, "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *Bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *Field*:" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by *Bent*, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject.\*

"To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Douglas had the bent." v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

"Of fifteen hundred archers of England  
Went away but fifty and three;  
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
But even five and fifty."

He attributes flight to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this bal-

\* In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four stanzas modernised from the ancient copy.

lad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

"Of fifteen hundred Scottish spiers  
Went hame but fifty-three:  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
Scarcely fifty-five did flee."

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and ver. 249.—From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century.\* Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of "Chevy Chase," could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase "Doleful Dumps;" which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above, b. ii. song vi. ver.

\* A late writer has started a notion that the more modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas, in the year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch, it gives yet so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English." See Say's Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost, 4to., 1745. p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture; the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned: and, had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

*God prosper lang our noble queen,*

as was the case with the *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*; see Series the Second, No. x. ver. 23.



2: Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. Vide *Hudibras*, pt. i. c. 3, v. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.\* With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 51. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth*, 8vo., 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their Greyhounds for Deer:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy-Chase, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed: for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' he had given especial order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black-letter.—In the second volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies* may be found a translation of Chevy-Chase into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's *Latin Songs*, 1685, 8vo.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all;

\* In the *Spectator*, No. 70, 74.

A woefull hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne, 5  
Erle Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborne,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make, 10  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and beare away.  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came, 15  
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English Erle, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort, 20

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of neede  
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, 25  
To chase the fallow deere:  
On Munday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had  
An hundred fat buckes slaine; 30  
Then having dined, the drovyers went  
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
Theire backsides all, with special care, 35  
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deere to take,\*

Ver. 36, *That they were*, fol. MS.

\* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void of Deer, and almost stripped of their woods; but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of CHEVY-CHASE. Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chiviet Hills; where is much Brush-Wood, and some Okke; Grownde overgrown with Linge, and some with Morse. I have hardy say that Chiviet Hills stretcheth

That with their cryes the hills and dalos An echo shrill did make.	40	Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe And thus in rage did say,	80
Lord Percy to the quarry went, To view the slaughter'd deere; Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised This day to meet me heere:		Ere thus I will out-braved bee, One of us two shall dye: I know thee well, an erle thou art; Lord Percy, soe am I.	
But if I thought he wold not come, Noe longer wold I stay. With that, a brave younge gentleman Thus to the Erle did say:	45	But trust me, Percy, pittye it were And great offence to kill Any of these our guiltlesse men, For they have done no ill.	85
Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come, His men in armour bright; Full twenty hundred Scottish speres All marching in our sight;	50	Let thou and I the battell trye, And set our men aside. Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd, By whom this is denyed.	90
All men of pleasant Tivydale, Fast by the river Tweede: O cease your sports, Erle Percy said, And take your bowes with speede.	55	Then stept a gallant squier forth, Witherington was his name, Who said, I wold not have it told To Henry our king for shame,	95
And now with me, my countrymen, Your courage forth advance; For there was never champion yett In Scotland or in Franco,	60	That ere my captaine fought on foote And I stood looking on. You see two erles, sayd Witherinton And I a squier alone:	100
That ever did on horsebacke come, But if my hap it were, I durst encounter man for man, With him to break a spere.		Hee doe the best that doe I may, While I have power to stand: While I have power to weeld my sword, Hee fight with hart and hand.	
Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede, Most like a baron bold, Rode formost of his company, Whose armour shone like gold.	65	Our English archers bent their bowes, Their harts were good and trew; Att the first flight of arrowes sent, Full four-score Scots they slew.	105
Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee, That hunt soe boldly heere, That, without my consent, doe chase And kill my fallow-deere.	70	* [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent, As Chieftan stout and good. As valiant Captain, all unmov'd The shock he firmly stood.	110
The first man that did answer make Was noble Percy hee; Who sayd, Wee list not to declare, Nor shew whose men wee bee.	75	His host he parted had in three, As Leader ware and try'd, And soon his spearmen on their foes Bare down on every side.	115
Yet wee will spend our dearest blood, Thy cheefest harts to slay.			

xx miles. There is grente Plenté of RENDE-DEE, and ROO  
BURNERS." Itin. vol. vii. p. 50.—This passage, which  
did not occur when pages 74, 75, were printed off, confirm the  
accounts there given of the STRANGE and the ROE.

\* The four stanzas here enclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the editor's folio MS.

To drive the deere with hound and horne, Douglas bade on the bent; Two captaines moved with mickle might Their speares to shivers went.		Who never spake more words than these, Fight on, my merry men all; For why, my life is at an end; Lord Percy sees my fall.	160
Throughout the English archery They dealt full many a wound; But still our valiant Englishmen All firmly kept their ground:	120	Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke The dead man by the hand; And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life Wold I had lost my land.	
And throwing strait their bows away, They grasp'd their swords so bright: And now sharp blows, a heavy shower, On shields and helmets light.]		O Christ! my verry hert doth bleed With sorrow for thy sake; For sure, a more redoubted knight Mischance cold never take.	165
They closed full fast on everye side, Noe slacknes there was found; And many a gallant gentleman Lay gasping on the ground.	125	A knight amongst the Scotts there was, Which saw Erle Douglas dye, Who streight in wrath did vow revenge Upon the Lord Percy:	170
O Christ! it was a grieft to see, And likewise for to heare, The cries of men lying in their gore, And scattered here and there.	130	Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd, Who, with a speare most bright, Well-mounted on a gallant steed, Ran fiercely through the fight;	175
At last these two stout erles did meet, Like captaines of great might: Like lyons wood, they layd on lode, And made a cruell fight:	135	And past the English archers all, Without all dread or feare; And through Erle Percyes body then He thrust his hatefull speare;	180
They fought untill they both did sweat, With swords of tempered steale; Untill the blood, like drops of rain, They trickling downe did feele.	140	With such a vehement force and might He did his body gore, The staff ran through the other side A large cloth-yard, and more.	
Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd; In faith I will thee bringe, Where thou shalt high advanced bee By James our Scottish king:		So thus did both these nobles dye, Whose courage none could staine: An English archer then perceiv'd The noble erle was slaine;	185
Thy ransome I will freely give, And this report of thee, Thou art the most courageous knight That ever I did see.	145	He had a bow bent in his hand, Made of a trusty tree; An arrow of a cloth-yard long Up to the head drew hee:	190
Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then, Thy proffer I doe scorne; I will not yeelde to any Scott, That ever yett was borne.	150	Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye, So right the shaft he sett, The grey goose-wing that was thereon, In his harts blood was wett.	195
With that, there came an arrow keene Out of an English bow, Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart, A deepe and deadlie blow:	155	This fight did last from break of day, Till setting of the sun;	

For when they rung the evening-bell,* The battle scarce was done.	200	The newes was brought to Eddenborrow, Where Scotlands king did raigne, That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye Was with an arrow slaine :	240
With stont Erle Percy, there was slaine Sir John of Egerton,† Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John, Sir James that bold barron :		O heavy newes, King James did say, Scotland may wnesse bee, I have not any capitaine more Of such account as hee.	
And with Sir George and stont Sir James, Both knights of good account,	206	Like tydings to King Henry came,	245
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine, Whose prowesse did surmount.		Within as short a space, That Percy of Northumberland Was slaine in Chevy-Chase :	
For Witherington needs must I wayle As one in doleful dumpes ;‡	210	Now God be with him, said our king, Sith it will noe better bee ;	250
For when his leggs were smitten off, He fought upon his stumpes.		I trust I have within my realme, Five hundred as good as he :	
And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine Sir Hugh Mountgomerye, Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld	215	Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say, But I will vengeance take :	
One foote wold never flee.		Ill be revenged on them all,	255
Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too. His sisters sonne was hee ; Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd, Yet saved cold not bee.	220	For brave Erle Percyes sake.	
And the Lord Maxwell in like case Did with Erle Douglas dye :		This vow full well the king perform'd After, at Humbledowne ;	
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres Scarce fifty-five did flye.		In one day, fifty knights were slayne, With lords of great renowne ;	260
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, Went home but fifty-three ;	225	And of the rest, of small account, Did many thousands dye :	
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase, Under the greene woode tree.		Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase, Made by the Erle Percy.	
Next day did many widowes come, Their husbands to bewayle ;	230	God save our king, and bless this land With plentye, joy, and peace ;	265
They washt their wounds in brinish teares, But all wold not prevayle.		And grant henceforth, that foule debate 'Twixt noblemen may cease.	
Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore, They bare with them away :			
They kist them dead a thousand times, Ere they were cladd in clay.	235		

\* Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock ; to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers of the original author, before the Reformation. Vide *suprà*, pag. 57, v. 97.

† For the surnames, see the Notes at the end of the Ballad.

‡ i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads *wofull dumpes*.

\* \* Since the former impression of these volumes hath been published, a new edition of Collins's *Peerage*, 1779, &c., ix. vols. 8vo., which contains in volume ii. p. 334, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding Ballad : viz.

"In this . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [Hild Earl, son of Hotspur], and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the

latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chase; which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." [See Ridpath's *Border Hist.* 4to., p. 401.]

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Page 144.

Ver. 202. *Egerton.*] This name is restored (instead of *Ogerton*, com. ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad) by an inhabitant of Cheshire: who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *De or Of Egerion* (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgwater; and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewsbury, all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. *Ratcliff.*] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil., was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII., and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir

George Ratcliff, kn., was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552, (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS., however, reads here, Sir Robert Harecliffe and Sir William.

The Hareleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. *Baron.*] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone, in p. 55, ver. 114.

Ver. 207. *Raby.*] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Robbye, in the fol. MS., and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire. See p. 56, p. 26. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. *Murray.*] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. MS.

Ver. 217. *Murray.*] So the Scot. edit.—The common copies read Murrel. The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

"Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too."

Ver. 219. *Lamb.*] The folio MS. has

"Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed."

This seems evidently corrupted from Lwdale or Liddell, in the old copy, see pages 55, 62.

II.

Death's Final Conquest.

THESE fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song, in a play of James Shirley's, entitled, "The contention of Ajax and Ulysses;" no date, 8vo.—Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I; but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened October 29, 1666, æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;

There is no armour against fate:

Death lays his icy hands on kings:

Scepter and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill, 10

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

5

And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they pale captives creep to death. 16

The garlands wither on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds:

Upon death's purple altar now

See where the victor victim bleeds: 20

All heads must come

To the cold tomb,

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

### III.

## The Rising in the North.

THE subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with him-

self whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person.\* The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancopeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner† (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ), was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden), distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford Moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but, altering their minds, they fell

\* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money, the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes marshal of the army put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that, for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the west after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,  
 Lithe and listen unto mee,  
 And I will sing of a noble earle,  
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone, 5  
 And after him walkes his faire ladie: \*  
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,  
 That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
 That ever such harm should hap to thee:  
 But goe to London to the court, 11  
 And faire fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;  
 Mine enemies prevail so fast, 15  
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
 And take thy gallant men with thee:  
 If any dare to doe you wrong,  
 Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire.  
 The court is full of subtiltie;  
 And if I goe to the court, lady,  
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes, 25  
 And I myselfe will ride wi' thee:  
 At court then for my dearest lord,  
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;  
 For lever had I lose my life, 30  
 Than leave among my cruell foes  
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither my little foot-page,  
 Come thou hither unto mee,  
 To maister Norton thou must goe 35  
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,  
 And beare this letter here fro mee;  
 And say that earnestly I praye,  
 He will ryde in my companie. 40

One while the little foot-page went,  
 And another while he ran;  
 Untill he came to his journeyes end  
 The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came, 45  
 Down he kneeled on his knee;

\* This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd  
Affore that goodlye companye, 50  
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
There was many a weepyng eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,  
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;  
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
Now that good erle's in jeopardy? 55

Father, my counselle's fair and free;  
That erle he is a noble lord,  
And whatsoever to him you light,  
I wold not have you breake your word. 60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
And if we speed and scape with life,  
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, mine nine good sonnes, 65  
Gallant men I trowe you be:  
How many of you, my children deare,  
Will stand by that good erle and me?

Eight of them did answer make,  
Eight of them spake hastilie, 70  
O father, till the daye we dye  
We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,  
You shewe yourselves right bold and brave;  
And whethersoe'er I live or dye, 75  
A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
That art mine oldest sonn and heire:  
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;  
Whntever it bee, to mee declare. 80

Father, you are an aged man,  
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;  
It were a shame at these your yeares  
For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis, 85  
Thou never learnedst this of mee:  
When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
Why did I make soe much of thee?

And he that strikes against the crowne,  
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
And with him came a goodlye band  
To join with the brave Erle Percy, 95  
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,  
The erle of Westmorland was hee:  
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
Thirteen thousand faire to see. 100

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,  
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,  
And three Dogs with golden collars  
Were there sett out most royallye.\*

Erle Percy thero his ancyent spred, 105  
The Hulfe-Moone shining all soe faire:†  
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,  
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

\* Ver. 102, *Dun Bull*, &c. The supporters of the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, duelly collared gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c., given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lord Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar; and the Nevilles of Chyts in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch), gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (greyhound's) head erased.—So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner.—After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for, in another ballad in the same folio MS., and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings:

"Set me up my faire Dun Bull,  
With Golden Hornes, hee beares all soe hye."

† Ver. 106. *The Hulfe-Moone*, &c.] The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family), we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often borne by the *Percies*; who, he says, were . . . . Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy:  
Which valkantly fyghtynge in the land of Perss [Persia]  
At pointe terrible ayanse the miscreants on nyght,  
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse;  
In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* verfyfying her lyght,  
Whych to all the oosto gave a porfytte fyght,  
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persue:  
And therefore the Perss [Percies] the Crescent doth renew.



Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose, After them some spoyle to make : 110 Those noble erles turn'd backe againe, And aye they vowed that knight to take.	Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd With horse and harneis faire to see ; 130 Shee caused thirty thousand men be raised, To take the earles i' th' North countrie.
That baron he to his castle fled To Barnard castle then fled hee. The uttermost walles were eathe to win, 115 The earles have wonne them presentlie.	Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went, Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden ; Untill they to Yorke castle came I wiss, they never stint ne blan. 135
The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ; But thoughe they won them soon anone, Long e'er they wan the innermost walles, For they were cut in rocke of stone. 120	Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland, Thy dun bull fuine would we spyo : And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland, Now rayse thy half moone up on hye. 140
Then newes unto leave London came In all the speede that ever might bee, And word is brought to our royall queene Of the rysing in the North countrie.	But the dun bulle is fled and gone, And the halfe moone vanished away : The Erles, though they were brave and bold, Against see many could not stay.
Her grace she turned her round about, 125 And like a royall queene shee swore,* I will ordayne them such a breakfast, As never was in the North before.	Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth ! 146 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save, Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.
	Wi' them full many a gallant wight They cruellye bereav'd of life : 150 And many a childe made fatherlesse, And widowed many a tender wife.

\* This is quite in character; her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

## IV.

*Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas.*

THIS ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector, of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Loughleven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after

into poverty, and became so infamous, that to take Hector's cloak, grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Loughleven till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much in-

debted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far History coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard soon after the event. The interposal of the "Witch-Lady" (v. 53,) is probably his own invention: yet, even this hath some countenance from history; for, about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the Witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this Ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another Ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,  
And harrowe me with fear and dread?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while! 5  
It was my sore and heavye lott:  
And I must leave my native land,  
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken, 10  
A Scot he is much bound to mee;  
He dwelleth on the border side,  
To him I'll goe right priville.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel away,  
When he with all his gallant men 15  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,  
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;  
For they did strip that noble earle:  
And ever an ill death may they dyc. 20

Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,  
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came, 25  
He halched him right courteouslie,  
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
Many a month and many a day: 30  
To the regent\* the lord warden† sent,  
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,  
And wrote a letter fair to see:  
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,  
And yield that banisht man to mee. 36

Earle Percy at the supper sate  
With many a goodly gentleman:  
The wylie Douglas then bespake,  
And thus to flyte with him began: 40

What makes you be so sad, my lord,  
And in your mind so sorrowfullye?  
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held  
Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made, 45  
And there will be great royaltie:  
And I am sworne into my hille,  
Thither to bring my Lord Percy.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,  
And here by my true faith, quoth hee, 50  
If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end  
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,  
Mary à Douglas was her name:  
You shall byde here, good English lord, 55  
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,  
As I tell you in privitie:  
For he hath tane liverance of the earle,‡  
Into England nowe to 'liver thee. 60

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
The regent is a noble lord:

\* James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scot

Ne for the gold in all England The Douglas wold not break his word.		Yet step one moment here aside, He showe you all your foes in field.	
When the regent was a banisht man, With me he did faire welcome find; And whether wcal or woe betide, I still shall find him true and kind.	65	Lady, I never loved witchcraft, Never dealt in privy wyle; But evermore held the high-waye Of truth and honour, free from guile.	105
Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce, And friends againe they wold never bee, If they shold 'liver a banisht erle Was driven out of his own countrie.	71	If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde, Yet send your chamberlaine with mee; Let me but speak three words with him, And he shall come again to thee.	111
Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes, Nowe mickle is their traitorle; Then lett my brother ryde his wayes, And tell those English lords from thee,	75	James Swynard with that lady went, She showed him through the wome of her ring How many English lords there were Waiting for his master and him.	115
How that you cannot with him ryde, Because you are in an ile of the sea,* Then ere my brother come againe To Edenborow castle † He carry thee.	80	And who walkes yonder, my good lady, So royallye on yonder greene? O yonder is the Lord Hunsdèn;* Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.	120
To the Lord Hume I will thee bring, He is well knowne a true Scots lord, And he will lose both land and life, Ere he with thee will break his word.		And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye, That walkes so proudly him beside? That is Sir William Drury, † shee sayd, A keene captaine hee is and tryde.	
Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, When I thinke on my own countrie, When I thinke on the heavye happe My friends have suffered there for mee.	85	How many miles is itt, madame, Betwixt yond English lords and mee? Marry it is thrice fifty miles, To saile to them upon the sea.	125
Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, And sore those wars my minde distresse; Where many a widow lost her mate, And many a child was fatherlesse.	90	I never was on English ground, Ne never sawe it with mine eye, But as my book it sheweth mee; And through my ring I may deserye.	130
And now that I a banisht man Shold bring such evil happe with mee, To cause my faire and noble friends To be suspect of treacherie;	95	My mother shee was a witch ladye, And of her skille she learned mee; She wold let me see out of Lough-leven What they did in London cite.	135
This rives my heart with double woe; And lever had I dye this day, Than thinke a Douglas can be false, Or ever he will his guest betray.	100	But who is yond, thou ladye faire, That looketh with sic an austerne face? Yonder is Sir John Foster, † quoth shee, Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.	140

And he is gone to his noble lord,  
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard,  
I may not believe that witch ladle; 146  
The Douglasses were ever true,  
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been  
The most part of these years three, 150  
Yett have I never had noe outrake,  
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight: 155  
Betide me weale, betide me woo,  
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
And gave itt to that gay ladle:  
Sayes, It was all that I cold save,  
In Harley woods where I cold bee. 160

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
Then farewell truth and honestie;  
And farewell heart and farewell hand;  
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165  
And all the saylors were on borde;  
Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
Sayes, Gentle lady, fare thee well! 170  
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,  
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladle;  
If ought befall yond lady but good, 175  
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;  
Come on, come on, and let her bee:  
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven  
For to cheere that gay ladle. 180

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;  
We will but comfort that faire lady,  
And wee will return to you againe.

My sister is craftye, and wold beguile  
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled\* fifty myle,  
Now fifty mile upon the sea; 190  
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,  
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles fame,  
And that by thee and thy lord is seen:  
You may hap to thinke itt soone enough, 195  
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamyne his hatt pulled over his browe,  
He thought his lord then was betray'd;  
And he is to Erie Percy againe,  
To tell him what the Douglas sayd. 200

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord;  
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,  
He did it but to prove thy heart,  
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld, 205  
Other fifty mile upon the sea,  
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,  
Sayd, What wilt thou now doe with mee?

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,  
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea:  
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,  
That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas? he sayth;  
What needest thou to flyte with mee?  
For I was counted a horseman good 215  
Before that ever I mett with thee.

A false Hector hath my horse,  
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie:  
A false Armstrong hath my spurres,  
And all the geere belongs to mee. 220

When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile upon the sea;  
They landed low by Berwicke side,  
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percy.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to die, 225  
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.

V.

*My Mind to me a Kingdom is.*

THIS excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act i. sc. 1, where an impatient person says,

"I am no such pil'd cynique to believe  
That beggery is the onely happinesse,  
Or, with a number of these patient fooles,  
To sing, 'My minde to me a kingdom is,'  
When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for  
foode."

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Music book, entitled, "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts: &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East, &c.," 4to. no date: but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements, and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th) were had from two other ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, "A sweet and pleasant sonet, intituled, 'My Minde to me a Kingdom is.' To the tune of In Crete, &c."

Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest: they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or Nature hath assignde:  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave. 6

Content I live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice:

Loe! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastic clymbers soonest fall:  
I see that such as sit aloft 15  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
These get with toile, and keep with feare:  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie, 20  
No wylie wit to salue a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye;  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25  
I little have, yet seek no more;  
They are but poore, tho much they have;  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live. 30

I laugh not at anothers losse,  
I grudge not at anothers gaine;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is anothers bane:  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend; 35  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;  
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is;  
I feare not fortunes fatall law: 40  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beantie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
I wander not to seeke for more;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill; 45  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

And he is gone to his noble lord, Those sorrowful tidings him to show.		My sister is crafty, and wold beguile A thousand such as you and mee.	
Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard, I may not believe that witch ladie ;	146	When they had sayled* fifty myle, Now fifty mile upon the sea ;	190
The Douglasses were ever true, And they can ne'er prove false to mee.		Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas, When they shold that shooting see.	
I have now in Lough-leven been The most part of these years three,	150	Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine, And that by thee and thy lord is seen :	
Yett have I never had noe outrake, Ne no good games that I cold see.		You may hap to thinke itt soone enough, 195 Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.	
Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend, As to the Douglas I have hight :		Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe, He thought his lord then was betray'd ;	
Betide me weale, betide me woe,	155	And he is to Erle Percy againe, To tell him what the Douglas sayd.	200
He writhe a gold ring from his finger, And gave itt to that gay ladie :		Hold upp thy hend, man, quoth his lord ; Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,	
Sayes, It was all that I cold save, In Harley woods where I cold bee.*	160	He did it but to prove thy heart, To see if he cold make it quail.	
And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord, Then farewell truth and honestie ;		When they had other fifty sayld,	205
And farewell heart and farewell hand ; For never more I shall thee see.		Other fifty mile upon the sea, Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,	
The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,	165	Sayd, What wilt thou now doe with mee ?	
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And with him went that noble lord.		Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe, That you may pricke her while she'll away.	
Then he cast up a silver wand, Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !	170	What needeth this, Douglas ? he sayth ; What needest thou to flyte with mee ?	
The lady fett a sigh soe deep, And in a dead swoone down shae fell.		For I was counted a horseman good	215
Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd, A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie ;		Before that ever I mett with thee.	
If ought befall yond lady but good,	175	A false Hector hath my horse, Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie :	
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.		A false Armstrong hath my spurres, And all the geere belongs to mee.	220
Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ; Come on, come on, and let her bee :		When they had sayled other fifty mile, Other fifty mile upon the sea ;	
There's ladyes cnow in Lough-leven For to cheere that gay ladie.	180	They landed low by Berwicke side, A deputed ' laird ' landed Lord Percy.	
If you'll not turne yourself, my lord, Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;		Then he at Yorke was doomde to die,	225
We will but comfort that faire lady, And wee will return to you againe.		It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight : Thus they betrayed that noble earle, Who ever was a gallant wight.	
Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;	185		
Come on, come on, and let her bee :			

\* I. e. Where I was. An ancient idiom.

\* There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea ; but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Ver. 224, fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the following stanza.

## V.

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Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or Nature bath assignde:  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave. 6

Content I live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice:  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;  
Look what I lack my mind supplies. 10

Loe! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:  
I see that such as sit aloft 15  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
These get with toile, and keep with feare:  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie, 20  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye;  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,  
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25  
I little have, yet seek no more:  
They are but poore, tho much they have;  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
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I laugh not at anothers losse,  
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No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
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I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend; 35  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;  
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is;  
I feare not fortunes fatall law: 40  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
I wander not to seeke for more;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill; 45  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;  
I feigne not love where most I hate; 50

I breake no sleep to winne my will ; I wayte not at the mighties gate ; I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ; I feele no want, nor have too much.		This is my choyce, for why I finde, No wealth is like a quiet minde.	60
The court, ne cart, I like, no loath ; Extreames are counted worst of all : The golden meane betwixt them both Doth surest sit, and feares no fall ;	55	My welth is health, and perfect ease ; My conscience clere my chiefe defence : I never seeke by brybes to please, Nor by desert to give offence : Thus do I live, thus will I die ; Would all did so as well as I !	65

## VI.

*The Patient Countess.*

THE subject of this tale is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus, entitled "*Uxor Mathematicos, sive Conjugium*:" which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little miscellaneous publication, entitled "*Moralities, &c.*," by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem entitled "*Albion's England*," written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Series the Second, book ii. song 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to.; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in bl. let. 4to.—The edition in 1602 is in thirteen books; and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to.; yet in 1606 was published "*A continuance of Albion's England*," by the first author, W. W. Lond. 4to.:" this contains books xiv., xv., xvi. In Ames's *Typography* is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, entitled, "*Warner's Poetry*," printed in 1580, 12mo., and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant, under the name of Warner, "*Syrinx*, or seven fold Hist. pleasant and profitable, comical, and tragical," 4to.

It is proper to demise that the following lines were not written by the author in Stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of fourteen syllables: which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

IMPATIENCE chaungeth smoko to flame, But jelousie is hell ; Some wives by patience have reduc'd Ill husbands to live well : As did the ladie of an earle, Of whom I now shall tell.	5
An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd ; Was lov'd, and lived long Full true to his fayre countesse ; yet At last he did her wrong.	10
Once hunted he untill the chace, Long fasting, and the heat Did house him in a peakish graunge Within a forest great.	
Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place And persons might afforde) Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke Were set him on the borde.	18
A cushion made of lists, a stoole Halfe backed with a hoope Were brought him, and he sitteth down Besides a sorry coupe.	20
The poore old couple wisht their bread Were wheat, their whig were perry, Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds Were creame, to make him merry.	25
Mean while (in russet neatly clad, With linen white as swanne, Herselfe more white, save rosie where The ruddy colour ranne :	30



Whome naked nature, not the aydes Of arte made to excell)		And thus she reasons with herselfe,	75
The good man's daughter sturres to see That all were feat and well ;•		Some fault perhaps in me ;	
The earle did marke her, and admire	35	Somewhat is done, that see he doth ;	
Such beautie there to dwell.		Alas ! what may it bee ?	
Yet fals he to their homely fare,		How may I winne him to myselfe ?	
And held him at a feast :		He is a man, and men	80
But as his hunger slaked, so		Have imperfections ; it behooves	
An amorous heat increast.	40	Me pardon nature then.	
When this repast was past, and thanks,		To checke him were to make him checke*	
And welcome too ; he sayd		Although hee now were chaste	
Unto his host and hostesse, in		A man controuled of his wife,	85
The hearing of the mayd :		To her makes lesser haste.	
Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord	45	If duty then, or daliance may	
Of this, and many townes !		Prevayle to alter him ;	
I also know that you be poore,		I will be dutifull, and make	
And I can spare you pownes.		My selfe for daliance trim.	90
Soe will I, so yee will consent,		So was she, and so lovingly	
That yonder lasse and I	50	Did entertaine her lord,	
May bargaine for her love ; at least,		As fairer, or more faultles none	
Doe give me leave to trye.		Could be for bed or bord.	
Who needs to know it ? nay who dares		Yet still he loves his leiman, and	95
Into my doings pry ?		Did still pursue that game,	
First they mislike, yet at the length	55	Suspecting nothing less, than that	
For lucre were misled ;		His lady knew the same :	
And then the gamesome earle did wowe		Wherefore to make him know she know,	
The damsell for his bed.		She this devise did frame :	100
He took her in his armes, as yet		When long she had been wrong'd and sought	
So coyish to be kist,	60	The foresayd meanes in vaine,	
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,		She rideth to the simple graunge	
And yieldingly resist.		But with a slender traine.	
In few, his offers were so large		She lighteth, entreth, greets them well	105
She lastly did consent ;		And then did looke about her,	
With whom he lodged all that night,	65	The guiltie houshold knowing her,	
And early home he went.		Did wish themselves without her ;	
He tooke occasion oftentimes		Yet, for she looked merily,	
In such a sort to hunt,		The lesse they did misdoubt her.	110
Whom when his lady often mist,		When she had seen the beauteous wench	
Contrary to his wont,	70	(Then blushing fairnes fairer)	
And lastly was informed of		Such beauty made the countesse hold	
His amorous haunt elsewhere,		Them both excus'd the rather.	
It greev'd her not a little, though		Who would not bite at such a bait ?	115
She seem'd it well to beare.		Thought she : and who (though loth)	

\* To check is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit: to check also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

So poore a wench, but gold might tempt? Sweet errors lead them both.		Who new return'd from far affaires Did to his sweet-heart go.	
Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd Of proffer'd gold denied, Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt, But, tenne to one, had lied.	120	No sooner sal he foote within The late deformed cote, But that the formall change of things His wondering eies did note.	155
Thus thought she: and she thus declares Her cause of coming thether; My lord, oft hunting in these partes, Through travel, night or wether,	125	But when he knew those goods to be His proper goods; though late, Scarse taking leave, he home returns The matter to debate.	160
Hath often lodged in your house; I thanke you for the same; For why? it doth him jolly ease To lie so neare his game.	130	The countesse was a-bed, and he With her his lodging tooke; Sir, welcme home (quoth shee); this night For you I did not looke.	166
But, for you have not furniture Besecming such a guest, I bring his owne, and come myselfe To see his lodging drest.		Then did he question her of such His stuffe bestowed soo. Forsooth, quoth she, because I did Your love and lodging knowe:	170
With that two sumpters were discharg'd, In which were hangings brave, Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate, And al such turn should have.	136	Your love to be a proper wench, Your lodging nothing lesse; I held it for your health, the house More decently to dresse.	
When all was handsomly dispos'd, She prayes them to have care That nothing hap in their default, That might his health impair:	140	Well wot I, notwithstanding her, Your lordship loveth me: And greater hope to hold you such By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.	175
And, damsell, quoth shee, for it seems This household is but three, And for thy parents age, that this Shall chiefly rest on thee;	145	Then for my duty, your delight, And to retaine your favour All done I did, and patiently Expect your wonted 'haviour.	180
Do me that good, else would to God He hither come no more. So tooke she horse, and ere she went Bestowed gould good store.	150	Her patience, witte and answer wrought His gentle teares to fall: When (kissing her a score of times) Amend, sweet wife, I shall:	185
Full little thought the countie that His countesse had done so;		He said, and did it: 'so each wife Her husband may' recall.	

## VII.

## Dowsabell.

THE following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.\* They are inserted in one of his pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowland's Sacrifice to the Nine Muses. London, 1593." &c. They are inscribed with the author's name at length "To the noble and valorous gentleman Master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those eclogues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his shepherds:

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,  
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and  
mickle glee,  
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,  
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical romances, particularly that of Sir Isenbras† (alluded to in v. 3), as the reader may judge from the following specimen:

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.  
\* \* \*

Ye shall well beare of a knight,  
That was in warre full wyght  
And doughtye of his dede;  
His name was Syr Isenbras, 10  
Mau nobler than he was  
Lyved none with breade.  
He was lyvely, large, and longe,  
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,  
That myghtie was to se: 15

He was a hardye man, and hye,  
All men hym loved that hym se,  
For a gentyll knight was he:  
Harpers loved him in hall,  
With other minstrells all, 20  
For he gave them gold and fce, &c.

This ancient legend was printed in black-letter, 4to., by William Copland; no date. In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2) is a MS. copy of the same romance, containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French original.

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,  
There wou'd a knight, hight Cassemen,  
As bold as Isenbras:  
Fell was ho, and eger bent,  
In battell and in tournament, 5  
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,  
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,  
A mayden fayre and free:  
And for she was her fathers heire, 10  
Full well she was y-cond the leyre  
Of mickle courtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,  
And make the fine march-pine,  
And with the needle werke: 15  
And she couth helpe the priest to say  
His mattins on a holy-day,  
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,  
Might well besceme a mayden queene, 20  
Which seemly was to see;  
A hood to that so neat and fine,  
In colour like the columbine,  
Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above, 25  
As is the grasse that growes by Dove:  
And lyth as lasse of Kent.

\* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Big. Brit.

† As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas, v. 6.

Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

30

This mayden in a morne betime  
Went forth when May was in her prime,  
To get sweets cetywall,  
The honey-suckle, the harlocke,  
The lilly and the lady smoeke,  
To deck her summer hall.

35

Thus, as she wandred here and there,  
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,  
She chanced to espie  
A shepheard sitting on a bancke  
Like chanteclero he crowed cranko,  
And pip'd full merrilie.

40

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,  
When he would whistle in his fist,  
To feede about him round;  
Whilst he full many a carrol sung,  
Untill the fields and meadowes rung,  
And all the woods did sound.

45

In favour this same shepheards swayne  
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,\*  
Which helde proude kings in awe:  
But meeke he was as a lamb mought be;  
An innocent of ill as he†  
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

50

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke, 55  
Which was of the finest loke,  
That could be cut with sheere:  
His mittens were of hauzens skinne,  
His cockers were of cordiwin,  
His hood of menivecre.

60

His aule and lingell in a thong,  
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,  
His breech of coyntrie blew;e;  
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,  
His browes as white as Albion rocks:  
So like a lover true.

65

And pyping still he spent the day.  
So merry as the poppingay;  
Which liked Dowsabel:  
That would she ought, or would she nought,  
This lad would never from her thought; 71  
She in love-longing fell.

71

At length she tucked up her frocke,  
White as a lilly was her smoeke,  
She drew the shepheard nye:  
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,  
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,  
To heare his melodye.

75

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,  
That have a jolly shepheards swayne, 80  
The which can pipe so well:  
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,  
If pyping thus he pine away  
In love of Dowsabel.

80

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe, 85  
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,  
Lest they should hap to stray.  
Quoth he, So I had done full well,  
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell  
Come forth to gather maye. 90

90

With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she sayd:  
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He throw his pretie pypes adowne, 95  
And on the ground him layd.

95

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,  
And all for long of thee.  
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde 100  
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard bould,  
Except thou favour mee.

100

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,  
Then I should lose my mayden-head,  
And all for love of men. 105  
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot finde  
To love us now and then.

105

And I to thee will be as kinde  
As Colin was to Rosalinde, 110  
Of curtesie the flower.  
Then will I be as true, quoth she,  
As ever mayden yet might be  
Unto her paramour.

110

With that she bent her snow-white knee, 115  
Down by the shepheard kneeled shee,  
And him she sweetly kist:  
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,  
Quoth he, Ther's never shepheards boy  
That ever was so blist. 120

120

\* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the Great, or the Scythian Shepheard," 1590, 8vo., an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.  
† Sc. Abel.

VIII.

*The Farewell to Love.*

FROM Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled *The Lover's Progress*, act iii. sc. 1.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;  
I am free again.  
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,  
Bewitching pain,  
Fly to fools, that sigh away their time: 5  
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,

And there behold beauty still young.  
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,  
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,  
And honoured by eternity and joy: 10  
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire,  
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

IX.

*Ulysses and the Syren.*

—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "*Hymen's Triumph: a pastoral tragicomedy*," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to, 1623.\*—Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor), has inserted a small portrait of him in a full-length picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,  
Possesse these shores with me,  
The windes and seas are troublesome,  
And here we may be free.  
Here may we sit and view their toyle 5  
That travaile in the deepe,  
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,  
And spend the night in sleepe.

ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attain'd with ease, 10  
Then would I come and rest with thee,  
And leave such toiles as these:  
But here it dwels, and here must I  
With danger seek it forth;  
To spend the time luxuriously 15  
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd  
With that unreaall name:  
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,  
And rests on others' fame. 20  
Begotten only to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile  
(The best thing of our life) our rest,  
And give us up to toyle!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were 25  
Nor honor, nor report,  
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare  
The time in idle sport:  
For toyle doth give a better touch  
To make us feele our joy: 30

\* In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "*Tragedie of Cleopatra*. London, 1607," 12mo.

And ease findes tediousnes, as much  
As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,  
Whereto tendes all your toyle;  
Which you forego to make it more, 35  
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversly,  
Find never tedious day;  
And ease may have variety, 40  
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame  
These toyles and dangers please;  
And they take comfort in the same,  
As much as you in ease:  
And with the thought of actions past 45  
Are recreated still:  
When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
To show that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,  
That's out of custom bred; 50

Which makes us many other laws  
Than ever nature did.  
No widdowes waile for our delights,  
Our sports are without blood;  
The world we see by warlike wights 55  
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require  
These motions of unrest,  
And these great spirits of high desire  
Seem borne to turne them best: 60  
To purge the mischiefes, that increase  
And all good order mar:  
For oft we see a wicked peace  
To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see 65  
I shall not have thee here;  
And therefore I will come to thee,  
And take my fortune there.  
I must be wonne that cannot win,  
Yet lost were I not wonne: 70  
For beauty hath created bin  
T' undoo or be undone.

## X.

### Cupid's Pastime.

THIS beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I., is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's Poems, &c., 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo. Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq.; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face; 5  
Her careless arms abroad were cast;  
Her quiver had her pillows place;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ; Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ; Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will, 11 Did guide the god of love that way.	Her angry eyes were great with tears, She blames her hand, she blames her skill ; The bluntness of her shafts she fears, 35 And try them on herself she will.
The crafty boy that sees her sleep, Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ; Behind her closely seeks to creep ; 15 Before her nap should ended be.	Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft, Each little touch will pierce thy heart ; Alas ! thou know'st not Cupids craft ; Revenge is joy ; the end is smart. 40
There come, he steals her shafts away, And puts his own into their place ; Nor dares he any longer stay, But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace. 20	Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ; Her hands were glov'd but next to hand Was that fair breast, that breast so rare, That made the shepherd senseless stand.
Scarcely was he gone, but she awakes, And spies the shepherd standing by : Her bended bow in haste she takes, And at the simple swain lets fly.	That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast 45 Love found an entry to her heart : At feeling of this new-come guest, Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start !
Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart, That to the ground he fell with pain : 20 Yet up again forthwith he start, And to the nymph he ran again.	She runs not now ; she shoots no more ; Away she throws both shaft and bow : 50 She seeks for what she shunn'd before, She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.
Amazed to see so strange a sight, She shot, and shot, but all in vain ; 30 The more his wounds, the more his might, Love yielded strength amidst his pain.	Though mountains meet not, lovers may : What other lovers do, did they : The god of love sate on a tree, 55 And laugh'd that pleasant sight to see.

## XI.

*The Character of a Happy Life.*

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eton in 1639, <i>Æt.</i> 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, entitled, " <i>Reliquiæ Wottonianæ</i> ," 1651, 12mo. ; compared with one or two other copies.	Not ty'd unto the world with care Of princes ear, or vulgar breath.
How happy is he born or taught, That serveth not anothers will ; Whose armour is his honest thought, And simple truth his highest skill :	Who hath his life from rumours freed ; Whose conscience is his strong retreat ; 10 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruine make oppressors great :
Whose passions not his masters are, 5 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;	Who envies none, whom chance doth raise, Or vice : Who never understood How deepest wounds are given with praise ; Nor rules of state, but rules of good : 16

Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend ; And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend.	20	This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or feare to fall ; Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ; And having nothing, yet hath all.
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## XII.

*Gilderoy.*

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the "Gilderoy," who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. ii. 1733, 8vo., is a copy of this ballad, which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots: *ex. gr.*

"The Queen of Scots possessed nought,  
That my love let me want:  
Foreow and ew to me he brought,  
And ein whan they were scant."

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that appears to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriations that required the pruning-hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy, Had roses tull his shoone, His stockings were of silken soy, Wi' garters hanging doune: It was, I weene, a comelie sight, To see sae trim a boy; He was my jo and hearts delight, My handsome Gilderoy.	5
Oh! sike twa charming een he had, A breath as sweet as rose,	10

He never ware a Highland plaid, But costly silken clothes; He gained the luvie of ladies gay, Nane eir tull him was coy: Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day For my dear Gilderoy.	15
---	----

My Gilderoy and I were born, Baith in one toun together, We scant were seven years beforne, We gan to luvie each other: Our dadies and our mammies thay, Were fill'd wi' mickle joy, To think upon the bridal day, Twixt me and Gilderoy.	20
--	----

For Gilderoy that luvie of mine, Gude faith, I freely bought A wedding sark of holland fine, Wi' silken flowers wrought: And he gied me a wedding ring, Which I receiv'd wi' joy, Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing, Like me and Gilderoy.	25 30
---	----------

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime, Till we were baith sixteen, And aft we past the langsome time, Among the leaves sae green; Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair, And sweetly kiss and toy, Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair My handsome Gilderoy.	35 40
--	----------

Oh! that he still had been content, Wi' me to lead his life; But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent, To stir in feates of strife: And he in many a venturous deed, His courage bauld wad try;	45
--	----



And now this gars mine heart to bleed,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
The tears they wat mine ee, 50  
I gave tull him a parting luik,  
"My benison gang wi' thee ;  
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart  
For gane is all my joy ;  
My heart is rent sith we maun part, 55  
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,  
Was fear'd in every toun,  
And bauldly bare away the gear,  
Of many a lawland loun : 60  
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
He was sae brave a boy ;  
At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,  
To hang a man for gear, 66  
To 'reave of live for ox or ass,  
For sheep, or horse, or mare :  
Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
I neir had lost my joy, 70

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
He mought hac banisht been ;  
Ah! what sair cruelty is this, 75  
To hang sike handsome men :  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;  
Nae lady had sae white a hand,  
As thee my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,  
They bound him mickle strong,  
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
And on a gallows hung :  
They hung him high aboon the rest, 85  
He was sae trim a boy ;  
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
I bare his corpse away, 90  
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
I washt his comelye clay ;  
And sicker in a grave sae deep,  
I laid the dear-lued boy,  
And now for evir maun I weep, 95  
My winsome Gilderoy.

\*\*\*

### XIII.

#### Winifreda.

THIS beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo."

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

Away; let nought to love displeasing  
My Winifreda, move your care ;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors 5  
With pompous titles grace our blood :

We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender, 9  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess ;  
We'll find within our pittance plenty, 15  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
For we will live a life of reason, 20  
And that's the only life to live.

<p>Through youth and age in love excellung,          We'll hand in hand together tread;          Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,          And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.</p> <p>How should I love the pretty creatures, 25          While round my knees they fondly clung;</p>	<p>To see them look their mothers features,          To hear them lisp their mothers tongue.</p> <p>And when with envy time transported,          Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30          You'll in your girls again be courted,          And I'll go a wooing in my boys.</p>
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## XIV.

*The Witch of Wokey.*

—was published in a small collection of poems, entitled, “*Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony; &c.*” 1756, written, in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furnished by the late Mr. Shenstone, with some variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propose, and for which the Author's indulgence was intreated. In this edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy; but, as that may be seen correctly given in Pearch's Collection, vol., i. 1783, p. 161, it was thought the reader of taste would wish to have the variations preserved; they are therefore still retained here, which it is hoped the worthy author will excuse with his wonted liberality.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crossed by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications: which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

In aunciente days tradition shoves  
 A base and wicked elfe arose,  
 The Witch of Wokey hight:

<p>Oft have I heard the fearfull tale          From Sue, and Roger of the vale,          On some long winter's night.</p> <p>Deep in the dreary dismall cell,          Which seem'd and was yeclaped hell,          This blear-eyed hag did hide:          Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,          She chose to form her guardian' trayne          And kennel near her side.</p> <p>Here screeching owls oft made their nest,          While wolves its craggy sides possest,          Night-howling thro' the rock:          No wholesome herb could here be found;          She blasted every plant around,          And blister'd every flock.</p> <p>Her haggard face was foul to see;          Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;          Her eyne of deadly leer,          She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;          She wreak'd on all her wayward will,          And marr'd all goodly chear.</p> <p>All in her prime have poets sung,          No gaudy youth, gallant and young,          E'er blest her longing armes;          And hence arose her spight to vex,          And blast the youth of either sex,          By dint of hellish charms.</p> <p>From Glaston came a lerned wight,          Full bent to marr her fell despight,          And well he did I ween:          Sich mischief never had been known,          And, since his mickle lernings shown,          Sich mischief ne'er has been.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p>
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He chaunted out his godlie booke, He crost the water, blest the brooke, Then—pater noster done,— The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er : When lo ! where stood a hag before, Now stood a ghastly stone.		For lo ! even, as the fiend did say, The sex have found it to this day, That men are wondrous scant : Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd, With all that's good and virtuous join'd, Yet hardly one gallant.	55 60
Full well 'tis known adown the dale : Tho' passing strange indeed the tale, And doubtfull may appear, I'm bold to say, there's never a one, That has not seen the witch in stone, With all her household gear.	40 45	Shall then sich maids unpitied moane ? They might as well, like her, be stone, As thus forsaken dwell. Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ; Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks, And, oh ! revoke the spell.	65
But tho' this lernede clerke did well ; With grievod heart, alas ! I tell, She left this curse behind : That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite, Tho' sense and beauty both unite, Should find no leman kind.	50	Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair : Virtue's the god's' peculiar care ; I hear the gracious voice : Your sex shall soon be blest agen, We only wait to find sich men, As best deserve your choice.	70

## XV.

## Bryan and Pereene,

## A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about the beginning of the present reign. The Editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger,\* who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the 4th vol. of Dodsley's *Miscellany*, p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the author :

O Solitude, romantic maid,  
Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,

Or starting from your half year's sleep  
From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
Or at the purple dawn of day  
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day.\*

The north-east wind did briskly blow,  
The ship was safely moor'd ;  
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,  
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,      5  
His heart long held in thrall ;  
And whoso his impatience blames,  
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,  
He dwelt on English land,      10  
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

\* Author of a poem on the "Culture of the Sugar-Cane," &c., published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins.

\* So in page 235, it should be, *Turn'd her magic ray*.

For Bryan he was tall and strong, Right blythsome roll'd his een, Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung, He scant had twenty seen.	15	Well pleas'd the token he survey'd, And manlier bent the wave.	35
But who the countless charms can draw, That grac'd his mistress true; Such charms the old world seldom saw, Nor oft I ween the new.	20	Her fair companions one and all, Rejoicing crowd the strand; For now her lover swam in call, And almost touch'd the land.	40
Her raven hair plays round her neck, Like tendrils of the vine; Her cheeks red dewy rosebuds deck, Her eyes like diamonds shine.		Then through the white surf did she haste, To clasp her lovely swain; When, ah! a shark bit through his waste: His heart's blood dy'd the main!	
Soon as his well-known ship she spied, She cast her weeds away, And to the palmy shore she hied, All in her best array.	25	He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave, Streaming with purple gore, And soon it found a living grave, And ah! was seen no more.	46
In sea-green silk so neatly clad She there impatient stood; The crew with wonder saw the lad Repell the foaming flood.	30	Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray, Fetch water from the spring: She falls, she swoons, she dies away, And soon her knell they ring.	50
Her hands a handkerchief display'd, Which he at parting gave;		Now each May morning round her tomb, Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew, So may your lovers scape his doom, Her hapless fate scape you.	55

## XVI.

## Gentle River, Gentle River.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

ALTHOUGH the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain, perhaps, a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language *Romances*, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero*, *El Cancionero*,\* &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gal-

lantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the Civil Wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this history (or perhaps romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted, and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate those beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends—how truly I know not—that they are translations from the

\* i. e. The ballad-singer.

Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been composed soon after the conquest of Granada above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has, for near two centuries past, so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English bards and minstrels, the reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement, when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporaneous songs, as we learn from Baret-

ti's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike; the consonants may be altogether different, as

*pone casa melen arcos*  
*noble cañas muere gamo*

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not displeasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the *Hist. de las Civiles Guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694*. One of them hath the rhymes ending in *aa*, the other in *ia*. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line;

*Rio verde, rio verde,\**

which could not be translated faithfully:

*Verdant river, verdant river,*

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

\* Literally, *Green river, green river*. *Rio Verde* is said to be the name of a river in Spain: which ought to have been attended to by the translator had he known it.

"Rio verde, rio verde,  
Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña  
De Christianos y de Moros  
Muertos por la dura espada!

"Y tus ondas cristalinas  
De roxa sangre se esmaltan:  
Entre moros y Christianos  
Muy gran batalla se trava.

"Murieron Duques y Condes,  
Grandes señores de salva:  
Murio gente de valia  
De la nobleza de España.

"En ti murio don Alonso,  
Que de Aguilar se llamaba  
El valeroso Urdiales,  
Con don Alonso acababa.

GENTLE river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sands so bright,  
Moorish Chiefs and Christian warriors  
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes  
On thy fatal banks were slain:  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonso  
Full of wounds and glory died:  
There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

<p>" Por un ladera arriba El buen Sayavedra marcha ; Naturel es de Sevilla, De la gente mas granada.</p>	20	<p>Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra Thro' their squadrons slow retires Proud Seville, his native city, Proud Seville his worth admires.</p>	20
<p>" Tras el iba un Renegado, Destu manera le habla ; Date, date, Sayavedra, No huyas de la batalla.</p>		<p>Close behind a renegado Loudly shouts with taunting cry ; Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra, Dost thou from the battle fly ?</p>	
<p>" Yo te conozco muy bien, Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa ; Y en la Plaza de Sevilla Bien te vide jugar cañas.</p>	25	<p>Well I know thee, haughty Christian, 25 Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ; Oft I've in the lists of glory Seen thee win the prize of proof.</p>	
<p>" Conozco a tu padre y madre, Y a tu muger doña Clara ; Siete años fui tu cautivo, Malamente me tratabas.</p>	30	<p>Well I know thy aged parents, Well thy blooming bride I know ; 30 Seven years I was thy captive, Seven years of pain and woe.</p>	30
<p>" Y aora lo seras mio, Si Mahoma me ayudara ; Y tambien te tratare, Como a mi me tratabas.</p>	35	<p>May our prophet grant my wishes, Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine ; Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow, 35 Which I drank when I was thine.</p>	35
<p>" Sayavedra que lo oyera, Al Moro bolvio la cara ; Tirole el Moro una flecha, Pero nunca lo acertaba.</p>	40	<p>Like a lion turns the warrior, Back he sends an angry glare : Whizzing came the Moorish javelin, Vainly whizzing thro' the air. 40</p>	40
<p>" Hirirole Sayavedra De una herida muy mala : Muerto cayo el Renegado Sin poder hablar palabra.</p>		<p>Back the hero full of fury Sent a deep and mortal wound : Instant sunk the Renegado, Mute and lifeless on the ground.</p>	
<p>" Sayavedra fue cercado De mucha Mora canalla, Y al cabo cayo alli muerto De una muy mala lançada.</p>	45	<p>With a thousand Moors surrounded, 45 Brave Saavedra stands at bay : Wearied out but never daunted, Cold at length the warrior lay.</p>	45
<p>" Don Alonso en este tiempo Bravamente peleava, Y el cavallo le avian muerto, Y le tiene por muralla."</p>	50	<p>Near him fighting great Alonzo Stout resists the Paynim bands ; 50 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted Firm intrench'd behind him stands.</p>	50
<p>" Mas cargaron tantos Moros Que mal le hieren y tratan : De la sangre, que perdía, Don Alonso se desmaya.</p>	55	<p>Furious press the hostile squadron, Furious he repels their rage : Loss of blood at length enfeebles : 55 Who can war with thousands wage!</p>	55
<p>" Al fin, al fin cayo muerto Al pie de un pena alta,— — Muerto queda don Alonso, Eterna fama ganara."</p>	60	<p>Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows, Close beneath its foot retir'd, Fainting sunk the bleeding hero, And without a groan expir'd. 60</p>	60
* * * * *		* * * * *	

\* \* In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

"Renegado" properly signifies an Apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the "Lion" &c., in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in "ia" viz.

"Sayavedra, que lo oyera  
Como un leon rebolbia.

## XVII.

*Alcanzor and Zaida,*

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

THE foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines:

"Por la calle de su dama  
Passeando se anda, &c."

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida, 5  
Whom he loves with flame so pure:  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute, 10  
Oft he paces to and fro;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate seize him,  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.— 15  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain. 20

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,

When some horrid storm dispersing  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely 25  
To her longing lover's sight,  
Steals half seen the beauteous maiden  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh: 30  
Alla\* keep thee, lovely lady;  
Tell me, an I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,  
Which thy damsel tells my page, 35  
That seduc'd by sordid riches  
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera  
Thy stern father brings along;  
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida, 40  
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,  
Nor thus trifle with my woes;  
Hide not then from me the secret,  
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden, 45  
While the pearly tears descend:  
Ah! my lord, too true the story;  
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd, 50  
Well are known our mutual vows:  
All my friends are full of fury;  
Storms of passion shake the house

\* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Throats, reproaches, fears surround me ; My stern father breaks my heart : Alla knows how dear it costs me, 55 Generous youth, from thee to part.	Take this scarf a parting token ; When thou wear'st it think on me. 80
Ancient wounds of hostile fury Long have rent our house and thine ; Why then did thy shining merit Win this tender heart of mine ? 60	Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden Shall reward thy generous truth : Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida Died for thee in prime of youth.
Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee Spite of all their hateful pride, Tho' I fear'd my haughty father Ne'er would let me be thy bride.	—To him all amaz'd, confounded, 85 Thus she did her woes impart : Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida ! Do not, do not break my heart.
Well thou know'st what cruel chidings 65 Of I've from my mother borne ; What I've suffer'd here to meet thee Still at eve and early morn.	Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ? Canst thou hold my love so small ? 90 No ! a thousand times I'll perish !— My curst rival too shall fall.
I no longer may resist them : All, to force my hand combine ; 70 And to-morrow to thy rival This weak frame I must resign.	Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ? O break forth, and fly to me ! This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, 95 These fond arms shall shelter thee.
Yet think not thy faithful Zaida Can survive so great a wrong ; Well my breaking heart assures me 75 That my woes will not be long.	'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor, Spies surround me, bars secure : Scarce I steal this last dear moment, While my damsel keeps the door. 100
Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor ! Farewell too my life with thee !	Hark, I hear my father storming ! Hark, I hear my mother chide ! I must go : farewell for ever ! Gracious Alla be thy guide !



SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

Though some make slight of Libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

I.

Richard of Almaine.

"A BALLAD made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,"

—affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shows that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III., the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies; while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to; but, with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243—Windsor Castle was the chief

which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard King of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he barricaded, and maintained for some time against the barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the *Chronicle of Mailros*; Oxon. 1684, p. 229.

The 4th stanza is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected King of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour that he was bringing with him foreigners to overrun the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren; and in the 6th and 7th stanzas insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holinshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253, s. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later

is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the f  
hath an oblique stroke over it.

SITTETU alle stille, ant herkneth to me;  
The Kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,  
Thritti thousand pound askede he  
For to make the pecs in the cowntre,

Ant so he dude more.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,  
Triethen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that howes kying,  
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,  
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,  
Let him habbe, ase he brew, hale to dryng,

Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel  
He saisede the mulne for a castel,  
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,  
He wende that the sayles were mangonol

To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederode ys host,  
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,  
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,  
Brohte from Alemayne mony sori gost

To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche  
synne,

That lette passen over see the Erl of Warynne:  
He hath robbed Engeland, the mores, ant th  
fenne,

The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren benne,  
For love of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Ver. 2, kyn, MS.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath snore biys chyn,  
Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,  
Shuld he never more come to ys yn,  
No with shelde, ne with spere, ne with other  
gyn,

To helpe of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop  
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:

Al he shuldo grante here twelfmoneth scot  
Shulde he never more with his sot pot

To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luof, be the loht, sire Edward,  
Thou shalt ride sporeless o thy lyard  
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,  
Shalt thou never more breke forward;

Ant that reweth sore

Edward, thou duest us a shreward,

Forsoke thyn emes lore

Richard, &c.

\* \* \* This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our Statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (Westm. Primer, c. 34, anno 3. Edw. I.) That it had this effect, is the opinion of an eminent writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c.," 4to., 2d edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

Ver. 40, g'te here, MS., i. e. grant their. Vld. Gloss. V. 44, This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

## II.

### On the Death of King Edward the First.

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, and sixty-ninth of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times,

the writer dwells more upon his devotion than his skill in government; and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstitious, which he had in common with all

his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the Holy Land; but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (one hundred and forty say historians, eighty says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch who succeeded immediately married. But the truth is Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures.—To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic license, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and, though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than fifty or sixty years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms and new modes of speech from other languages.

ALLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,  
A stounde herkneth to my song  
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,  
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;  
Of a knyht, that wes so strong, 5  
Of wham God hath don ys wille;  
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,  
That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for to knowe  
Of wham that song is, that y syng; 10  
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,  
Zent al this world is nome con springe:  
Trewest mon of alle thinge,  
Ant in werre war ant wys,  
For him we ahte oure hounden wrynge, 15  
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,  
He spek ase mon that wes in care,  
“ Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,  
Y charge ou by oure sware, 20  
That ye to Englonde be trewe.  
Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;  
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,  
For he is nest to buen y-core.

Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt, 25  
That hit be write at my devys,  
Over the see that Huo\* be diht,  
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,  
In werre that buen war ant wys,  
Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30  
To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,  
Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.’

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest sinne,  
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,  
To latte the wille of ‘ Edward kyng’ 35  
To wende to the holy londe:  
That oure kyng hede take on honde  
All Engelsond to zeme ant wysse,  
To wenden in to the holy londe  
To wynnen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messenger to the pope com,  
And seyde that our kyng was ded:  
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,  
Ywis his herte was full gret:  
The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45  
Ant spee a word of gret honour.  
Alas! he seid, is Edward ded!  
Of Christendome he ber the flour.”

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,  
For dol ne milite, he speke na more; 50  
Ant after cardinals he sende,  
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,  
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,  
Bed hem bothe rede ant syng:  
Gret deel me myhte se thore, 55  
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse  
With ful gret solemnpnetè,  
Ther me con the soule blesse:  
“ Kyng Edward honoured thou be: 60

\* The name of the person who was to preside over this business.

Ver. 33, sunne, MS. Ver. 35, Kyng Edward, MS. Ver. 43, ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his. Ver. 55, 60, Me, I. c. Men; so in Robert of Gloucester passion.

God love thi sone come after the,  
 Bring to ende that thou hast bygonne,  
 The holy crois y-mad of tre,  
 So fain thou wouldest hit hav y-wonne.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65  
 The flour of al chivalrie  
 Now kyng Edward liveth na more:  
 Alas! that he zet shulde deye!  
 He wolde ha rered up full heyze  
 Oure banners, that brueth broht to ground;  
 Well! longe we mowe clepe and erie 70  
 Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan  
 King of Engelond al aplyht,  
 God lete him ner be worse man  
 Then his fader, ne lasse of myht, 75  
 To holden is pore men to ryht,  
 And understonde good counsail,

Al Engelond for to wysse ant dyht;  
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel, 80  
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,  
 The godness myht y never telle,  
 That with kyng Edward was:  
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,  
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys; 85  
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,  
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.

\*.\* Here follow in the original three lines  
 more, which, as seemingly redundant, we  
 choose to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten endo,  
 Bidde we God ant oure Ledy to thilke  
 blisse  
 Jesus us sende. Amen.

### III.

#### An Original Ballad by Chaucer.

THIS little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen Round O. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their wings and axes: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary rondeau.—Geoffrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

#### I. 1.

Yours two eyn will sle me sodenly,  
 I may the beaute of them not sustene,  
 So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

#### 2.

And but your words will helen hastely  
 My hertis wound, while that it is grene,  
 Yours two eyn will sle me sodenly.

#### 3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,  
 That ye ben of my liffe and doth the quene,  
 For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.  
 Yours two eyn, &c.

#### II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased  
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;  
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

#### 2.

Giltless my deth thus have yo purchased;  
 I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:  
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

#### 3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed  
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn  
 To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.  
 So hath youre beaute, &c.

#### III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat  
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;  
 Syn I am fre, I counte him not a bene.

2.

He may answer, and sey this and that,  
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;  
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his scat,  
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:  
For ever mo 'ther\* is non other mene.  
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

## IV.

*The Turnament of Tottenham:*

"OR THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

It does honour to the good sense of this nation that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,\* it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the church early denounced its censures against it, and the state was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority: and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of Ridicule. With this view he has here introduced with admi-

nable humour a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the magnificent feasting—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous Turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

The Turnament of Tottenham was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to., by the Rev. Wilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, entitled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own; and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III., because Turnaments were prohibited in that

\* See [Mr. Hurd's] *Letters on Chivalry*, 8vo. 1762. *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, par M. de la Courne des Palais, 1769, 2 tom. 12mo., &c.

\* THIS MS.

reign. "I do verily believe," says he, "that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civil and ecclesiastical power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, 'It was no childrens game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of geasting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?" It is, however, well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396], which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of King Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq., and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;

Of fele feyzytyng folk ferly we fynde,  
'The Turnament of Tottenham have we in mynde;

It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede

Of Hawkyn, of Herry,

Of Tomkyn, of Terry,

Of them that were dughty

And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Tottenham on a dere day, 10

'Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way:

Theder com al the men of the contray,

Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,

And all the swete swynkers.

Ther hopped Hawkyn,

Ther daunsed Dawkyn,

Ther trumped Tomkyn,

And all were trewe drynkers.

'Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,  
That thay schuld reekyn thor scot and ther counts cast;

Perkyn the potter into the press past, 21

And sayd Randol the refe, a dozter thou hast,

Tyb the dere:

'Therfor faine wyt wold I,

Whyeh of all thys bachelery 25

Were best worthye

To wed hur to hys fere.

Upstyrthos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,

And sayd, Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves;

Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves; 30

We er rycher men than he, and more gode haves

Of cattell and corn;

Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have

hyzt

That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,

If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,

Or elles zet to morn. 36

Then sayd Randolfo the refe, Ever be he waryd

That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:

I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,

But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd;

'Therfor a Turnament schal begynne 41

Thys day sevenyzt,—

Wyth a flayl for to fyzt:

And 'he,' that is most of myght

Schal brouke hur wyth wyne. 45

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,

Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,

For to wyne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,

And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe 50

For no spens wyl I spare,

For no cattell wyl I care,

He schall have my gray mare,

And my spottyd sowe.

Ver. 20, It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be cont or conters. Ver. 48, dozyt, MS. Ver. 49, coppel. We still use the phrase, "a cople-crowned hen."

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to  
bede: 55

Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they  
zede;

And all the weke afterward graythed ther  
wede,

Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther  
dede.

They armed ham in matts;

Thay set on ther nollys,

For to kepe ther pollys,

Gode blake bollys,

For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed them in schopekynnes, for thay  
schuld not brest:

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest: 65

'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'  
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,

Furth gon thay fare:

Ther was kyd mekyl fors

Who schuld best fend hys cors: 70

He that had no gode hors,

He gat hym a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,  
When all the gret company com rydand to  
the croft.

Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft 75  
On a sek ful of fedys, for scho schuld syt  
soft,

And led 'till the gap.'

For cryeng of the men

Forther wold not Tyb then,

Tyl scho had hur brode hen 80

Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the  
nonys,

And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde  
bonys,

And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre'  
stonys;

Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for  
the nonys; 85

For no 'spendings' thay had spared.

When joly Gylb saw hur thare,

He gyrd so hys gray mare,

'That scho lete a fowkin' fare

At the rereward.

90

I vow to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe  
belynde,

May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the  
blynde,

Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,

For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

I wot I schall hym greve. 95

Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.

And I vow, quoth Dawkyn,

May I mete wyth Tomkyn,

Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal  
thou se, 100

Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the  
gre:

I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;  
In what place so I come they schal have dout  
of me,

Myn armes ar so clere:

I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105

Poudred wyth a brenand drake,

And thre cantells of a cake

In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the  
gowt,

Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand hero  
aboute, 110

Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the  
route,

In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay  
schal have doute.

When I begyn to play.

I make avowe that I ne schall,

But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115

Or I be thryes don fall,

Ryzt onys com away.

Then sayd Terry, and he swore be hys crede;  
Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body  
bede, 119

For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in  
drede,

I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away  
lede:

Ver. 57, gayed, P. C. V. 66 is wanting in MS., and supplied from, P. C. V. 72. He borrowed him, P. C. V. 76. The MS. had once sedys, i. e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedys, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Seny, i. e. Mustard-seed. V. 77, And led hur to cap, MS. V. 83, Bedwell's P. C. has "Ruel-Bones." V. 84, safer stones, MS. V. 85, wrotyn, i. e. wrought, P. C. reads written. V. 96, No catel [perhaps chate] they had spared, MS.

V. 89, Then . . . faucon, MS. V. 101, grant, MS. V. 109, yf he have, MS. V. 110, the MS. literally has thr. sand here.

<p>I am armed at the full;  In myn armys I here wole  A doz trogh, and a pele,  A sadyll wythout a panell, 125  Wyth a fles of woll.</p>	<p>Bollys and dysches al to schintred,  And many hedys brokyn.</p>
<p>I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swore be  the stra,  Whyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr  not swa;  For scho ys wole schapen, and lizt as the rae,  Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur  schal ga; 130  Scho wul ne nozt begyle:  Sche wyl me here, I dar say,  On a lang somerys day,  Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,  Nozt other half myle. 135</p>	<p>There was clynkyng of cart-sade lys, and  clatteryng of cannes;  Of fole frekys in the feld brokyn were their  fannes;  Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the  brayn-pannes,  And yll were thay besene, or thay went  thanns, 166  Wyth swyppying of swepyls:  Thay were so wery for-foght,  Thay myzt not fyzt mare cloft,  But creped about in the 'croft,' 170  As thay were croked crepyls.</p>
<p>I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of  cold rost,  I schal wyreth 'wyselyer' without any bost:  Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,  I wot I schal thaym wyne, and bryng thaym  to my cost,  And here I grant thaym Tybbe. 140  Wele boyes here ys he,  That wyl fyzt, and not fle,  For I am in my jolyte,  Wyth so forth, Gybbe. 145</p>	<p>Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute;  Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:  An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoutel  That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,  For no cost wyl I spare. 176  He styrt up as a snale,  And hont a capul be the tayle,  And 'rest' Dawkin hys flayle,  And wan thore a mare. 180</p>
<p>When thay had ther vowes made, furth can  thay hie, 145  Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumps mad  of tre:  Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;  Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold  be:  Thayr baners were ful bryzt  Of an old rotten fell; 150  The cheveron of a plow-mell;  And the schadow of a bell,  Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.</p>	<p>Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:  Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don  sa;  Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present  hur with tha:  The Capulys were so wery, that thay myzt  not ga,  But styl gon they stond. 185  Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;  Mee had lever then a ston of chese,  That dere Tyb had al these,  And wyst it were my sond.</p>
<p>I wot yt 'was' ne chylder game, whan thay  todedyt met, 154  When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet,  And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,  And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,  And few wordys spoken.  Ther were flayles al to slatred,  Ther wer scheldys al to flatred, 160</p>	<p>Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang  Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he  wrang; 191  He threw tham down to the erth, and thrust  tham amang,  When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,  And after hym ran;  Off his horse he hym drogh, 195  And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:  We te hel! quoth Tyb, and lugh,  Ye er a dughty man.</p>

Ver. 123, merth, MS. V. 137, swyselyer, MS. V. 146,  
flayles, and harnisse, P. C. V. 151, The Chiefe, P. C. V.  
154, yt ys, MS.

Ver. 168, The boyes were, MS. V. 170, creped then about  
in the croft, MS. V. 179, razt, MS. V. 186, stand, MS.  
V. 189, saad, MS.



'Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was  
nere nyzt:

All the wyves of 'Tottenham came to se that  
syzt 200

Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there  
lyzt,

To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham  
trouth plyzt;

And sum brozt gret harwos,

Ther husbandes hom to fetch,

Sum on dores, and sum on hech, 205

Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,

And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' everych  
syde,

And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was  
hys pryde:

Tyb and he, wyth gret 'mirth' homward con  
thay ryde, 210

And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde;

And thay 'to church went:'

So wele hys nedys he has sped,

That dore Tyb he 'hath' wed;

The prayse-folk, that hur led, 215

Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones;  
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand  
'thither' on the stonys:

Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at  
onys;

Of sum where the hedes brokon, of some the  
schulder bonys; 220

With sorrow come thay thedyr.

Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,

Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,

And so was all the bachelary,

When thay met togedyr. 225

\*At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche  
aray,

Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;

And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;

And at the last thay went to bed with ful  
gret derau:

Mekyl myrth was them among; 230

In every corner of the hous

Was melody delycyous

For to here precyus

Of six menys song.†

## V.

## For the Victory at Agincourt.

THAT our plain and martial ancestors could  
wield their swords much better than their  
pens, will appear from the following homely  
rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet  
laureat of those days to celebrate the immor-  
tal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415.  
This song or hymn is given merely as a curi-  
osity, and is printed from a MS. copy in  
the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio.

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*

OWRE kyng went forth to Normandy,  
With grace and myzt of chivalry;  
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,  
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5

*Deo gratias:*

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

Ver. 190, Thys, MS. V. 204, hom for to fetch, MS. V.  
208, about everych side, MS. V. 209, the gre, is wanting  
in MS. V. 210, mothe, MS. V. 212, And they here assent,  
MS. V. 214, had wed, MS. V. 215, The cheefemen, P. C.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,  
To Harflue toun with ryal aray;  
That toun he wan, and made a fray, 10  
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

*Deo gratias: &c.*

Then went owre kyng, with alle his oste,  
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;  
He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne most, 15  
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

*Deo gratias, &c.*

Ver. 219, trippand on, MS.

\* In the former impressions, this concluding stanza was  
only given from Bedwell's printed edition; but it is here  
copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found  
separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a  
money-account, and other heterogeneous matter.

† Six-men's song, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakespeare  
uses *Three-men song-men*, in his *Winter's Tale*, A. III. sc.  
3, to denote men that could sing catches composed for three  
voices. Of this sort are Weekes's Madrigals mentioned  
below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakespeare has *Three-  
men Beelle*; i. e. a Beelle or Rammer worked by three men  
2 Hen. IV. A. I. sc. 3.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely  
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,  
 Thorow grace of God most myzty  
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

20

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,  
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,

And some were ledde in to Londone 25  
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renene.  
*Deo gratias, &c.*

Now gracious God he save owre kyng,  
 His peple, and all his wel wyllinge,  
 Gof him gode lyfe, and gode endyng, 30  
 That we with morth mowe savely synge  
*Deo gratias:*  
*Deo gratias Anglia reddet pro victoria.*

## VI.

## The Not-Browne Mayd.

THE sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's "Henry and Emma," this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo., 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book\* preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will show where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the "Nubrowne Mayd"

\* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf; the Song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, 'Mr. W.'

was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707," 4to., being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. No. 3777.] The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's Tale of "The Serjeant," &c., which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to show how little can be in-

ferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Floddenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

“Grant, gracious God, grant me this time,  
That I may say, or I cease, thy selven to  
please;  
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;  
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in  
heaven;  
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full  
wide,  
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes  
noble;  
Henry the seventh, that sovereigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
On women do complayne;\*  
Affyrmyng this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vayne,  
To love them wele; for never a dele 5  
They love a man agayne:  
For late a man do what he can,  
Theyr favoure to attayne,  
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
Theyr first true lover than 10  
Laboureth for nought: for from her thought  
He is a banyshed man.

Ver. 2, woman. Prolusions, and Mr. West's copy. V. 11, her, i. e. their.

\* My friend, Mr. Farnie, proposes to read the first lines thus, as a Latinism:

*Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,  
On woman to complayne.*

I say nat nay, but that all day  
It is bothe writ and sayd  
That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15  
All utterly decayd;  
But, neverthelesse ryght good wytnesse  
In this case might be layd,  
That they love true, and continde:  
Recordes the Not-browne Mayde: 20  
Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
To her to make his mone,  
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart  
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscuss 25  
What was all the manere  
Betwayne them two: we wyll also  
Tell all the payne, and fere,  
That she was in. Now I begyn  
So that ye me answer; 30  
Wherfore, all ye that present be  
I pray you, gyve an ere  
“I am the knyght; I come by nyght,  
As secret as I can;  
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case, 35  
I am a banyshed man.”

## SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
In this wyll nat refuse;  
Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,  
That men have an yll use 40  
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,  
And causelesse them accuse;  
Therfore to you I answer now,  
All women to excuse,—  
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chore?  
I pray you, tell anone; 46  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

## HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do  
Whereof grete harme shall growe: 50  
My destiny is for to dy  
A shamefull deth, I trowe;  
Or elles to fle: the one must be.  
None other way I knowe,  
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55  
And take me to my bowe.  
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!  
None other rede I can;  
For I must to the grene wode go, 60  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.  
O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,  
That changeth as the mone!  
My somers day in lusty may  
Is derked before the none.  
I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,  
We depart nat so sone.  
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?  
Alas! what have ye done?  
All my welfäre to sorrowe and care  
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.  
I can belove, it shall you greve,  
And somewhat you dystrayne;  
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde  
Within a day or twayne  
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take  
Comfort to you agayne.  
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,  
Your labour were in vayne.  
And thus I do; and pray you to  
As hartely, as I can;  
For I must to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.  
Now, syth that ye have shewed to me  
The secret of your mynde,  
I shall be playne to you agayne,  
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
I wolle not leve behynde:  
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd  
Was to her love unkynde:  
Make you redy, for so am I,  
Although it were anone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.  
Yet I you rede to take good hede  
What men wyll thynke, and say:  
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,  
That ye be gone away,  
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,  
In grene wode you to play;  
And that ye myght from your delyght  
No longer make delay.

Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105  
Be called an yll woman,  
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.  
Though it be songe of old and yonge,  
That I sholde be to blame, 110  
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large  
In hurtyng of my name:  
For I wyll prove, that faythfalle love  
It is devoyd of shame;  
In your dystresse, and hevynesse, 115  
To part with you, the same:  
And sure all tho, that do not so,  
True lovers are they none;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone. 120

HE.  
I counceyle you, remember howe,  
It is no maydens lawe,  
Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
To wode with an outlawe:  
For ye must there in your hand bere 125  
A bowe, redy to drawe;  
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
Ever in drede and awe;  
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:  
Yet had I lever than, 130  
That I had to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.  
I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,  
It is no maydens lore:  
But love may make me for your sake, 135  
As I have sayd before  
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote  
To gete us mete in store;  
For so that I your company  
May have, I aske no more: 140  
From which to part, it maketh my hart  
As colde as ony stone;  
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

HE.  
For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145  
That men hym take and bynde;

Without pytè, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wynde,  
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)  
 What rescous coude ye fynde? 150  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:  
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your counceyle than:  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wole knowe ye, that women be  
 But feble for to fyght;  
 No womanhede it is indede  
 To be holde as a knyght: 160  
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande  
 To greve them as I myght,  
 And you to save; as women have 165  
 From deth 'men' many one:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede  
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170  
 The thornie wayes, the depe vallèies,  
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,  
 We must lodge on the playne:  
 And, us above, none other rofe 175  
 But a brake bush, or twayne:  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man. 180

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also parte of your wo  
 Endure, as reson is:  
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre 185  
 And, shortely, it is this:  
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,  
 I coude nat fare amysse.  
 Without more speche, I you beseche  
 That we were sone agone; 190

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,  
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,  
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195  
 Nor drinke, here, ale, ne wyne.  
 No schetès clene, to lye betwene,  
 Made of threde and twyne;  
 None other house, but loves and bowes,  
 To cover your hed and myne. 200  
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète  
 Sholde make you pale and wan;  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wyld dere, such an archère,  
 As men say that ye be, 205  
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,  
 Where is so grete plentè:  
 And water clere of the ryvère  
 Shall be full swete to me; 210  
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele  
 Endure, as ye shall see;  
 And, or we go, a bedde or two  
 I can provyde anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
 Yf ye wyll go with me:  
 As cut your here up by your ere,  
 Your kyrtel by the kne; 220  
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
 Your enemyes yf nede be:  
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,  
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfyll, 225  
 Do it shortely as ye can:  
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you  
 Than longeth to womanhede; 230  
 To shote my here, a bowe to bere,  
 To shote in tyme of nede.

Ver. 150, secours, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 162, and night,  
 Camb. Copy. V. 164, to helpe ye with my myght, Prol. and  
 Mr. W. V. 172, frost and rayne, Mr. W. V. 174, Ye must,  
 Prol. V. 190, shortley gone, Prol. and Mr. W.

Ver. 196, Neyther here, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 201, Lo  
 myn, Mr. W. V. 207, May ye nat fayle, Prol. Ib. May nat  
 fayle, Mr. W. V. 219, above your ere, Prol. V. 220, above  
 the kne, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 223, the same, Prol. and  
 Mr. W.

O my swete mother, before all other  
 For you I have most drede:  
 But now, adue! I must ensue,  
 Where fortune doth me lede.  
 All this make ye: Now let us fle:  
 The day cometh fast upon;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,  
 And I shall tell ye why,—  
 Your appetyght is to be lyght  
 Of love, I wele espy:  
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,  
 In lyke wyse hardely  
 Ye wolde answer whosoever it were,  
 In way of company.  
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;  
 And so is a womàn.  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take heda, it is no nede  
 Such wordes to say by me;  
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,  
 Or I you loved, pardè:  
 And though that I of auncestry  
 A barons daughter be,  
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved  
 A squyer of lowe degrè;  
 And ever shall, whatso befall;  
 To dy therfore\* anone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!  
 It were a cursed dede;  
 To be felawe with an outlawe!  
 Almighty God forbede!  
 Yet beter were, the pore squyera  
 Alone to forest yede,  
 Than ye sholde say another day,  
 That, by my cursed dede,  
 Ye were betray'd: Wherefore, good mayd,  
 The best rede that I can,  
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver. 251, For I must to the grene wode go, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 263, yet is, Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. V. 262, dy with him. Editor's MS.

\* I. e. for this cause . . . though I were to die for having loved you

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall  
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:  
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,  
 Then have ye me betrayd.  
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;  
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,  
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde  
 Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,  
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy  
 Sone after ye be gone;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;  
 For in the forest nowe  
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you;  
 Another fayrere, than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe;  
 And of ye bothe eche sholde be wrothe  
 With other, as I trowe:  
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;  
 So wyll I, yf I can;  
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your:  
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,  
 And courteys every hour;  
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll  
 Commaunde me to my power:  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 'Of them I wolde be one;'  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true:  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,  
 The best that ever I knewe.

Ver. 278, outbrayd, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 282, ye be as, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 283, Ye were unkynde to lev me behynde, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 310, So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read:

Yet wold I be that one.

Ver. 316, of all, Prol. and Mr. W.

Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged nowe;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe. 320  
 Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd  
 To you, whan I began;  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordes on the splene. 330  
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene:  
 Than were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone:  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335  
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;  
 I will nat dysparage

You, (God defend!) syth ye descend  
 Of so grete a lynage. 340  
 Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,  
 I wyll you brynge; and with a ryng  
 By way of maryage  
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345  
 As shortly as I can:  
 Thus have you won an erlys son  
 And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable: 350  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable;  
 But, rather, pray God, that we may  
 To them be comfortable;  
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,  
 Yf they be charytable. 355  
 For syth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one,  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone. 360

## VII.

*A Balet by the Earl Rivers.*

THE amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catalogue of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout Earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contempo-

rary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own handwriting: *In tempore*, says this writer, *incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum Balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: SUM WHAT MUSING, &c.* "*Rossi Hist.* 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." In Rouse the 2d Stanza, &c., is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in "*Ancient Songs from the time of King Henry III. to the Revolution*," p. 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem

Ver. 325, gladder, Prol. and Mr. W.

Ver. 340, grete lynyage, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 347, Then have, Prol. V. 348, and no banyshed, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352, This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. V. 355, proved—loved, Prol. and Mr. W. Ib. as loveth, Camb. V. 357, Forsoth, Prol. and Mr. W.

of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus:

"Alone walkyng. In thought plainyng,  
And sore sighyng, All desolate,  
My remembryng Of my livyng  
My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.

"Infortunate Is so my fate  
That wote ye what, Out of mesure  
My life I hate; Thus desperate  
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUMWHAET musyng, And more mornyng,  
In remembring The unстыdfastnes;  
This world being Of such whelyng,  
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowtles, Remediles, 5  
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce,  
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,  
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,  
With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,  
And no suraunce Of remedy.] 10  
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,  
Such is my dawnce, Wylling to dye.  
Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,  
And that gretly, To be content;  
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry 15  
All contrary From myn entent.  
My lyff was lent Me to on intent,  
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!  
But I ne went Thus to be shent,  
But sho hit ment; such is hur won. 20

## VIII.

*Cupid's Assault: By Lord Vaux.*

THE reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries; if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII., and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589, 4to.," a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assaulte of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. When Cupid Scaled, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,  
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;  
The batry was of such a sort,  
That I must yelde or die therfore.  
There sawe I Love upon the wall, 5  
How he his banner did display;  
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:  
And had his souldiours kepe aray.  
The armes, the which that Cupide bare  
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,  
In silver and sable to declare 11  
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.  
There might you se his hand all drest  
In colours like to white and blacke,  
With powder and with pelletes prest 15  
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.  
Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,  
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,  
For spence of powder he spared not  
Assault! assault! to crye aloude. 20  
There might you heare the cannons rore;  
Eche peece discharged a lovers loke;  
Which had the power to rent, and tore  
In any place wheras they toke.

Var 15 That fortune Dassi'dit V 10 went i e weened.



And even with the trumpettes sowne 25  
The scaling ladders were up set,  
And Beautie walked up and downe,  
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,  
And shrouded him under 'his' targe; 30  
As one the worthiest of them all,  
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,  
And halberdes with handy strokes;  
The argabushe in floshe it lightes, 35  
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the souldiers use  
When shot and powder gins to want,  
I hanged up my flagge of truce,  
And pleaded up for my livès grant. 40

When Fanny thus had made her breche,  
And Beauty entred with her band,  
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,  
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retere, 45  
And every souldier to retire,  
And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet  
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day  
I hath served you at all assayes, 50  
I yeld to you without delay  
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,  
At whom you shot at with your eye;  
Nodes must you with your handy warke 55  
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

\*.\* Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Earl of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie, 1589," in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, "In the latter end of the same

kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly makers [poets], of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt th' elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . In the same time, or not long after, was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar making."\*—Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, ranges them in the following order, "The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey.—Again, the style and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes.—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, *I lothe that I did love*, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, "A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No. 1703, § 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII., but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux,† except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son. William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304.—Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

\* I. e. Compositions in English.

† In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

## IX.

## Sir Aldingar.

THIS old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the editor, that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the emperor (here called King) Henry.

Our king he kept a false stewarde,  
Sir Aldingar they him call;  
A falsen steward than he was one,  
Seryde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,  
Her deere worshippe to betraye: 6  
Our queene she was a good woman,  
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,  
With her hee was never content, 10  
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,  
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,  
A lazar both blinde and lame:  
He tooke the lazar upon his backe, 15  
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyst,  
Looke thou goe not hence away;  
He make thee a whole man and a sound  
In two howers of the day."\* 20

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,  
And hyed him to our king:  
"If I might have grace, as I have space  
Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar, 25  
Saye on the soothe to mee,  
"Our queene hath chosen a new new love,  
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had beene her shame; 30  
But she hath chose her a lazar man,  
A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
The tyding thou tellest to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight, 35  
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,  
As God nowe grant it bee!  
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,  
Shall hang on the gallows tree. 40

He brought our king to the queenes chamber,  
And opend to him the dore.  
A lodlye love, king Harry says,  
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none, 45  
Here on my sword thoust dye;  
But a payre of new gallows shall be built,  
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,  
And an angry man was hee: 50  
And soone he found queene Elinore,  
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,  
And Christ you save and see;  
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love, 55  
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had been your shame:  
But you have chose you a lazar man,  
A lazar both blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,  
And brent all shalt thou bee. —  
"Now out alack! said our comly queene,  
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene, 65  
My heart with grieve will brast.

\* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

I had thought swovens had never been true; I have proved them true at last.		Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye, Oer hill and dale about: 110
I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve, In my bed wheras I laye,	70	But never a champion colde she finde Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast Had carryed my crowne awaye;		And nowe the daye drewe on a pace, When our good queene must dye ; All woe-begone was that faire damselle, 115 When she found no helpe was nye.
My gorgett and my kirtle of golde, And all my faire head-geere;		
And he wold worrye me with his tush 75 And to his nest y-bare:		All woe-begone was that faire damselle, And the salt teares fell from her eye : When lo! as she rode by a rivers side, She met with a tinye boye. 120
Saving there came a little 'gray' hawke, A merlin him they call, Which untill the grounde did strike the grype, That dead he downe did fall. 80		A tinye boye she mette, God wot, All clad in mantle of golde ; He seemed noe more in mans likenesse, Then a childe of four yeeve olde.
Giffe I were a man, as now I am none, A battell wold I prove, To fight with that traitor Aldingar; Att him I cast my glove.		Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd, And what doth cause you moane? 126 The damselle scant wolde deigne a looka, But fast she pricked on.
But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, 85 My liege, grant me a knight To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar, To maintaine me in my right."		Yet turne againe, thou faire damselle, And greete thy queene from mee: 130 When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest, Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.
"Now forty dayes I will give thee To seeke thee a knight therin: 90 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes Thy bodey it must brenn."		Bid her remember what she dreamt In her bedd, wheras shee laye; 134 How when the grype and the grimly beast Wolde have carryed her crowne awaye,
Then shee sent east, and shee sent west, By north and south bedecne:		
But never a champion colde she find, 95 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.		Even then there came the little gray hawke, And saved her from his clawes : Then bidd the queene be merry at hart, For heaven will fende her cause. 140
Now twenty dayes were spent and gone, Noe helpe there might be had; Many a teare shed our comelye queene And aye her hart was sad. 100		Back then rode that faire damselle, And her hart it lef for glee: And when she told her gracious dame A gladd woman then was shee.
Then came one of the queenes damselles, And knelt upon her knee, "Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame, I trust yet helpe may be:		But when the appointed day was come, 145 No helpe appeared nye: Then woeful, woeful was her hart, And the teares stood in her eye.
And here I will make mine avowe, 105 And with the same me binde; That never will I return to thee, Till I some helpe may finde."		And nowe a fyer was built of wood ; And a stake was made of tree; 150 And nowe Queene Elinor forth was led, A sorrowful sight to see

- Three times the herault he waved his hand,  
And three times spake on hye :  
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,  
Come forth, or shee must dye. 156
- No knight stood forth, no knight there came,  
No helpe appeared nye:  
And now the fyer was lighted up,  
Queen Elinor she must dye. 160
- And now the fyer was lighted up,  
As hot as hot might bee ;  
When riding upon a little white steed,  
The tinye boy they see.
- "Away with that stake, away with thoso  
brands, 165  
And loose our comelys queene:  
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,  
And prove him a traitor keene."
- Furthe then stood Sir Aldingar,  
But when he saw the chylde, 170  
He laughed, and scoffed and turned his lack,  
And weened he had been beguylde.
- "Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,  
And eyther fighte or flee ;  
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge, 175  
Though I am so small to see."
- The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,  
So gilt it dazzled the ee ;  
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar  
Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180
- "Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,  
And fight upon thy feete,  
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,  
Of height wee shall be meete."
- A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar, 185  
While I am a man alive.
- A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,  
Me for to housle and shrive.
- I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,  
Bot shee wolde never consent ; 190  
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,  
In a fyer to have her brent.
- There came a lazar to the kings gates,  
A lazar both blind and lame ;  
I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195  
And on her bedd had him layne.
- Then ranne I to our comlye king,  
These tidings sore to tell.  
But ever alacke ! sayes Aldingar,  
Falsing never doth well. 200
- Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,  
The short time I must live,  
"Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,  
As freely I forgive."
- Here take thy queene, our King Harrye,  
And love her as thy life, 206  
For never had a king in Christentye,  
A truer and fairer wife.
- King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,  
And loosed her full sone ; 210  
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye :  
——The boye was vanisht and gone.
- But first he had touchd the lazar man,  
And stroakt him with his hand :  
The lazar under the gallowes tree 215  
All whole and sounde did stand.
- The lazar under the gallowes tree  
Was comelye, straight and tall ;  
King Henrye made him his head stewarde  
To wayte withinn his hall. \*.\* 220

## X.

*The Gaberlunzie Man.*

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

TRADITION informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,\* and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz., in this ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man;" and in another, entitled "The Jolly Beggar," beginning thus:

"Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging  
he was boun,  
And he tuk up his quarters into a land'art  
toun.

Fa, la, la, &c."

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,† where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: and notwithstanding that authority, the editor of this book is of opinion that Bishop Tanner was right.

King James V. died December 13th, 1542, aged 33.

The pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee  
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,  
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat, 5  
And down azout the ingle he sat,  
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

\* sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

† Vol. II. p. 203.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this countrie, 10  
How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa togither were say'n, 15  
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa wi' me thou sould gang. 20  
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wylicly they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisnre put on her claihts, 30  
Synne to the servants bed she gae  
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day! 35  
For some of our geir will be gane,  
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist.  
She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly hen.  
The servant gaed where the dochter lay, 45  
The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife can say,  
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

<p>O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,          And hast ze, find these traitors agen ; 50          For slices be burnt, and hees be slein,          The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.          Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,          The wife was wood, and out o' her wit ;          She could na gang, nor yet could she sit, 55          But ay did curse and did ban.</p> <p>Mean time far hind out owre the lee,          For snug in a glen, where nane could see,          The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,          Cut frae a new cheese a whang. 60          The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,          To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.          Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,          My winsome gaberlunzie-man.</p>	<p>O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65          Illfardly wad she crook her mon,          Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,          Afir the gaberlunzie-mon.          My dear, quo he, zee're zet owro zonge ;          And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70          To follow me frae toun to toun,          And carrie the gaberlunzie on.</p> <p>Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,          And spindles and whorles for them whaneed,          Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75          The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.          Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,          And draw a black clout owre my ee,          A cripple or blind they will cau me :          While we sall sing and be merrie—o.</p>
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## XI.

## On Thomas Lord Cromwell.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining Popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catherine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities: his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master: but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shown him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. —The original copy printed at London in 1540, is entitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Cromwel, called Trolle on away." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.

Synge heave and howe rombellowe trolle on awaye.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell  
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Cromwell,  
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.  
 Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,  
 Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst  
 grace ; 5  
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydyst a pace.  
 Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,  
 Thou lockydyst them vp where no man wyst,  
 Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges  
 were myst.  
 Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy  
 handes, 10  
 Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,  
 Therfore now thou art layde fast in bandes.  
 Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his  
 grace ?  
 Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,  
 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place. 15  
 Synge, &c.

Hys grace was ouer of gentyll nature,  
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruy-  
ture ;  
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd  
procure.

Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,  
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,  
For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke. 21

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre ;  
But euer was full of iniquite ;  
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled  
with the.

Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25  
Agynst the churche thou baddest them  
stycke ;  
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the  
quycke.

Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles  
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles ;  
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules. 30

Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can  
tell,  
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,  
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Synge, &c.

The woldest neuer to vertue applye,  
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35  
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye,

Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose ;  
Wherfore all Englande doth hate the, as I  
suppose

Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.  
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to  
flocke 40  
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke :  
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this  
blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,  
And for thy carcas care thou nought,  
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,  
And prynee Edward that goodly flowre,  
With al hys lordes of great honoure.  
Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away  
Heve and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

†† The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c., made in the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I., &c.

V. 41, Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney; but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.

## XII.

*Harpalus.*

## AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

THIS beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, &c., 4to., in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by "Uncertain Auctours." These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII., but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to., fol. 19, 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the "Shepherd's Calender,"\* this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLLIDA was a faire mayde,  
As fresh as any flowre;  
Whom Harpalus the Herdman prayde  
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5  
Were herdmen both yfere:  
And Phyllida could twist and spinne,  
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phyllida was all to coye,  
For Harpalus to winne: 10  
For Corin was her onely joye,  
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?  
How often garlandes make 15  
Of couslips and of colombyne?  
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,  
And forced more the field:  
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;  
For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,  
His labour all was lost;  
For he was furdest from her thought,  
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25  
And drye as clot of clay:  
His fleshe it was consumed cleane:  
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;  
His heare long all unkempt: 30  
A man most fit even for the grave,  
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht'  
His face besprent with teares:  
It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,' 35  
In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;  
As one forlorne was he;  
Upon his head alwayes he ware  
A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
And he sate in the dale;  
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,  
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say) 45  
Unhappiest under sunne!  
The cause of thine unhappy day,  
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke  
A tigre to make tame, 50  
That settos not by thy love a leeke;  
But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert  
The frost into 'a' flame;  
As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55  
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

\* First published in 1570.

Ver. 33, &c. The corrections are from Ed. 1674.



Corin he liveth carèlesse :		What reason is that crueltie	
He leapes among the leaves :		With beantie should have part ?	
He eates the frutes of thy redresse :		Or els that such great tyranny	
Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves. 60		Should dwell in womans hart ?	
My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,		I see therefore to shape my death 85	
And harke your herdmans sounde ;		She cruelly is prest ;	
Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,		To th' ende that I may want my breath :	
Through-girt with many a wounde.		My dayes been at the best.	
O happy be ye, beastès wilde, 65		O Cupide, graunt this my request,	
That here your pasture takes :		And do not stoppe thine eares, 90	
I se that ye be not begilde		That she may feele within her brest	
Of these your faithfull makes.		The paines of my dispaire :	
The hart he feedeth by the hinde :		Of Corin ' who ' is carèlesse,	
The bucke harde by the do : 70		That she may crave her fee :	
The turtle dove is not unkinde		As I have done in great distresse, 95	
To him that loves her so.		That loved her faithfully.	
The ewe she hath by her the ramme ;		But since that I shal die her slave ;	
The young cow hath the bull :		Her slave, and eke her thrall :	
The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75		Write you, my frendes, upon my grave	
Do fede their hunger full.		This chaunce that is befall. 100	
But, well-away ! that nature wrought		" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus	
The, Phylida, so faire :		By cruell love now slaine :	
For I may say that I have bought		Whom Phylida unjustly thus	
Thy beauty all to deare. 80		Hath muredred with disdaine."	

## XIII.

## Robin and Makyne.

## AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits ; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply as it stands in the old editions : whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose " Ever-Green," Vol. I., it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among " Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Banatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo." Mr. Ro-

bert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following elege, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet who lived about the middle of the 16th century :

" In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,  
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed some little farther insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from

the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz., "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, Scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865, § 1.

In Ramsay's "Ever-Green," Vol. I., whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one entitled "The Lyon and the Mouse," the other "The Garment of Gude Ladyis." Some other of his poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems printed from Bannatyne's MS.," above referred to.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,  
Keipand a flock of fie,  
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,  
"O Robin, rew on me:  
I haif thee luivt baith loud and still, 5  
Thir towmonds twa or thre;  
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,  
Doubtless but droid ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,  
Naithing of luve I knaw, 10  
But keip my sheip undir you wod:  
Lo quhair they raik on raw.  
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,  
Thou Makyne to me schaw;  
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude? 15  
Fain wald I leir that law.

"The law of luve gin thou wald leir,  
Tak thair an A, B, C;  
Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie, 20  
Sae that nae danger do the deir,  
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;  
Press ay to pleis and blyth appeir,  
Be patient and privie."

Robin, he answert her againe, 25  
I wat not quhat is luve;  
But I haif marvel in certaine  
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.  
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;  
My sheep gais hail above; 30  
And sould we play us on the plain.  
They wald us baith reprove.

Ver. 19, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. V. 21, So that no danger. Bannatyne's MS.

"Robin, tak tent unto my tale,  
And wrik all as I roid;  
And thou sall haif my heart all hale 35  
Eik and my maidenheid:  
Sen God, he sendis bate for bale,  
And for murning remeid,  
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,  
Doubtless I am but deid." 40

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,  
Gif ye will meit me heir,  
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,  
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;  
But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45  
Frae thay begin to steir,  
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,  
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

"Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;  
I luve bot thee alane." 50  
Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,  
The day is neir-hand gane.  
"Robin, in dule I am so drest,  
That luve will be my bane."  
Makyne, gao luve quhair-eir ye list, 55  
For loman I luid nane.

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
I sich and that full sair."  
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;  
At hame I wish I were. 60  
"Robin, my binny, talk and smyle,  
Gif thou will do nae mair."  
Makyne, som other man beguyle,  
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went, 65  
As light as leif on tree:  
But Makyne murt and made lament,  
Scho throw'd him neir to see.  
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:  
Then Makyne cried on hie, 70  
"Now may thou sing, for I am shent!  
Quhat aillis luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,  
And weirylic could weip;  
Then Robin in a full fair dale 75  
Assemblit all his sheip.  
Be that some part of Makyne's ail,  
Out-throw his heart could creip;  
Hir fast he followt to assail,  
And till her take gude keip. 80

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne, A word for ony thing; For all my luvie, it sall be thyne, Withouten departing. All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85 Is all my coveting; My sheip to morn quhylyle houris nyne, Will need of nae keiping.	"Robin, that warld is now away, 105 And quyt brocht till an end: And nevir again thereto, perfoy, Sall it be as thou wend; For of my pain thou made but play; I words in vain did spend: 110 As thou hast done, sae sall I say, Murn on, I think to mend."
"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say, In gestic and storys auld, 90 The man that will not when he may, Sall have nocht when he wald. I pray to heaven baith nicht and day, Be eiked their cares sae cauld, That presses first with thee to play, 95 Be forrest, firth, or fauld."	Makyne, the hope of all my heil, My heart on thee is set; I'll evermair to thee be leil, 115 Quhylyle I may live but lett, Never to fail as uthers feill, Quhat grace so eir I get. "Robin, with thee I will not deill; Adieu, for this we met." 120
Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry, The wether warm and fair, And the grene wod richt neir-hand by, 100 To walk attowre all where: There may nae janglers us espy, That is in luvie contrair; Therin, Makyne, baith you and I Unseen may mak repair.	Makyne went hameward blyth enough, Outowre the holtis hair; Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh; Scho sang, and he sicht sair: And so left him bayth wo and wreuch, In dolor and in care, 125 Keipand his herd under a heuch, Amang the rushy gair.

## XIV.

## Gentle Herdsman, Tell to Me.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

THE scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. (See his account of the "Virgo Parathalasia," in his colloquy entitled, "Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo." He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shown him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit or sent a present to "Our

Lady of Walsingham."<sup>\*</sup> At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics.

V. 117, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, no faill, as in Ed. 1770.

Ver. 93, Bannatyne's MS. has woid, not woud, as in Ed. 1770.

\* See at the end of this Ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,  
Of curtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the towne of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham  
The way is hard for to be gon;  
And verrey crooked are those pathes  
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the milcs doubled thrise,  
And the way never so ill,  
Itt were not enough for mine offence,  
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,  
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are  
greene;  
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,  
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,  
If thou knewest soe much as I;  
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,  
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,  
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr;  
I am a woman, woe is me!  
*Born to greiffe and irksome care.*

For my beloved, and well-beloved,  
*My wayward cruelty could kill:*  
*And though my teares will nought avail,*  
*Most dearly I bewail him still.*

*He was the flower of noble wights,*  
*None ever more sincere colde bee;*  
*Of comely mien and shape hee was,*  
*And tenderly hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,*  
*I grewe so proud his paine to see,*  
*That I, who did not know myselfe,*  
*Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*

\*And grew soe coy and nice to please,  
As women's lookes are often soe,  
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,  
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

\* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of "Edwin and Emma;" the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

Thus being wearyed with delays  
To see I pittied not his greiffe,  
He gott him to a secrett place,  
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare, 45  
And sacrifice my tender age;  
And every day He begg my bread,  
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray  
And ever will doe till I dye; 50  
And gett me to some secrett place,  
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,  
But keepe my secretts I thee pray:  
Unto the towne of Walsingham 55  
Show me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!  
For he must ever guide thee still:  
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

\* \* \* To show what constant tribute was paid to "Our Lady of Walsingham," I shall give a few extracts from the "Household Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770, 8vo.

Sect. XLIII., page 337, &c.

Item, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngham.—*iiij d.*

Item, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to sende yerly for the unholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenynge *xj lb.* of Wax in it

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn despairing hid,  
I'll lay me down and die:  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.

after *vij* d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenaut maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrning,—*vi* s. *viiiij* d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham,

for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,—*xij* d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—*iiij* s. *iiij* d.

## XV.

## King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the "Art of English Poesie," 1589, 4to., seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called *Acron*, i. e. "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,"

for [*I feare me*] *I shall be hanged*; whereat the king laughed a good,\* not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. "I am afraid," concludes this sagacious writer, "'the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward,'" p. 214. The phrase here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present,† but occurs with some variation in another old poem, entitled, "John the Koeve," described in the following volume (see the Preface to "The King and the Miller"), viz.:

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,  
And Edward wer in this place,

Hee shold not touch this tonne:  
He wold be wroth with John I hope,  
Thereffore I beshrewe the soupe,  
That in his mouth shold come."

Pt. 2, st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, entitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c., printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of "The King and the Barker," reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, &c., London, 1791, 8vo." As that very antique Poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,  
And blossoms bedecke the tree,  
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,  
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,  
With horne, and eke with bowe;

\* Vid. Gloss.

† Nor in that of the Barker mentioned below.

To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,  
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe  
By eight of clocke in the day, 10  
When he was ware of a bold tanner,  
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet cont the tanner had on  
Fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide, 15  
And a mare of four shilling.\*

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all, m  
Under the grene wood spraye;  
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,  
To weet what he will saye. 20

God speede, God speede thee, sayd our king.  
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.  
"The readiest waye to Drayton Basset  
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25  
Fro the place where thou dost stand?  
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,  
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,  
Thou doest but jest I see; 30  
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,  
And I pray the wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:  
I hold thee out of thy witt;  
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,  
And I am fasting yett. 35

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,  
No daynties we will spare;  
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,  
And I will paye thy fare." 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,  
Thou payest no fare of mine:  
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,  
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45  
And send them well to priefe.

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,  
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,  
Of thee I am in great feare, 50  
For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,  
Might besecme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,  
I tell you, sir, by the roode.  
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift  
doth, 55  
And standest in midds of thy goode."\*

What tydings heare you, sayd the kyng,  
As you ryde farre and neare?  
"I heare no tydings, sir, by the masse,  
But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are  
those?  
I marvell what they bee?"  
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;  
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king, 65  
I praye thee tell me trowe.  
"I am a barker,† sir, by my trade;  
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,  
That am forth of service worne, 70  
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,  
Thy cunnings for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,  
That thou my prentise were:  
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold  
winne 75  
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,  
If thou wilt not seeme strange:  
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,  
Yet with thee I faine wold change. 80

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,  
As change full well maye wee,

\* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecil, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A.D. 1466, among many other bequests, has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." Vjd. Harleian Catalog. 2176, 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

\* I. e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

† I. e. a dealer in bark.

By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fel-  
lowe,  
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85  
I sweare, so mote I thee:  
My horse is better than thy mare,  
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,  
And softly she will fare: 90  
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;  
Aye skipping here and there."

What boote wilt thou have? our king re-  
ply'd;

Now tell me in this stound.  
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye, 95  
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyd,  
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,  
Thou hadst not had one pennie. 100

But since we two have made a change,  
A change we must abide,  
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,  
Thou gettest not my cow-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kyng, 105  
I sweare, so mought I thee;  
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,  
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,  
That of the cow was hilt; 110  
And threwe it upon the king's sadelle,  
That was soe fayrelye gille.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,  
'Tis time that I were gone:  
When I come home to Gyllian my wife, 115  
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legges;  
The tanner a f \* \* lett fall.  
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,  
Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sa-  
delle,  
And his foote in his stirrup was;  
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,  
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,  
And eke the blacke cowe-horne: 125  
He stumped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,  
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat;  
And held by the pummil fast: 130  
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;  
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he  
sayd,  
With mee he shall not byde.  
"My horse wolde have borne thee well  
enough, 135  
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if agayne thou fayne woldst change,  
As change full well may wee,  
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,  
I will have some boote of thee." 140

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,  
Nowe tell me in this stounde?

"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,  
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse;  
And twentye I have of thine: 145  
And I have one more, which we will spend  
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouth,  
And blew both loude and shrille: 150  
And soone came lords, and soone came  
knights,  
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,  
That ever I sawe this daye!  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fel-  
lowes  
Will beare my cowe-hide away. 155

They are no thieves, the king replyde,  
I sweare, soe mote I thee:  
But they are the lords of the north countrey,  
Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And soone before our king they came,  
And knelt downe on the ground:  
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,  
And had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here: sayd the king,	165	Lo here I make thee the best esquire	175
A collar he loud gan crye:		'That is in the North countrie.*	
Then woulde he lever then twenty pound,		For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,	
He had not beene so nigho.		With tenements faire beside:	
A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,		'Tis worth three hundred markes by the	
I trowe it will breed sorrowe:	170	yeare,	
After a collar commeth a halter,		To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.	186
I trow I shall be hanged to-morrowe.		Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,	
Be not afraid, tanner, said our king;		For the favour thou hast me showne;	
I tell thee, so mought I thee,		If ever thou comest to merry Tamwõrth,	
		Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.	
		**	

## XVI.

*As ye came from the Holy Land.*

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

THE scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. I., p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,  
To the shrine with speede,  
Met I with a jolly palmer  
In a pilgrimes weede.  
Now God you save, you jolly palmer!  
"Welcome, lady gay,  
Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
—Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.\*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning pestle," Act. II., sc. ult., and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his

\* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. I.

"Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her † wenches after."

† i. e. their.

invisible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618: Act I. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and "Gentle Herdsman," &c., thus early in the work, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

As ye came from the holy land  
Of blessed Walsingham,  
O met you not with my true love  
As by the way ye came?

\* This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a collar. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that we may thence note also an observable passage, whereto the use of making Esquires, by giving collars, is expressed." (Sub Tit. *Equiro*; & vide in *Spelman's Glossar. Armiger*.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq., to whom the Public is indebted for that curious work, the "Curt alia," 4to.



"How should I know your true love, That have met many a one, As I came from the holy land, That have both come, and gone?"	5	I that loved her all my youth, Growe old now as you see; Love liketh not the falling fruit, Nor yet the withered tree.	25
My love is neither white,* nor browne, But as the heavens faire; There is none hath her form divine, Either in earth, or ayre.	10	For love is like a carelesse childe, Forgetting promise past: He is blind, or deaf, whenever he list; His faith is never fast.	30
"Such an one did I meet, good sir, With an angelicke face; Who like a nymphe, a queene appeared Both in her gait, her grace."	15	His fond desire is fickle found, And yeldes a trustlesse joye; Wonne with a world of toil and care, And lost ev'n with a toye.	35
Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me, And left me all alone; Who some time loved me as her life, And called me her owne.	20	Such is the love of womankind, Or Loves faire name abuse, Bonenthe which many vaine desires, And follyes are excusde.	40
"What is the cause she leaves thee thus, And a new way doth take, That some times loved thee as her life, And thee her joy did make?"		'But true love is a lasting fire, Which viewless vestals* tend, That burnes for ever in the soule, And knowes nor change, nor end.'	

## XVII.

## Hardyknute.

## A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own

composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "*There's nae light,*" &c., which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of publishing the first Edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed he had been in-

\* sc. pale.

\* sc. Angels.

formed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard Fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The Poem is here printed from the original Edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, page 208.)

## I.

STATELY slept he east the wa',  
And stately slept he west,  
Full seventy years he now had seen,  
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.  
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith  
Wrought Scotland mickle wae:  
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,  
He was their deadlie fae

## II.

High on a hill his castle stood,  
With ha's and tow'rs a height  
And goodly chambers fair to se,  
Where he lodged mony a knight.  
His dame sae peerless anes and fair,  
For chaste and beauty deem'd  
Nae marrow had in all the land,  
Save Elenor the queen.

## III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
All men of valour stout:  
In bloody fight with sword in hand  
Nine lost their lives bot doubt:  
Four yet remain, lang may they live  
To stand by liege and land;  
High was their fame, high was their might,  
And high was their command.

## IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair  
Their sister soft and dear,  
Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,  
And gowden glist her hair.  
What waefu' was her beauty bred!  
Waefu' to young and auld,  
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,  
As story ever tauld.

## V.

The King of Norse in summer tyde,  
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,

Landed in fair Scotland the isle  
With mony a hardy knight.  
The tydings to our good Scots king  
Came, as he sat at dine,  
With noble chiefs in brave array,  
Drinking the blood-red wine. 40

## VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
Your faces stand on the strand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
The king of Norse commands."  
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray, 45  
Our good king rose and cry'd,  
A trustier beast in a' the land  
A Scots king nevir try'd.

## VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on hill sae hie, 50  
To draw his sword, the dread of faces,  
And haste and follow me.  
The little page flew swift as dart  
Flung by his muster's arm,  
"Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,  
And rid your king frae harm." 56

## VIII.

Then red red grew his dark brown cheeks,  
Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
His looks grew keen as they were wont  
In dangers great to do; 60  
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,  
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,  
That trees in green wood shook thereat,  
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

## IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee, 65  
Had past that summer's morn,  
When low down in a grassy dale,  
They heard their father's horn.  
That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,  
We've other sport to bide. 70  
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,  
And soon were at his side.

## X.

"Late late the yestreen I ween'd in peace  
To end my lengthened life,  
My age might well excuse my arm 75  
Frae manly feats of strife,  
But now that Norse do's proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to intrall,



Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd  
With Caledonian blade."

Then furth he drew his trusty glave, 165  
While thousands all around  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;  
And loud the bougles sound.

## XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill  
In hast his merch he made, 170  
While, playand pibrochs, minstrells meit  
Afore him stately strade.  
"Thrice welcome valliant stoup of weir,  
Thy nations shield and pride;  
Thy king nae reason has to fear 175  
When thou art by his side."

## XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrown;  
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the tree. 180  
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,  
With little skaith to mon,  
But bloody bloody was the field,  
Ere that lang day was done.

## XXIV.

The King of Scots, that sindle brook'd 185  
The war that look'd like play,  
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
Sin bows seem'd but delay.  
Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,  
I wat it's bled a score. 190  
Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king  
As he rode on before.

## XXV.

The King of Norse he sought to find,  
With him to mense the faught,  
But on his forehead there did light 195  
A sharp unsonsie shaft;  
As he his hand put up to feel  
The wound, an arrow keen,  
O wae fu' chance! there pinn'd his hand  
In midst between his een. 200

## XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,  
Your mail-coat shn' nae bide  
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"  
Then sent it through his side.

Another arrow well he marked, 205  
It pierced his neck in twa,  
His hands then quat the silver reins,  
He low as earth did fa'.

## XXVII.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleids!"  
Again wi' might he drew 210  
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,  
Fast the braid arrow flew:  
Wae to the knight he ettled at;  
Lament now Queen Elgred;  
High dames too wail your darling's fall, 215  
His youth and comely meed.

## XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe  
(Of gold well was it twin'd,  
Knit like the fowler's net, through quihlk  
His steelly harness shin'd) 220  
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid  
Him venge the blood it bears;  
Say, if he face my bended bow,  
He sure nae weapon fears."

## XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall, 225  
Braid shoulders and arms strong,  
Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd  
And fear'd at Britain's throne:  
Tho' Britons tremble at his name  
I soon shall make him wail, 230  
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,  
Sae saft his coat of mail."

## XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd nae bide,  
It lent him youthfu' might:  
"I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd, 235  
To Scotland's king I heght  
To lay thee low, as horses hoof;  
My word I mean to keep."  
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
He garr'd his body bleed. 240

## XXXI.

Norss' ean like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,  
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;  
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
That left thee power to strike:"  
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell, 245  
It made him down to stoup,

As lugh as he to ladies us'd  
In courtly guise to lout.

## XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,  
His bow he movell'd sair, 250  
Sin blows till then on him but dail'd  
As touch of Faily fan :  
Noise movell'd too as sair as he  
To see his stately look ;  
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae, 255  
Sae soon his life he took.

## XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set  
Bauld Thomas did advance,  
Ane sturdy fua with look enag'd  
Up toward him did piance; 260  
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks  
The hardy youth to quell,  
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach  
His fury to repell

## XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd,  
Looks like poor Scotlands gear, 266  
But dierdfull seems the rusty point"  
And loud he leugh in jean.  
"Oft Britons blood has dimm'd its shine ;  
This point cut short their vaunt " 270  
Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek ;  
Nae time he took to taunt

## XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,  
His stirrup was nae stay,  
Sae feeble hing his unbent knee 275  
Sure taiken he was fey .  
Swiith on the harden't clay he fell,  
Right far was heard the thud :  
But Thomas look't nae as he lay  
All waltering in his blud : 280

## XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,  
On roade he north the plain ;  
His seem in thiong of fiercest strife,  
When winner ay the same  
Not yet his heart dunes dimplet cheek 285  
Could mease soft leve to bruik,  
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,  
Then languid grew his luik.

## XXXVII.

In thraivs of death, with walowit cheek,  
All panting on the plain, 290  
The fainting corps of warriours lay,  
Ne're to arise again ;  
Ne're to return to native land,  
Nae mair with blithsome sounds  
To boast the glories of the day, 295  
And shaw their shining wounds.

## XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame  
May wash the rocks with tears,  
May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas  
Before her mate appears. 300  
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain ;  
Thy lord lyes in the clay ,  
The valiant Scots nae revers thole  
To carry life away.

## XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross 305  
Set up for monument,  
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day  
Fill'd keen war's black intent  
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute  
Let Noise the name ay dread, 310  
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd  
Shall latest ages read.

## XL

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,  
Sair beat the heavy shower,  
Mink grew the night ere Hardyknute 315  
Wan near his stately tower  
His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze  
To shine sae far at night,  
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
Nae marvel sair he sighed. 320

## XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,  
There's nae light in my ha' ;  
Nae blink shines round my Faily fair,  
Nor waid stands on my wa' .  
"What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ;"—  
Nae answer fitts their dread 326  
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide !"  
But by they past with speed

## XLII.

"As fast I've sped o'er Scotlands faes,"—  
There ceas'd his brag of weir, 330

Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
And maiden fairly fair.

Black fear he felt, but what to fear

He wist nae yet; wi' dread

Sair shook his body, sair his limbs, 335

And a' the warrior fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* In an elegant publication, entitled "Scottish Tragie Ballads, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo.," may be seen a continuation of the ballad of Hardyknute, by the addition of a "Second Part," which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor—To whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 203) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find, that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of the *Tragie Ballads*, and of *Maitland's Scot. Poets*, vol. I. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M. D., of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a Fragment. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c., 1719," folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20, *but*,—v. 56, *of harm*,—v. 64, *every*,—v. 67, *lo down*,—v. 83, *That* omitted,—v. 89, *And* omitted,—v. 143, *With argument but vainly strave Lang*,—v. 148, *say'd*,—v. 155, *incampit on the plain*,—v. 156, *Norse squadrons*,—v. 158, *regand revers*,—v. 170, *his strides he bent*,—v. 171, *minstrals play and Pibrochs fine*,—v. 172, *stately went*,—v. 182, *mon*,—v. 196, *sharp and fatal*,—v. 219, *which*,—v. 241, *stood wyld*,—Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38,—v. 305, *There*,—v. 313, *blew wrestling*,—v. 336 had originally been, *He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd*.

The editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M. D., of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions:

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speeds,

Scarce could they reach their aim:

Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,

'Twas all but shot in vain:

Righ strengthy arms forcebled grow,

Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:

E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,

And cur'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,

Swords clash'd and harness rang;

But saftly sae ilk blaster blew

The hills and dales fraemang.

Nae echo heard in double dints,

Nor the lang-winding horn,

Nae mair she blew out brade as she

Did eir that summers moru.

## SERIES THE SECOND.

## BOOK II.

## I.

*A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman.*

IN the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that entitled "Little John Nobody," may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I., folio), to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII., entitled "Every Man;" the other called "Lusty Juventus," printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions: in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it—a supplement to the pulpit:—this was so much the case, that in the play of "Lusty Juventus," chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

"The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in  
this wise playnlye,  
As in the xxxij chapter it doth appere:  
Be converted, O ye children. &c."

\* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the  
priesthood:

"There is no emperor, kyng, duke, ne baron,  
That of God hath commissyon,  
As hath the leest preest in the world beyng.

\* \* \*

God hath to them more power gyven,  
Than to any aungell, that is in heven;  
With v. words he may consecrate  
Goddes body in fleshe, and blode to take,  
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.  
The preest byndeth and unbindeth all handes,  
Both in erthe and in heven.—

Thou ministerst all the sacramentes seven.  
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;  
Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly:  
No remedy may we fynde under God,  
But alone on presthode.

— God gave preest that dignité,  
And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,  
Thus be they above aungels in degre."

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, Vol. I. p. 61.

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:

"The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,  
But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,  
They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,  
In olde traditions, and made by men, &c."

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The worlde was never meri  
Since chyldren were so bouldre;  
Now every boy will be a teacher,  
The father a foole, the chyldre a preacher."

Of the plays above mentioned, to the first is subjoined the following, Printer's Colophon, ¶ "Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprinted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot." In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richardo Pynson.

The other is intituled, "An interlude called Lufty Juventus;" and is thus distinguished at the end: "Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprynted at London in Paules churche yeard by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe." Of this, too, Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some further particulars in Series the First, Book II., see "The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage;" and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols., Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

#### THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,  
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,  
Which hath given the wolues a fall,  
And is become our strong defence:  
For they thorowe a false pretens  
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,\*

\* I. e. denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

Gottynge from every man his pence,  
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our Mayles coulde get  
To kepe our house, and survauntes; 10  
That did the Freers from us fet,  
And with our soules played the mer-  
chauntes:  
And thus they with theyr false warrantess  
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,  
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15  
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,  
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;  
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,  
If it above the ground did growe: 20  
But now we husbandmen do knowe  
Al their subtelye, and theyr false caste;  
For the Lorde hath them overthrowe  
With his swete word now at the laste.

#### DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25  
Hast usurped kynges powers,  
As having power over realmes and townes,  
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres.  
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours  
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse;  
As do the decentful foulers, 31  
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,  
Thretening poore men with swearde and  
fyre;  
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35  
To make them cleve to thy desire,  
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;  
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,  
Such as to reade them have desyre,  
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng downe;  
Thou shalt not ruygne many a yere,  
I shall dryve the from citey and towne,  
Even with this pen that thou seyste here:  
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shyldre, and  
speare, 45  
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;  
Which is now so open and cleare,  
That it shall brynge the under the borde.\*

\* I. e. Make thee knock under the table.



THE POPE.		THE CARDINAL.	
Though I brought never so many to hel, And to utter dampnacion,	50	I am a Cardinall of Rome, Sent from Christes hye vicary,	
Throughe myne ensample, and consel, Or thorow any abhominacion,		To graunt pardon to more, and sune,	75
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.		That wil Luther resist strongly :	
And thou, Luther, arte accursed ;		He is a grente hereticke treuly,	
For blamyng me, and my condicion,	55	And regardeth to much the scripture ;	
The holy decrees have the condempned.		For he thinketh onely thereby	
		To subdue the popes high honoure :	80
Thou stryvest against my purgatory, Because thou findest it not in scripture ;		Receive ye this pardon devoutely, And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;	
As though I by myne auctorite		Plucke up your herts, and be manlye,	
Myght not make one for myne honoure.	60	For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :	
Knowest thou not, that I have power		And this be sure, that at one flyghte,	85
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,		Although ye be overcome by chaunce,	
In erth, and every creature ?		Ye shall to heaven go with grente myghte ;	
Whatsoever I do it must be well.		God can make you no resistaunce.	
As for scripture, I am above it ;	65	But these heretikes for their medlynge	
Am not I Gods hye vicare ?		Shal go down to hel every one ;	90
Shulde I be bounde to followe it,		For they have not the popes blessyng,	
As the carpenter his ruler ?*		Nor regard his holy pardon :	
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,		They thinke from all destruction	
That will not obey my auctoritie.	70	By Christes blood to be saved,	
With this sworde I wyl declare,		Fearynge not our excommunicacion,	95
That ye shal al accursed be.		Therefore shall they al be dampned.	

## II.

## John Anderson my Jo.

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

WHILE in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library):

"Tak a Wobster, that is leill,  
And a Miller, that will not steill,

With ane Priest, that is not gredy,  
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,  
And, throw virtue of thame three,  
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be."

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of Popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green sleeves* and *pudding pies* (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: *Maggy Lauder*

\* I. e. his rule.

was another: *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d, are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne,

printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudysang, called 'Welcome Fortunes,'"<sup>\*</sup>

## WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae by,  
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in  
a pye:  
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a  
pat;  
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get  
that.

## MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze  
threven?  
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cum-  
mer, I hae seven.  
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man?  
WOM. Na, Cummer, na;  
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was  
awa'.

## III.

*Little John Nobody.*

WE have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI., written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Memoirs of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the reformed religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners; whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [Archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the Scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies and other

religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: and as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in

<sup>\*</sup> See also Biograph. Briant. 1st ed. vol. i. p. 177.

which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book III. in this Series.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,

After november, when the nights wax noy-some and long;

As I past by a place privily at a port,  
I saw one sit by himself making a song:

His last\* talk of trifles, who told with his tongue

That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned† that freake,

Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.

He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell

What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad.

He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,

As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;

To discusse divinity they nought adread;  
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.

Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.

He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,  
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;

It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,

As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;

As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:

Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;‡

But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,  
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;

As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;  
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,

With homilies, and godly books us among,  
That no stiff, stubborn stomachs we should freyke:

But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;

But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,

And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,

And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world,

That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.

For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,

That if a man do amisse, with mischief they wil him wreake;

The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:

But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,

And in lechery to leyke al their long life;

For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave

Wil move mischief in their mind both to maid and wife

To bring them in advoutry or else they wil strife,

And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:

But of these frantie il fellows, few of them do thrife;

Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil curishly carp, and not care

According to their foolish fantasy; but fast wil they naught:

Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:

Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought:

\* Perhaps He left talk. † feigned, MSS. and P. C.

‡ Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are said to be

— "Of Caymes kind." Vid. Sig. C. & b.

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with  
his bloud us bought,  
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a  
manful freyke  
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little  
or nought;  
And that I little John Nobody dare not  
once speake.

Thus in no place, this NOBODY, in no time I  
met,  
Where no man, 'ne'\* NOUGHT was, nor NO-  
THING did appear;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sor-  
row I swett,  
That 'Aeolus'\* though the eecho did cause  
me to hear.  
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas  
the dumb deer  
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from  
a freyke:  
For I would no wight in this world wist who  
I were,  
But little John Nobody, that dare not once  
speake.

## IV.

## Queen Elizabeth's Verses, while Prisoner at Woodstock,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of  
his *Travels*, which has been reprinted in so  
elegant a manner at Strawberry-Hill. In  
Hentzner's book they were wretchedly cor-  
rupted, but are here given as amended by his  
ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and  
one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's  
copy, are here restored.

Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering  
state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!

Witness this present prisonn, whither fate  
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed 5  
From bandes, wherein are innocents in-  
closed:  
Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death hath well de-  
served.  
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.  
A. D. MDLV. ELIZABETH, PRISONNER.

## V.

## The Heir of Linne.

THE original of this Ballad is found in the  
Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects  
in which, rendered the insertion of supple-  
mental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped  
the Reader will pardon, as indeed the com-  
pletion of the story was suggested by a  
modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there

discernible in this poem, it would seem to  
have been originally composed beyond the  
Tweed.

The heir of Linne appears not to have been  
a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose  
title went along with his estate.

\* *Hercules*, MS. and P. C.

Ver. 4, Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to  
Did bear or Hath borne. See below the *Beggar of Bednal*  
Green, ver. 57, Could say.

\* then, MSS. and P. C.

## PART THE FIRST.

LETHE and listen, gentlemen,  
To sing a song I will beginne:  
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,  
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, 5  
His mother a lady of high degree;  
But they, alas! were dead, him free,  
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,  
To drinke and revell every night, 10  
To card and dice from eve to morne,  
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,  
To alwaye spend and never spare,  
I wott, an' it were the king himselve, 15  
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne  
Till all his gold is gone and spent;  
And he maun sell his landes so broad,  
His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,  
And John o' the Scales was called hee:  
But John is become a gentel-man,  
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne, 25  
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;  
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,  
Good store of gold He give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;  
My lande nowe take it unto thee: 30  
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,  
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,  
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;\*  
But for every pounce that John agreed, 35  
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde.  
He was right glad his land to winne;  
The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And now He be the Lord of Linne. 40

\* i. e. earnest-money; from the French "Denier à Dieu."  
At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a God's-penny.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,  
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,  
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,  
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight. 45  
My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,  
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,  
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode, 49  
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;  
For when all the world doth frown on thee,  
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:  
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,  
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55  
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,  
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;  
And then his friendes they slunk away;  
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny left but three,  
And one was brass, another was lead,  
And another it was white monney.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne, 65  
Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,  
For when I was the Lord of Linne,  
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,  
And why shold I feel dole or care? 70  
He borrow of them all by turnes,  
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;  
Another had payd his gold away;  
Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75  
And bade him sharply wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,  
Now well-aday, and woe is me;  
For when I had my landes so broad,  
On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door,  
I wis, it were a brenning shame:  
To rob and steal it were a sinne:  
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now He away to lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend:  
When all the world should frown on me  
I there shold find a trusty friend.

## PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne  
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,  
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,  
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,  
In hope some comfort for to winne:  
But bare and lothly were the walles.  
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke  
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yowe;  
No shimmering sunn here ever shone,  
No halcsome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,  
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,  
Nought save a rope with renning noose,  
That danging hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,  
These words were written so plain to see:  
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all  
And brought thyselfe to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,  
I therefore left this trusty friend:  
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,  
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,  
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;  
His heart, I wis, was near to brast  
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,  
Never a word he spake but three:  
"This is a trusty friend indeed,  
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drew,  
And sprang aloft with his bodle:  
When lol the ceiling burst in twaine,  
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,  
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:  
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,  
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,  
Strait good comfort found he there:  
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,  
In which there stood three chests in-fere.\*

Two were full of the beaten golde,  
The third was full of white monèy;  
And over them in broad lettèrs  
These words were written so plaine to see.

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;  
Amend thy life and follics past;  
For but thou amend thee of thy life,  
That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;  
And let it bee, but if I amend:†  
For here I will make mine awow,  
This readet‡ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,  
Away then went the heire of Linne;  
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,  
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,  
Upp at the speere‡ then looked hee;  
There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himselfe sate at the bord-head,  
Because now lord of Linne was hee.  
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,  
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;  
Away, away, this may not bee:  
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,  
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Ver. 60, an old northern phrase.

\* in-fere, i. e. together.

† i. e. unless I amend.

‡ i. e. advice, counsel.

§ Perhaps the Hcle in the door or window, by which it was speered, i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votarios, we have this phrase (fol. 38). "The dore therof oft tymes opened and speared agayen."

Then hespake the heire of Linne,  
 To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:  
 Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75  
*I pray for sweet saint Charite.*

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,  
 I sweare thou gettest no almes of mee;  
 For if we should hang any losel heere,  
 The first we wold begiu with thee. 80

Then hespake a good fellowe,  
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;  
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;  
 Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85  
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee;  
 Therefore He lend thee forty pence,  
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,  
 To let him sit in thy companie: 90  
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,  
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,  
 All woud he answer'd him againe:  
 Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd, 95  
 But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer' thee, heire of Linne,  
 Before these lords so faire and free,  
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,  
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said. 101  
 With that he cast him a gods pennie:

Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,  
 And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105  
 And layd them down upon the bord:  
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,  
 Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,  
 He told it forth mickle dinne. 110  
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And now Imc againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,  
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee:  
 Now I am againe the Lord of Linne, 115  
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

He make the keeper of my forrest,  
 Both of the wild deere and the tame;  
 For but I reward thy bounteous heart,  
 I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame. 120

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales;  
 Now welladay! and woe is my life!  
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,  
 Now Imc but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;  
 Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said  
 hee: 126  
 Christs curse light on me, if ever again  
 I bring my lands in jeopardy. \*.\*

††† In the present edition of this ballad  
 several ancient readings are restored from the  
 folio MS.

Ver. 34, of Part I., and 102, of Part II., cast is the reading  
 of the MS.

## VI.

*Gascoigne's Praise of the Fair Bridges, afterwards Lady Sandes,*

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the "*Steele-glass*," 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's Inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, entitled, "*Gascoigne's Wodmanship*, written to Lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "*his poore house in Walthamstoe*:" where he died, a middle-aged man, in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, entitled, "*A remembrance of the well-employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq.*, who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent., an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to., no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks "*Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification.*"\* But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the "*Paradise of Dainty Devises*"† (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times), will hardly be found one rough or inharmonious line:‡ whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear,

like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of twelve and fourteen syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first entitled, "*A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c.*," London, imprinted for Richarde Smith: without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202), compared with the printer's epist. to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or '3. The other is entitled, "*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq.*, corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575.—Printed at London, for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's\* or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, "*Occulta veritas tempore patet*" [r. s.]. This is mentioned because it is not improbable, but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburgh gallery,† and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

IN court whose demaundes  
What dame doth most excell;  
For my conceit I must needs say,  
Faïre Bridges beares the bel.

\* Observation on the *Faerie Queen*, Vol. II. p. 168.

† Printed in 1578, 1593, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-letter.

‡ The same is true of most of the poems in the "*Mirror of Magistrates*," 1563, 4to., and also of "*Surrey's Poems*," 1557.

\* Henrie Finneinan.  
Le Temps découvre la Verité.



Upon whose lively cheekes, 5  
To prove my judgment true,  
The rose and lillie seeme to strive  
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well  
Hir graces all agree; 10  
No frowning cheere dare once presume  
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,  
Which like some other best,  
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe 15  
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;  
God wotte, they little knowe  
The hidden cause of that mishap,  
Nor how the harm did growe: 20

For when dame Nature first  
Had framde hir heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it  
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well: 25  
Lo here, quod she, a peece  
For perfect shape, that passeth all  
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche  
The greatest God of love, 30  
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,  
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes  
Were vaunted all in wayne:  
And some unseen wer present there, 35  
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,  
Close in a corner stode,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:  
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame  
Gan kinde in his brest,  
And herd dame Nature boast by hir  
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45  
He chaunged into hate,  
And soleylnly with nightie mace  
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greaved Nature muche  
To see the cruell deede: 50  
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept  
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt  
Shal have some helpe I trowe:  
And quick with skin she covered it, 55  
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,  
For feare of further flame,  
When angel-like he saw hir shine,  
Whome he had smit with shame. 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt  
In cradel of hir kind.  
The coward Cupide brake hir browe  
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains; 65  
No force, there let it bee:  
There is no cloude that can eclipse  
So bright a sunne, as she.

\*.\* The lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's *Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 133, ed. 1779.

Ver. 62, In cradel of hir kind: i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's *Observations*, vol. II. p. 137.

## VII.

## Fair Rosamond.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II., and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought), dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177], where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King, or such as were right seeret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;\* but it was commonly said, that lastly the Queene came to her by a clew of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

"Hic jacit in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa  
munda;  
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

"In English thus:

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane  
flowre,  
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was  
lent:  
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre.  
That by her life was sweete and redoent:  
But now that she is from this life blent,

\* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

Though she were sweete, now foully doth she  
stinke.

A mirrour good for all men, that on her  
thinke."

Stowe's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshead speaks of it as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III., p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist., we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d edit. p. 509. Our ballad maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stowe, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expositions, which had such effect on her spirits that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit,\* among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a *cup*. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament (perhaps only the Chalice), might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when

\* Tho. Allen of Glee Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. Hist. vol. iii. p. 739.

the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the *cup*, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hovedon, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stowe: "Hugh bishop of Lincoln came to the abbey of nunnas, called Godstow, . . . and when he had entered the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then, quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through the example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and adventurous company with men." *Annals*, p. 159.

History further informs us that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father King Henrie, and of Lady Rosamund there interred."\* In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tombe at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, *TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ*. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of

it."\*\* See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longuespé (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincoln.† Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes that King Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in King Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152], and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. Vol. I., p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted: that he stayed but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the King of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton Library; wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plan-

\* Vid. Reign of Henry II., in Speed's History, writ by Dr. B. Buchan, Dean of Beeking.

\*\* This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

† Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

tagenet, "Natus est 5<sup>o</sup> Henry II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25<sup>o</sup> Henry II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln, 28<sup>o</sup> Henry II. [1182.]" Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets, of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone. London, 1612," 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as King Henry rulde this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde  
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,  
Her favour, and her face;  
A sweeter creature in this worlde  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde  
Apperd to each mans sight;  
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,  
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lillye and the rose  
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,  
Her name was called so,  
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,  
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,  
Against the furious queene,  
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,  
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built  
Of stone and timber strong,  
An hundred and fifty doors  
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd  
With turnings round about,  
That none but with a clue of thread  
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,  
That was so faire and brighte,  
The keeping of this bower he gave  
Unto a valiant knighte. 35

But fortune, that doth often frowne  
Where she before did smile,  
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy  
Full soon shee did beguile: 40

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised warres  
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king  
The English land forsooke,  
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,  
His farewelle thus he tooke: 45

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,  
That pleasest best mine eye:  
The fairest flower in all the worlde  
To feed my fantasye: 50

The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetness doth excelle;  
My royal Rose, a thousand times  
I bid thee nowe farwelle! 55

For I must leave my fairest flower,  
My sweetest Rose, a space,  
And cross the seas to famous France,  
Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortlye see,  
And in my heart, when hence I am,  
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,  
Did heare the king saye soe,  
The sorrowe of her grieved heart  
Her outward lookes did shewe; 65

And from her cleare and crystall eyes  
The teares gusht out apace, 70  
Which like the silver-pearled dewe  
Ranne down her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,  
Did waxe both wan and pale,  
And for the sorrowe she conceivde  
Her vitall spirits failo; 75

And falling down all in a swoone Before king Henryes face, Full oft he in his princelye armes Her bodye did embrace ;	80	And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste To bee my loves defence ; Be carefull of my gallant Rose When I am parted hence."	
And twentye times, with watery eyes, He kist her tender cheeke, Until he had revivde againe Her senses milde and meeke.		And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, As though his heart would breake : And Rosamonde, for very grieve, Not one plaine word could speake.	125
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ? The king did often say.	86	And at their parting well they mighte In heart be grieved sore :	130
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres My lord must part awaye.		After that daye faire Rosamonde The king did see no more.	
But since your grace on forrayne coastes Amonge your foes unkinde	90	For when his grace had past the seas, And into France was gone ;	
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe, Why should I staye behinde ?		With envious heart, Queene Ellinor, To Woodstocke came anone.	135
Nay rather, let me, like a page, Your sworde and target beare ; That on my breast the blowes may lighte, Which would offend you there.	96	And forth she calls this trustye knighte In an unhappy houre ; Who with his clue of twined thread, Came from this famous bower.	140
Or lett mee, in your royal tent, Prepare your bed at nighte, And with sweete baths refresh your grace, At your returne from fighte.	100	And when that they had wounded him, The queene this thread did gette, And went where ladye Rosamonde Was like an angell sette.	
So I your presence may enjoye, No toill I will refuse ; But wanting you, my life is death : Nay, death Ile rather choose.		But when the queene with stedfast eye Beheld her beauteous face, She was amazed in her minde At her exceeding grace.	145
"Content thy self, my dearest love ; Thy rest at home shall bee	105	Cast off from thee those robes, she said, That riche and costlye bee :	150
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ; For travell fits not thee.		And drinke thou up this deadlye draught, Which I have brought to thee.	
Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ; Soft peace their sexe delightes :	110	Then presently upon her knees Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;	
'Not rugged campos, but courtlye bowers ; Gay feastes, nor cruell fightes.'		And pardon of the queene she crav'd For her offences all.	155
My Rose shall safely here abide, With musicke passe the day ; Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,	115	"Take pittly on my youthfull yeares, Faire Rosamonde did crye ; And lett mee not with poison stronge Enforced bee to dye.	160
My foes seeke far awaye.			
My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde, Whilst I in armour dighte ; Gay galliards here my love shall dance, Whilst I my foes goe fighte.	120	I will renounce my sinfull life, And in some cloyster bide ; Or else be banisht, if you please, To range the world soe wide.	



A boone, a boone: quoth earl marshall, And fell on his bended kuce; That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye, No harme therof may bee.	10	The next vile thing that ever I did, To you Ile not denye, I made a boxe of poyson strong, To poison King Henrye.	45
Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd, My sceptre, crowne, and all, That whatsoever Queen Elianor sayes, No harme thereof shall fall.	15	Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king, May God forgive it thee! Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall; And I wish it so may bee.	50
Do thou put on a fryars coat, And Ile put on another; And we will to Queen Elianor goe Like fryar and his brother.	20	The next vile thing that ever I did, To you I will discover; I poysoned fair Rosamonde, All in fair Woodstocke bower.	55
Thus both attired then they goe: When they came to Whitehall, The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing, And the torches did lighte them all.		Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king; May God forgive it thee! Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall; And I wish it so may bee.	60
When that they came before the queene, They fell on their bended knee; A boone, a boone, our gracious queene, That you sent so hastilee.	25	Do you see yonders little boye, A tossing of the balle? That is earl marshalls eldest sonne, And I love him the best of all.	
Are you two fryars of France, she sayd, As I suppose you bee? But if you are two Englishe fryars, You shall hang on the gallowes tree.	30	Do you see yonders little boye, A catching of the balle? That is king Henryes youngest sonne, And I love him the worst of all.	65
We are two fryars of France, they sayd, As you suppose we bee, We have not been at any masse Sith we came from the sea.	35	His head is fashyon'd like a bull; His nose is like a boare. No matter for that, king Henrye cryd, I love him the better therfore.	70
The first vile thing that ever I did, I will to you unfold; Earl marshall had my maidenhead, Beneath this cloth of golde.	40	The king pulled off his fryars coate, And appeared all in redde: She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, And sayd she was betrayde.	75
That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king; May God forgive it thee! Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall; With a heavy heart spake hee.		The king lookt over his left shoulder, And a grimmo look looked hee, Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe Or hanged thou shouldst bee.	80

Ver. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the Earl Marshall, the youngest by the king.

## IX.

*The Sturdy Rock.*

THIS poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall\*], is preserved in "The Paradise of daintie Devises," quoted above in page 218. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An Howres Recreation in Musicke," &c., by Richard Alison, Lond., 1606, 4to.: usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to Music by Thomas Weelkes, Lond., 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the Bathos that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,  
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous  
fire  
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,  
Trinacrian Ætun's flames ascend not hier:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more won-  
drous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love  
doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes  
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,  
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes  
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:  
These things seeme wondrous, yet more won-  
drous I,  
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love  
doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

THE sturdy rock for all his strength  
By raging seas is rent in twaine:  
The marble stone is pearst at length,  
With little drops of drizzling rain:  
The ox doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5  
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,  
By yalping hounds at bay is set:  
The swiftest bird, that flies about,  
Is caught at length in fowler's net: 10  
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,  
Is soon deceived by subtile hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey, 15  
For all his wit and worthe skill,  
Doth fade at length, and fall away.  
There is nothing but time doeth waste;  
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious fame: 20  
Though spiteful death mans body kill,  
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:  
By life or death what so betides,  
The state of vertue never slides.

## X.

*The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.*

THIS popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on "Mary Ambree,"

in this work. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

\* Vid. Athen. Ox. p. 152, 316.



— his reverend lockes  
In comelye curles did wave;  
And on his aged temples grewe  
The blossomes of the grave."

The following Ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS., compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not, however, given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas, by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster.

## PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,

He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright:  
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,  
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5  
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,  
Of anyent housekeepers despised was shee,  
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,  
Good father, and mother, let me goe away, 10  
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.  
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,  
All clad in gray russett, and late in the night, 14  
From father and mother alone parted shee;  
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;  
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:

With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,  
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee. 20

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the bye way;  
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:

Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end, 25  
But master and mistres and all was her friend:  
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,

Was straight-way enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,

And in their songs daylye her love was extold;  
30

Her heavtye was blazed in every degree;  
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;

Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;  
35

And at her commandment still wold they bee;  
Soe fayre and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;  
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;  
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.  
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee. 40

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguise in the night,  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45

He was the third suiter, and proper withall;  
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,

Who swore he wold dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,

He make thee a ladye with joy and delight;  
My hart's so intrulled by thy bewtie, 51  
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,  
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:  
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth  
hee;

55

And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold  
say,

Thou shalt live in London both gallant and  
gay;

My shippes shall bring home ryche Jewells for  
thee,

And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did  
say,

My father and mother I meane to obey;

First gett there good will, and be faithfull to  
mee,

And you shall enjoye your pretty Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,

65

Wherefore unto her they joyfullie sayd,

This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;

But where dwells thy father, my prettye  
Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be scene:

The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,

That daylye sits begging for charitie,

71

He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowne very  
well;

He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:

A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,

75

Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not  
for mee:

Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt  
bee:

I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,

And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee! 80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or  
worse,

I waighe not true love by the waight of the  
purse,

And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;

Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.

Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be  
soe;

86

A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shall bee,  
Then take thy adewe of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day

The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy  
away.

90

The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might  
bee,

Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were  
scene,

Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene,

And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,

They all fought against him for pretty Bes-  
see.

96

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,  
Or else the young knight for his love had  
been slaine.

This fray being ended, then straitway he see

His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee  
poore,

101

Yett rayle not against my child at my own  
doore:

Though shee be not decked in velvett and  
pearle,

Yett will I dropp angells with you for my  
girle.

104

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,  
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see  
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well  
knowne,

The gold that you drop shall all be your  
owne.

110

With that they replyed, Contented hee wee.

Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty  
Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angells full three thousand\*  
pound;

114

And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,  
For the gentlemen one the beggar dropp't  
twayne:

\* In the Editor's folio MS. it is 5000.

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,  
With gold it was covered every whitt.  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their  
store,  
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe  
more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.  
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this  
knight;  
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you  
downe  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had  
seene, 125  
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:  
And all those, that were her suitors before,  
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Besse matched to the knight,  
And then made a ladye in others despite:  
A fairer ladye there never was seene, 131  
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-  
greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were  
prest, 134  
The second fitt\* shall set forth to your sight  
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

## PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a younge  
knight;  
All the discourse thereof you did see;  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave, 5  
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete  
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most  
meete; 10  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread  
by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree; 15  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge  
knight;  
His bride followed after, an angell most  
bright,  
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was  
seene  
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then, 21  
With musicke performed by the skilfullest  
men,  
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that  
tyde,  
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talke, and to reason a number begunn: 26  
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter  
most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the  
knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have  
wee,  
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."  
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so  
base, 31  
He is loth with his presence these states to  
disgrace.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to  
bringe  
Before her own face, were a flattering thing;  
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth  
they, 35  
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words  
spoke,  
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke  
cloke;  
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,  
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a dainty lute under his arme, 41  
He touched the strings, which made such a  
charme,

\* See an Essay on the word Fit at the end of the Second Part.

Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of  
mee,

He sing you a song of pretty Bessee. 44

With that his lute he twanged straigtway,  
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;  
And after that lessons were playd two or  
three,

He strayn'd out this song most delicatelle.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a  
greene, 49

Who for her faireness might well be a queene:  
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,  
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,  
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;  
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands  
three,\* 55

And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

"And if any one here her birth doe disdaino,  
Her father is ready, with might and with  
maine,

To proove shee is come of noble degree:  
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee." 60

With that the lords and the companye round  
With hartye laughter were readye to swound:  
Att last said the lords, Full well we may see,  
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise, 65  
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire  
eyes,

O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth  
shee,

That through blind affection thus doteth on  
mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,  
Well may he be proud of this happy day; 70  
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bo-  
wray,

(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may  
bee; 75

For the love that thou bearest to pretty  
Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles,  
each one,

One song more to sing, and then I have done;  
And if that itt may not winn good report, 79  
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;  
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,  
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,  
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

"When the barons in armes did King Henrye  
oppose, 85

Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they  
chose;

A leader of courage undaunted was hee,  
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

"At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was  
slaine; 90

Moste fottall that battel did prove unto thee,  
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my pret-  
tye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,  
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his  
side,

Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the  
fight! 95

A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,  
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,  
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;  
And this was thy mother my prettye Bessee!

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the  
nighte 101

To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he  
laye,

Was moved with pitye, and brought him  
awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his  
paine, 105

While he through the realme was beleevd  
to be slaine:

At length his faire bride she consented to bee,  
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde  
betraye,

We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye; 110

\* So the folio MS.

Her jewelless shee solde, and hither came wee:  
All our comfort and care was our prettye  
Bessee.]

"And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,  
Though poore, yet contented with humble  
delighte:

Full forty winters thus have I beene 115  
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song  
Of one, that once to your own ranke did  
belong:

And thus have you learned a secrette from  
mee,

That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye  
Bessee." 120

Now when the faire compaignie eveye one,  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he  
had shewne,

They all were amazed, as well they might  
bee,

Both at the blinde heggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did em-  
brace, 125

Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable  
race,

Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and de-  
lighte,

A bridegroome most happy then was the  
younge knighte, 130

In joy and felicitie long lived hee,  
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

\* \* \*

†† The word *fit* for *part*, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *art of English Poesie*, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several fits, or times to be sung." P. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short

measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui upon benches and barrells heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellows, that passe by them in the streete; or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne Minstrels, that gave a fit of mirth for a groat, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southamptton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte." P. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselves," says this courtly\* writer, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tongue of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [*i. e.* fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevy's of Southamptton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." P. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on Guy and Colbronde, in the Editors folio MS.

"When meate and drinke is great plentye,  
And lords and ladyes still wil bee,  
And sitt and solace lythe;†  
Then itt is time for mee to speake  
Of keene knightes, and kempes great,  
Such carping for to kythe."

\* He was one of Queen Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. *Vid. Ath. Ox.*

† Perhaps "blythe."

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednall-green, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 229, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, ver. 80, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expense of a second groat's worth.—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine fits, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word fit; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts (answering to *Passus* in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the ancient ballad of "Chevy-Chase," (p. 55,) the first Part ends with this line,

"The first fit here I fynde:"

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also p. 58.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See the concluding verses of the first and second parts of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly," in this work.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;  
If ye woll any more of it,  
To tell it woll I fonde."

The word fit indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic strain, verse, or poem: for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus King Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, *Dare purdom tha thaƿƿitte arungen hæƿde* p. 65, i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [fits] verses." And in the Proem to the same book *Fon on ƿitte*, "Put into [fit] verse." So in Cedmon, p. 45, *ƿeond on ƿitte*, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem." The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

Spenser has used the word fit to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem entitled "Collin Clout's come home again," where he says,

The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir W. Raleigh.*]  
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit. m  
And when he heard the music which I  
made  
He found himselfe full greatlye pleas'd at  
it, &c.

It is also used in the old ballad of King Estmere, p. 16, v. 243.

From being applied to music, this word was easily transferred to dancing; thus in the old play of "Lusty Juventus" (described in p. 117), Juventus says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a fitt.

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c., it is applied by Bale to a section or chapter in a book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he entitles two chapters of his "English Dotaries," part 2, viz.—fol. 49, "*The first fytt of Anselme with Kyngs Wylliam Rufas.*"—fol. 50, "*An other fytt of Anselme with Kyngs Wylliam Rufas.*"

## XI.

*Fancy and Desire.*

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

EDWARD VERE, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie;"\* and found entire in the "Garland of Good-will." A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises." One of these is entitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'  
Who triumphs over me;  
For black and tawnie will I weare,  
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Queen Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536, "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware yellowe for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Athen. Oxon. &c.

Come hither shepherd's swayne:  
"Sir, what do you require?"  
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.  
My name is "Fond Desire."

\* Lond. 1539, p. 172.

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5  
"In pompe and pryme of may."  
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?  
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?  
"Fresh Youth in sugred joy." 10  
What was thy meate and dayly foode?  
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?  
"Unsavoury lovers teares."  
What cradle wert thou rocked in? 15  
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lull'd thee then asleepe?  
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."  
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?  
"In gentle hartes I rest." 20

What thing doth please thee most?  
"To gaze on beautye stille."  
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe  
"Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease? 25  
"Yes, surelye, many one."  
Where doth Desire delighte to live?  
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age  
Bring him unto decaye? 30  
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes  
Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewell,  
Thou art no mate for mee;  
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35  
With such a one as thee.

## XII.

## Sir Andrew Barton.

I CANNOT give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Peerage*; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I., 4to. p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey\* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas† and Sir Ed-

ward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship [called by Hall, the *Bark of Scotland*]. The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Part 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the "*Great Harry*" had been built only seven years before, viz., in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy: Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants." Hume.

\* Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's lifetime. He was father of the poetical Earl of Surrey.



This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS., wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture.

## THE FIRST PART.

"WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers  
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,  
And Neptune with his daintye showers  
Came to present the month of Maye;"\*  
King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5  
Over the river of Thames past hee;  
When eighty merchants of London came,  
And downe they knelt upon their knee.  
"O yee are welcome, rich merchants;  
Good saylors, welcome unto mee." 10  
They swore by the rood, they were saylors  
good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee:  
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass;  
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;  
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15  
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."  
King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,  
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle  
of might,  
"I thought he had not beene in the world,  
Durst have wrought England such un-  
right." 20  
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!  
And thus they did their answer frame,  
He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,  
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.  
The king lookt over his left shouldèr, 25  
And an angrye look then looked hee:  
"Have I never a lorde in my realme,  
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"  
Yea, that dare I; Lord Howard sayes;  
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand; 30  
If it please your grace to give me leave,  
Myselfe wil be the only man.

V 15, 83, robber, MS. V. 29, Lord Charles Howard, MS.

\* From the pr. copy.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replied:  
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.  
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail, 35  
Or before my prince I will never appeare."  
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,  
And chuse them over my realme so free;  
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea. 40

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,  
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,  
Though he was threescore yeeres and ten;  
Good Peter Simon was his name.  
Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea, 45  
To bring home a traytor live or dead:  
Before all others I have chosen thee;  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head, 50  
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,  
If I misse my marke one shilling bread.\*  
My lord then chose a boweman rare,  
"Whose active hands had gained fame."†  
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne, 55  
And William Horseley was his name.‡

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede  
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,  
And now of a hundred bowemen brave  
To be the head I have chosen thee. 60  
If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;  
On your main-mast Ile hanged bee,  
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea; 66  
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,  
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.  
And days he scant had sayled three,  
Upon the 'voyage,' he took in hand, 70  
But there he mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, Lord Howard said,  
Now who thou art, and what's thy name;  
And shewe me where thy dwelling is: 75  
And whither bound, and whence thou came.

Ver. 70, Journey, MS.

\* An old English word for breadth. † Pr. copy.

‡ Mr. Lambie, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. p. 5.

My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee,  
 With a heavey heart, and a carefull mind;  
 I and my shipp doe both belong 79  
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henry Hunt,  
 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,  
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;  
 Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?  
 Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas! 85  
 With a grieved mind, and well away!  
 But over-well I knowe that wight,  
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,  
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90  
 To his hach-borde he clasped me,  
 And robd me of all my merchant ware:  
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,  
 And every man will have his owne,  
 And I am nowe to London bounde, 95  
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

That shall not need, Lord Howard sais;  
 Lett me but once that robber see,  
 For every penny tane thee froe  
 It shall be doubled shillings three. 100  
 Nowe Gods forefend, the merchant said,  
 That you shold seek soe far amisse!  
 God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
 Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without, 105  
 With beames on his topcastle stronge;  
 And eighteen pieces of ordinance  
 He carries on each side along:  
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,  
 St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide; 110  
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men,  
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;  
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;  
 He wold overcome them everye one, 115  
 If once his beames they doe downe fall.\*

V. 91, The MS. has here Arch-borde, but in Part II. v.  
 5, Hachebord.

\* It should seem from hence, that before our marine  
 artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval  
 commanders had recourse to instruments or machines,  
 similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to  
 the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient  
 Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards  
 fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall  
 on the enemies' ships, in order to sink them, by beating

This is cold comfort, sais my lord,  
 To welcume a stranger thus to the sea:  
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,  
 Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee. 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,  
 And he must aim well with his ee,  
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
 Or else hee never orecome will hee:  
 And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125  
 This counsel I must give withall,  
 Let no man to his topcastle goe  
 To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,  
 I pray your honour lend to mee, 130  
 On each side of my shipp along,  
 And I will lead you on the sea.  
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,  
 Whether you sayle by day or night;  
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the  
 clocke, 135  
 You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton  
 knight.

#### THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse  
 Soe well apparent in his sight,  
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,  
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton  
 knight.

His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold, 5  
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:  
 Nowe by my faith, Lord Howarde sais,  
 This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your anycents, standards eke,  
 So close that no man may them see; 10  
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,  
 As merchants use to sayle the sea.  
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast;\*  
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.  
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd,  
 That can see litle curtesye? 16

Ver. 5, 'hached with gold,' MS.

holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or  
 otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thu-  
 cydides, lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1664, folio, and are more fully  
 explained in Scheffer de Militiâ Navali, lib. 2, cap. 5, p. 138,  
 Ed. 1653, 4to.

N.B. It everywhere in the MS. seems to be written  
*Beanes*.

\* i. e. did not salute.

Now by the roode, three yeares and more  
 I have beene admirall over the sea;  
 And never an English nor Portingall  
 Without my leave can passe this way. 20  
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace;  
 "Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:  
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles  
 Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25  
 Full well Lord Howard might it ken;  
 For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,  
 And killed fourteen of his men.  
 Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,  
 Looke that thy word be true, thou said; 30  
 For at my maine-mast thou shall hang,  
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,  
 His ordinance he laid right lowe;  
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35  
 With other great shott lesse, and moe;  
 And he lette goe his great gunnes shott:  
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,  
 The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
 He see his pinnace sunke in the sea. 40

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,  
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!  
 "Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;  
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."  
 When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45  
 Within his heart hee was full faine:  
 "Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up  
 drummes,  
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sais,  
 Weale howsoever this geere will sway; 50  
 Itt is my lord admirall of England,  
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.  
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,  
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;  
 In att his decke he gave a shott, 55  
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott  
 Came bravely on the other side,  
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,  
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60  
 Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed,  
 What may a man now thinke, or say?  
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,  
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65  
 That aye wast readye att my call;  
 I will give thee three hundred markes,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.  
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste, 69  
 "Horseley see thou be true in stead;  
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,  
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,  
 He swarved it with might and maine;  
 But Horseley with a bearing arrowe, 75  
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine;  
 And he fell unto the haches again,  
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleede:  
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,  
 How that the Gordon hee was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambliton,  
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,  
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,  
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.  
 With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,  
 He swarved it with nimble art; 86  
 But Horseley with a broad arrowe  
 Pierced the Hambliton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,  
 That with his blood did streame amaine:  
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away! 91  
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine!  
 All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,  
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell:  
 "Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe, 95  
 For I will to the topcastle mysell."

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe;  
 That gilded is with gold soe cleare:  
 God be with my brother John of Barton!  
 Against the Portingalls hee it ware; 100  
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,  
 He was a gallant sight to see:  
 Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,  
 My deere brother, could cope with thee."

Come hither, Horseley, sayes my lord, 105  
 And looke your shaft that itt goe right,  
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need,  
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.  
 He shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,  
 Your honour shall see, with might and  
 maine; 110  
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,  
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Ver. 35, i. e. discharged chain shot.

Ver. 67, 84, pounds, MS. V. 76, bearings, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss.

- Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved then:  
 Upon his breast did Horsley hitt, 115  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.  
 Then Horsley spyed a pryve place  
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;  
 Under the spole of his right arme  
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120
- "Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,  
 A little I'me hurt, but yett not slaine;  
 He but lye downe and bleede a while,  
 And then He rise and fight againe.  
 Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes, 125  
 And never flinche before the foe;  
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse  
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe."
- They never heard his whistle blow,—  
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:  
 Then Horsley sayd, Aboard, my lord, 131  
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.  
 They boarded then his noble shipp,  
 They boarded it with might and maine;  
 Eighteen score Scots alive they found, 135  
 The rest were either maimed or slaine.
- Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,  
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head,  
 "I must have left England many a daye,  
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead." 140  
 He caused his body to be cast  
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,  
 And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
 "Wherever thou land this will bury thee."
- Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,  
 And backe he sayled ore the maine, 146  
 With mickle joy and triumphing  
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.  
 Lord Howard then a letter wrote,  
 And sealed it with scale and ring; 150  
 "Such a noble prizo have I brought to your  
 grace  
 As never did subject to a king.
- "Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;  
 A braver shipp was never none: 154
- Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warr,  
 Before in England was but one."  
 King Henryes grace with royall cheere  
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,  
 And where, said he, is this rover stout,  
 That I myselfe may give the doome? 160
- "The rover, he is safe, my leige,  
 Full many a fudom in the sea;  
 If he were alive as he is dead,  
 I must have left England many a day:  
 And your grace may thank four men i' the  
 ship 165  
 For the victory wee have wonne,  
 These are William Horsley, Henry Hunt,  
 And Peter Simon, and his soune."
- To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,  
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170  
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,  
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.  
 And Horsley thou shalt be a knight,  
 And lands and livings shalt have store;  
 Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight, 175  
 As Howards erst have beene before.
- Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,  
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:  
 And the men shall have five hundred markes  
 For the good service they have done. 180  
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair  
 To see Sir Andrew Barton knight;  
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,  
 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.
- But when they see his deadlye face, 185  
 And eyes soe hollow in his head,  
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand  
 markes,  
 This man were alive as hee is dead:  
 Yett for the manfull part hee playd,  
 Which fought soe well with heart and  
 hand, 190  
 His men shall have twelvecence a day,  
 Till they come to my brother kings high  
 land. \* \* \*

Ver. 175, 6 . . . Erle of Nottingham, And sea was never  
 &c., MS.

## XIII.

## Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

## • A SCOTTISH SONG.

THE subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,

Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,

It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luv,

And with his sugred wordes\* to muve, 10

His faynings fals, and flattering cheire

To me that time did not appeire:

But now I see, most cruell hee

Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c. 15

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,  
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile:

But smile not, as thy father did,

To cozen maids: nay God forbid!

Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20

Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will

Be luvyng to thy father still:

Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25

My luv with him doth still abyde:

In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,

Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine, 30

To faynings fals thine hart incline;

Be loyal to thy luvver trew,

And nevir change her for a new:

If gude or faire, of hir have care,

For womens bannings wonderous sair. 35

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,

Thy winsome smiles mann eise my paine;

My babe and I'll together live,

He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:

My babe and I right saft will ly, 41

And quite forgett man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,

That evir kist a womans mouth! 45

I wish all maides be warnd by mee

Nevir to trust mans curtesy;

For if we doe bot chance to bow,

They'll use us then they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe, 50

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

\* When *sugar* was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) *Sugar* at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

## XIV.

*The Murder of the King of Scots.*

THE catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry Lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII., and daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered, at v. 5, that this princess was Queen Dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II., who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!  
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;  
The worthiest prince that ever was borne,  
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The Queene of France a letter wrote, 5  
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;  
And bade him come Scotland within,  
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,  
To bee a prince unto a peere: 10  
But you have heard, and soe have I too,  
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italian in that place,  
Was as well beloved as ever was hee, 15  
Lord David was his name,  
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,  
He wold have sato him downe in the cheare,  
And tho itt bescemed him not so well,  
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrothe, 21  
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;  
I shall you tell how it befell,  
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was  
slaine, 25  
For him her faire checks shee did weete,  
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day  
The king and shee wold not come in one  
shecte.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,  
And made their vow all vehementlye; 30  
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,  
The king himselfe, how he shall dyc.

With gun-powder they strewed his rcome,  
And layd greene rushes in his way:  
For the traitors thought that very night 35  
This worthy king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;  
To take his rest was his desire;  
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,  
And hee had thirtie foote to fall;  
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,  
Underneath his castle wall.

<p>Who have wee here? Lord Bodwell sayd:          Now answer me, that I may know. 46          "King Henry the eighth my uncle was;          For his sweete sake some pittie show."</p> <p>Who have we here? Lord Bodwell sayd,          Now answer me when I doe speake. 50          "Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;          Some pittie on me I pray thee take."</p> <p>He pittie thee as much he sayd,          And as much favor show to thee, 54          As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,          That day thou deemedst him to die.*</p>	<p>Through halls and towers the king they ledd,          Through towers and castles that were nye,          Through an arbor into an orchard,          There on a pearce-tree hanged him hye. 60</p> <p>When the governor of Scotland heard m,          How that the worthye king was slaine;          He persued the queen so bitterlye,          That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.</p> <p>But shee is flogg'd into merry England, 65          And here her residence hath taine;          And through the Quene of Englands grace,          In England now shee doth remaine.</p>
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## XV.

*A Sonnet by Queen Elizabeth.*

THE following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's "*Arte of English Poesie*:" a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shows what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.

"I find," says this antiquated critic, "none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [*Exargasia*, or the Gorgious, Lat. *Ecpolitto*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonically; which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and descriphed by a ladies penne, herself beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes.\* And this was the occasion; our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysouer) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of

the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life: the queene our soveraigne ludie, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and patience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterwards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. declining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the Lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throemorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intituled, "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," Lond. 1769, 12mo., where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own

\* Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*.

† She was at this time near three-score.

inditing. . . My Lady Willoughby did covetly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazzard in so doing, for the Queen did find out the thief, and clud for hei spending evil brut of hei writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy hei employment at this time—and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing" \* \* \*

The doubt of future foes  
Exiles my present joy,  
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,  
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5  
And subjects futh doth ebbe.  
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,  
Or wisdom wove the webbe.

But cloudes of joyes untied 10  
Do cloake aspiring mindes,  
Which turn to raine of late repent,  
By course of chinged windes.

The toppe of hope supposed  
The roote of ruth will be,  
And frutelesse all then grafted guiles, 15  
As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,  
Which great ambition blindes,  
Shal be unseld by worthy wights,  
Whose foresight falshood finds 20

The daughter of debate,  
That discord ay doth sowe,  
Shal scape no gune where former rule  
Hath taught stil peace to growe

No forcene bannisht wight 25  
Shall ancie in this port,  
Our realm it brookes no strangers force,  
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty swoorde with rest 30  
Shall fust his edge employ,  
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,  
Or gipe for such like joy.

††† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p 197), "which (says he) our sovereigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune."

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,  
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

## XVI

## King of Scots and Andrew Browne.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related, does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before

the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581, when James was in his fifteenth year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, "A new ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. "Imprinted at London for Yarrathe



James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's court of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in this work, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,  
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;  
Dead as he is, he still is dry:  
So of him it may well be said,  
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. ["Drayton," by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

"Out alas!" what a grieve is this  
That princes subjects cannot be true,  
But still the devill hath some of his,  
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;  
Forgetting what a grievous thing 5  
It is to offend the anointed king!  
Alas for woe, why should it be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,  
As proper a youth as neede to be, 10  
Well given to every happy thing,  
That can be in a kinge to see:  
Yet that unluckie country still,  
Hath people given to craftie will.  
Alas for woe, &c. 15

On Whitsun eve it so befell,  
A posset was made to give the king,  
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,  
And that it was a poysoned thing:  
She cryed, and called piteouslie;  
Now help, or els the king shall die! 20  
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,  
And hard the ladies piteous crye,  
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,  
Out of the doores in haste to flie; 20  
But all the doores were made so fast,  
Out of a window he got at last.  
Alas, for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast, 30  
Having the posset in his hande:  
The sight of Browne made him aghast,  
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.  
With him were two that ranne awa,  
For feare that Browne would make a fray.  
Alas, for woe, &c. 36

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?  
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;  
But a posset to make the king good cheere.  
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40  
First I will have thyself begin,  
Before thou go any further in;  
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45  
Thou art a young man poore and bare;  
Livings on thee I will bestowe:  
Let me go on, take thou no care.  
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be  
A traitour for all Christiantie: 50  
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,  
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by  
His belly burst and he fell downe:  
A just rewarde for his traitery. 55  
This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!  
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,  
To come to the kinge when he did please.  
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60  
He humbly fell upon his knee,  
And praysd God that he did misse,  
To tast of that extremity:  
For that he did perceive and know, 65  
His clergie would betray him so:  
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,  
My father, and grandfather slaine:

Ver. 67, His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 6. 1571.

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Do cloake aspiring mindes; 10  
Which turn to raine of late repent,  
By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed  
The roote of ruthe will be;  
And frutelesse all their grafted guiles, 15  
As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,  
Which great ambition blindes,  
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,  
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The daughter of debate,\*  
That discord ay doth sowe,  
Shal reape no gaine where former rule  
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

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Shall anere in this port;  
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Shall first his edge employ, 30  
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,  
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Out of the doores in haste to flie; 26  
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The sight of Browne made him aghast,  
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With him were two that ranne awa,  
For feare that Browne would make a fray.  
Alas, for woe, &c. 36

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But a posset to make the king good cheere.  
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40  
First I will have thyself begin,  
Before thou go any further in;  
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,  
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Livings on thee I will bestowe:  
Let me go on, take thou no care.  
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be  
A traitour for all Christiantie: 50  
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,  
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by  
His belly burst and he fell downe:  
A just reward for his traitery. 55  
This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!  
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,  
To come to the kinge when he did please.  
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60  
He humbly fell uppon his knee,  
And praysed God that he did misse,  
To tast of that extremity:  
For that he did perceive and know, 15  
His clergie would betray him so: 65  
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,  
My father, and grandfather slaine:

Ver. 67, His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5. 1571.

My mother banished, O extreame!		Three noble Earles heard of this thing,	
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!	70	And did prevent the same with speede.	
And now like treason wrought for me,		For a letter came, with such a charme,	
What more unhappie realme can be!		That they should doo their king no harme;	
Alas for woe, &c.		For further woe, if they did see,	95
		Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.	
The king did call his nurse to his grace,		The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,	
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;	75	Take heed you do not offend the king;	
And trustie Browne too in like case,		But shew yourselves like honest men	
He knighted him with gallant geere:		Obediently in every thing;	100
And gave him 'lands and livings great,		For his godmother* will not see	
For dooing such a manly feat,		Her noble child misus'd to be	
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,		With any woe; for if it be so,	
Which made, &c.	81	She will make, &c.	
When all this treason done and past,		God graunt all subjects may be true,	105
Tooke not effect of traytery:		In England, Scotland, every where:	
Another trenson at the last,		That no such daunger may ensue,	
They sought against his majestie:	85	To put the prince or state in feare:	
How they might make their kinge away,		That God the highest king may see	
By a privie banket on a daye.		Obedience as it ought to be,	110
Alas for woe, &c.		In wealthe or woe, God graunt it be so	
'Another time' to sell the king		To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.	
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:	90		

## XVII.

*The Bonny Earl of Murray.*

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

IN December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI., but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his

possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the "Bonny Earl," for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray, half expiring, said, "you hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I," and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish

\* Queen Elizabeth.

the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal Authors," vol. I. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,  
Oh! quhair hae ye been?  
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,  
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae he to thee, Huntley!  
And quhairfore did you sae!  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might hae been a king. 10

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the ba';  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a'. 15

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the gluve;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he was the Queenes luv. 20

Oh! lang will his lady  
Luke owre the castle downe,\*  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Cum sounding throw the towne.

## XVIII.

## Young Waters.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the "Bonny Earl of Murray;" and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febr'y, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunbrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousy of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the king's hearing, with too many epithets

of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following: inhibiteine the zounge Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."†

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,  
And the round tables began,  
A'! there is cum to our kings court  
Mony a well-favoured man.

\* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

† This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, Beheld baith dale and down, And then she saw zoung Waters Cum ridin'g to the town.	5	Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland Bot to thee maun bow down.	
His footmen they did rin before, His horsemen rade behind, Ane mantel of the burning gowd Did keip him frae the wind.	10	For a' that she could do or say, Appeard he wad nae bee; Bot for the words which she had said Zoung Waters he maun dee.	35
Gowden graith'd his horse before And siller shod behind, The horse zong Waters rade upon Was fleetier than the wind.	15	They hae taen zoung Waters, and Put fetters to his feet; They hae taen zoung Waters, and Thrown him in dungeon deep.	40
But than spake a wylie lord, Unto the queene said he, O tell me quha's the fairest face Rides in the company.	20	Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town In the wind both and the weit; Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town Wi fetters at my feet	
I've sene lord, and I've sene laird, And knights of high degree; Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters Mine eyne did never see..		Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town In the wind both and the rain; Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town Neir to return again.	45
Out then spack the jealous king, (And an angry man was he) O, if he had been twice as fair, Zou nicht have excepted me.	25	They hae taen to the heiding-hill* His zoung son in his craddle, And they hae taen to the heiding-hill His horse both and his saddle.	50
Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says, Bot the king that wears the crown;	30	They hae taen to the heiding-hill His lady fair to seo. And for the words the queen had spoke Zoung Waters he did dee.	55

## XIX.

## Mary Ambree.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strongholds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epi-

cæne, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 4, sc. 4. And his masque entitled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

— MARY AMBREE,  
(Who marched so free  
To the siege of Gaunt,  
And death could not daunt,  
As the ballad doth vaunt)  
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5, sub. finem.

\* Heiding hill; i. e. heading [beheading hill.] The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

"—My large gentlewoman, my 'Mary Ambree,' had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow."—

It is likewise evident that she is the virago intended by Butler in *Hudibras* (P. 1, c. 3, v. 365), by her being coupled with *Joan d'Arc*, the celebrated *Pucelle d'Orleans*:

A bold virago stout and tall  
As *Joan* of France, or English *Mall*.

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS., and by conjecture. The full title is, "The valourous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death  
cold not daunte,  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by  
three,  
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major\* was slaine in  
her sight, 5  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,  
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to  
showe; 10  
A faire shirt of malet† then slipped on shee;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,  
A stronge arminge sword shee girt by her  
side,  
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put  
shee; 15  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

\* So MS. Serjeant Major, in P. C.

† A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett  
in hand;

Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;  
To wayte on her person came thousand and  
three:

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree? 20

My soldiers, shee saith, see valliant and bold,  
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe  
beholde;

Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers and loude they  
did say, 25

See well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,  
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for  
life,

With ancyent and standard, with drum and  
with fife, 31

With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded  
so free;

Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 36

Shee ladd upp her souldiers in battaile array,  
Gainst three times theyr number by breake  
of the daye;

Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree? 40

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her  
shott,

And her enemyes bodyes with bullets so  
hott;

For one of her owne men a score killed shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her in-  
tent, 45

Away all her pellets and powder had sent,

Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht  
him in three:

Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
At length she was forced to make a retyre;  
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew  
shee: 51

Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;  
To beate down the walles they all did decree:  
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in  
hand, 57

And mounting the walls all undaunted did  
stand,

There daring their captaines to match any  
three:

O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest  
thou give 61

To ransome thy selfe, which else must not  
live?

Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou  
must bee,

Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,  
Whom thinke you before you now you doe  
behold? 66

A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe  
free,

Who shortleye with us a prisoner must bee.

No, captaine of England; behold in your  
sight

Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no  
knight: 70

Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine  
you see,

But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in  
warre?

If England doth yield such brave lasses as  
thee, 75

Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her re-  
nowne

Who long had advanced for England's faire  
crownne;

Hee wooed her, and sued her his mistress to  
bee,

And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,  
He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:

A mayden of England, sir, never will bee  
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did re-  
turne, 85

Still holding the foes of faire England in  
scorne;

Therefore English captaines of every degree  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.



## XX.

Grave Lord Willoughby.

PEREGRINE BERTIE, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after, made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"My Lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himselfe to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the Reptilia; intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for, indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable *magnanimitie*, and could not brooke the obsequiosnesse and assiduitie of the court."—(Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,  
With glistening spear and shield,  
A famous fight in Flanders  
Was foughten in the field :

The most courageous officers                                 5  
Were English captains three;  
But the bravest man in battel  
Was brave Lord Willoughbey.

The next was Captain Norris,  
A valiant man was hee: 10  
The other Captain Turner,  
From field would never flee.  
With fifteen hundred fighting men,  
Alas! there were no more,  
They fought with fourteen thousand then,  
Upon the bloody shore. 16

Stand to it noble pikemen,  
And look you round about:  
And shoot you right you bow-men,  
And we will keep them out: 20  
You musquet and callver men,  
Do you prove true to me,  
I'll be the foremost man in fight,  
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy                    25  
They fiercely did assail,  
And fought it out most furiously,  
Not doubting to prevail :  
The wounded men on both sides fell  
Most pitious for to see,                         30  
Yet nothing could the courage quell  
Of brave Lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours, to all men's view,  
 This fight endured sore,  
 Until our men so feeble grew 35  
 That they could fight no more;  
 And then upon dead horses,  
 Full savourily they eat,  
 And drank the puddle water,  
 They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,  
They kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutly  
For the favour they had found ;  
And beating up their colours, 45  
The fight they did renew,  
And turning towards the Spaniard,  
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows, And bullets thick did fly ;	50	This news was brought to England With all the speed might be,	75
Then did our valiant soldiers Charge on most furiously ;		And soon our gracious queen was told Of this same victory.	
Which made the Spaniards waver, They thought it best to flee,	55	O this is brave Lord Willoughbey. My love that ever won,	
They fear'd the stout behaviour Of brave Lord Willoughbey.		Of all the lords of honour 'Tis he great deeds hath done.	80
Then quoth the Spanish general, Come let us march away,		To the souldiers that were maimed, And wounded in the fray,	
I fear we shall be spoiled all If here we longer stay ;	60	The queen allowed a pension Of fifteen pence a day ;	
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey With courage fierce and fell,		And from all costs and charges She quit and set them free :	85
He will not give one inch of way For all the devils in hell.		And this she did all for the sake Of brave Lord Willoughbey.	
And then the fearful enemy Was quickly put to flight,	65	Then courage, noble Englishmen, And never be dismaid ;	90
Our men persued couragiously, And caught their forces quite ;		If that we be but one to ten, We will not be afraid	
But at last they gave a shout, Which echoed through the sky,	70	To fight with foraign enemies, And set our nation free.	
God, and St. George for England ! The conquerers did cry.		And thus I end the bloody bout Of brave Lord Willoughbey.	95

## XXI.

## Victorious Men of Earth.

THIS little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London, printed 1653," 4to.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are :  
Though you binde in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day ; 5  
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.  
Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
Each able to undo mankind, 10  
Death's servile emissaries are :  
Nor to these alone confin'd,  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill :  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

## XXII.

*The Winning of Cales.*

THE subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of *Cadiz*, (called by our sailors corruptly *Cales*) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopped the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spanish sustained from this enterprise, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm :

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
And a laird of the North country ;  
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent  
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS., and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to  
conquer us,  
Threatning our country with fyre and  
sword ;  
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous  
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.  
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their  
drums : 5  
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,  
With knights courageous and captains full  
good ;  
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,  
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.  
Dub a dub, &c. 11

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly,  
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,  
With their fair colours spread, and streamers  
ore their head,  
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of  
your tayle. 15  
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily,  
Where the kinges navy securely did ryde ;  
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts  
of sacks,  
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.  
Dub a dub, &c. 21

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,  
Which at that season was made in that  
place ;  
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;  
To hyde their great treasure they had little  
space. 25  
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they  
were fyred fast,  
And how their men drowned themselves in  
the sea ;  
There might you hear them cry, wayle and  
weep piteously,  
When they saw no shift to scape thence  
away. 30  
Dub a dub, &c.

<p>The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards, Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ; But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew, We took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>	<p>Entering the houses then, of the most richest men, For gold and treasure we searched eche day ; In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind, Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away. 56 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>
<p>The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye, With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town ; The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed, Did fly for their saveguard, and durst not come down. 40 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>	<p>Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes, Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre ; Which soldiers measur'd out by the length of their swords ; Of all commodities eche had a share. 60 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>
<p>Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all ; Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ; And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ; But looke that the women and children you save. 45 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>	<p>Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general March'd to the market-place, where he did stand : There many prisoners fell to our several shares, Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fann'd. 65 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>
<p>The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight, Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne ; Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye, With English colours which purchased renowne. 50 Dub a dub, &amp;c.</p>	<p>When our brave General saw they delayed all, And wold not ransome their towne as they said, With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds, 69 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made ; And when the town burned all in flame, With tara, tantara, away wee all came.</p>

## XXIII.

## The Spanish Lady's Love.

THIS beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace

mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad ; who married Margaret, daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham ; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the

expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
How shee wooed an English man?  
Garments gay as rich as may be  
Decked with jewels she had on. 4  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lye;  
Cupid's bands did tie them faster  
By the liking of an eye. 10  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned, 15  
None to do them injury.  
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;  
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity  
To a ladye in distresse; 20  
Leave me not within this city,  
For to dye in heavinesse.  
Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, 25  
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?  
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:  
Serpents lie where flowers grow."  
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,  
God grant the same upon my head may fully  
light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground;  
If our foes you may be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts eche  
one, 35  
Then to your country bear away, that is your  
owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
Rest you still, and weep no more;  
Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wonderous store." 40  
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
But Englishmen through all the world are  
counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
You alone enjoy my heart;  
I am lovely, young, and tender, 45  
Love is likewise my desert:  
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is  
prest;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence; 50  
English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence."  
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er  
thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver 55  
To maintain thee in this case,  
And to travel is great charges,  
As you know in every place."  
My chains and jewels every one shal be thy  
own,  
And eke five hundred\* pounds in gold that  
lies unknown. 60

"On the seas are many dangers,  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from watery eyes." 65  
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for  
thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,  
Here comes all that breeds this strife;  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife: 70  
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in  
Spain."

Var. 65, Well in worth, MS.

\* So the MS.—10,000*l.*, P. O.

O how happy is that woman That enjoys so true a friend!		I will spend my days in prayer,	85
Many happy days God send her ;	75	Love and all her laws defye ;	
Of my suit I make an end :		In a nunnery will I shroud mee	
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,		Far from any companye :	
Which did from love and true affection first commence.		But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,	
		To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.	90
Commend me to thy lovely lady,		Thus farewell most gallant captain !	
Bear to her this chain of gold ;	80	Farewell to my heart's content !	
And these bracelets for a token ;		Count not Spanish ladies wanton,	
Grieving that I was so bold :		Though to thee my love was bent:	94
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,		Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !	
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.		" The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."	

## XXIV.

*Argentile and Curan*

—Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII. Books, entitled " Albion's England, by William Warner:" " An author (says a former Editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit; in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of *Argentile and Curan*,]—a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." [Muses library, 1738, 8vo.] To his merit nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,\* to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained, by the following extract from the parish register

book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] " Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an Atturneye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, dyngs suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March; was buried the saturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Pfader." *Signed* Tho. Hassall Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age.\* But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digression and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

Ver. 86, So the folio MS. Other editions read his laws.

\* Athen. Oxon.

\* Athen. Oxon

With that she dasht her on the lippes  
 So dyed double red :  
 Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
 Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of "Albion's England" here followed was printed in 4to., 1602; said in the title page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of "Argentile and Curan" is, I believe, the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, entitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime King of Northumberland, &c., by William Webster, London, 1617," in eight sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Historical Ballads, 1727, 3 vols., 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

Thus Bruton's 'being' departed hence  
 Seaven kingdoms here begonne,  
 Where diversly in divers broyles  
 The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and King Adelbright 5  
 In Diria jointly reigne;  
 In loyal concorde during life  
 These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life, 10  
 To Edel thus he sayes;  
 By those same bonds of happie love,  
 That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which  
 The moyetie is mine;  
 By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15  
 And so in time may thine;

33

I pray thee, nay I conjure thee,  
 To nourish, as thine owne,  
 Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,  
 Till she to age be growne; 20  
 And then, as thou receivest it,  
 Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,  
 The testatør he dies;  
 But all that Edel undertooke, 25  
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time  
 The damsell that was growne  
 The fairest lady under heaven;  
 Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love;  
 But none might her obtaine;  
 For grippell Edel to himselfe  
 Her kingdome sought to gaine;  
 And for that cause from sight of such 35  
 He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto  
 A prince in Danske, did see  
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,  
 As much as man might bee. 40

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?  
 His saint was kept in mewe;  
 Nor he, nor any noble-man  
 Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits 45  
 He pines himselfe awaye:  
 Anon he thought by force of arms  
 To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint  
 Did secretly invay. 50  
 At length the high controller Love,  
 Whom none may disobay,

Imbated him from lordlines  
 Into a kitchen drudge,  
 That so at least of life or death 55  
 She might become his judg.

Accesse so had to see and speake,  
 He did his love bewray,  
 And tells his birth: her answer was,  
 She husbandles would stay. 60

Meane while the king did beate his braines, His booty to atchieve, Nor caring what became of her, So he by her might thrive ; At last his resolution was Some peissant should her wive.	65	So wasting, love, by worke, and want, Grew almost to the waine : But then began a second love, The worser of the twaine.	105
And (which was working to his wish) He did observe with joye How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, Scapt many an amorous toye.*	70	A country wench, a neatherds maid, Where Curan kept his sheepe, Did feed her drove: and now on her Was all the shepherds keepe.	110
The king, perceiving such his vein, Promotes his vassal still, Lest that the basenesse of the man Should lett, perhaps, his will.		He borrowed on the working daies His holy russets oft, And of the bacon's fat, to make His startops blacke and soft.	
Assured therefore of his love, But not suspecting who The lover was, the king himselve In his behalf did woe.	75	And least his tarbox should offend, He left it at the folde : Sweete growte, or wig, his bottle had, As much as it might holde.	115
The lady resolute from love, Unkindly takes that he Should barre the noble, and unto So base a match agree :	80	A sheeve of bread as browne as nut And cheese as white as snow, And wildings, or the seasons fruit He did in scrip bestow.	120
And therefore shifting out of doores, Departed thence by stealth ; Preferring povertie before A dangerous life in wealth.	85	And whilst his py-bald curro did sleepe And sheep-hooke lay him by, On hollow quilles of oten straw He piped melody.	125
When Curan heard of her escape, The anguish in his hart Was more than much, and after her From court he did depart ;	90	But when he spyed her his saint, He wip'd his greasie shooes, And clear'd the drivell from his beard, And thus the shepheard woos.	130
Forgetfull of himselve, his birth, His country, friends, and all, And only minding (whom he mist) The foundresse of his thrall.		"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese, As good as tooth may chawe, And bread and wildings souling well, And therewithall did drawe.	
Nor meanes he after to frequent Or court, or stately townes, But solitarily to live Amongst the country grownes.	95	His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see "Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he, Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou, If I might tup with thee.	135
A brace of years he lived thus, Well pleased so to live, And shepherd-like to feed a flocke Himselfe did wholly give.	100	"Thou art too elvish, faith thou art, Too elvish and too coy : Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, That such a flocke enjoy ?	140
		"I wis I am not: yet that thou Doeest hold me in disdaine Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe To all that keepe this plaine.	145

\* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy,  
or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" i. e. escaped from him,  
being off his guard.



"There be as quaint (at least that thinke  
Theuselves as quaint) that crave  
The match, that thou, I wot not why,  
Maist, but mislik'st to have. 150

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,  
"Thou art a female) I  
Her know not here that willingly  
With maiden-head would die.

"The plowmans labour hath no end, 155  
And he a churle will prove:  
The craftsman hath more worke in hand  
Then fitteth unto love:

"The merchant, traffiquing abroad,  
Suspects his wife at home: 160  
A youth will play the wanton; and  
An old man prove a mome.

"Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun  
He doth his flocke unfold,  
And all the day on hill or plaine 165  
He merrie chat can hold;

"And with the sun doth folde againe;  
Then jogging home betime,  
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,  
Or sings some merry ryme. 170

"Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round  
The nut-brown bowl doth trot;  
And sitteth singing care away,  
Till he to bed be got:

"Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,  
Forgetting morrow-cares: 176  
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,  
Nor uttering of his wares;

"Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,  
Or cracke of credit lost: 180  
Not spending franklier than his flocke  
Shall still defray the cost.

"Well wot I, sooth they say, that say  
More quiet nights and daies  
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he  
Whose cattel he doth graize. 186

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but  
A man, and so am I;  
Content is worth a monarchie  
And mischiefs hit the hie; 190

"As late it did a king and his  
Not dwelling far from hence,  
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,  
For fair a matchless wench."——  
Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195  
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,  
Did egge him on to tell  
How faire she was, and who she was.  
She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

"For beautie: though I clownish am,  
I know what beautie is;  
Or did I not, at seeing thee,  
I senceles were to mis.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Her stature comely, tall; her gate 205  
Well graced; and her wit  
To marvell at, not meddle with,  
As matchless I omit.

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
A forehead smooth, and hie, 210  
An even nose; on either side  
Did shine a grayish cie:

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
White just-set teeth within;  
A mouth in meane; and underneath 215  
A round and dimpled chin.

"Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,  
Stood bolt upright upon  
Her portly shoulders: beating balles  
Her veined breasts, anon 220

"Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was  
Her middle falling still,  
And rising whereas women rise: \* \* \*  
—Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long, and limber armes  
Had white and azure wrists; 226  
And slender fingers aunswere to  
Her smooth and lillie fists.

Ver. 153, Her know I not her that. 1602. V. 160, I. e. rumses a crab, or apple. V. 171, to tell, whilst round the bole doth trot. Ed. 1597.

- "A legge in print, a pretie foot;  
Conjecture of the rest: 230  
For amorous eies, observing forme,  
Think parts obscured best.
- "With these, O raretie! with these  
Her tong of speech was spare;  
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,  
The balle from Ide to bear. 236
- "With Phoebe, Juno, and with both  
Herselfe contends in face;  
Whcare equall mixture did not want  
Of milde and stately grace. 240
- "Her smiles were sober, and her lookes  
Were chearefull unto all;  
Even such as neither wanton seeme  
Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.
- "A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245  
And not disdainig any;  
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and  
Sweete faculties had many.
- "A nymph, no tong, no heart, no eie, 249  
Might praise, might wish, might see;  
For life, for love, for forme; more good,  
More worth, more faire than shee.
- "Yea such an one, as such was none,  
Save only she was such:  
Of Argentile to say the most, 255  
Were to be silent much."
- I knew the lady very well,  
But worthles of such praise,  
The neatresse said: and muse I do,  
A shepheard thus should blaze 260  
The 'coate' of beantie.\* Credit me,  
Thy latter speech bewraies.
- Thy clownish shape a coined shew  
But wherefore dost thou weepe?  
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,  
And both doe silence keepe. 266
- "In troth, quoth he, I am not such,  
As seeming I professe:  
But then for her, and now for thee,  
I from myselfe digresse. 270
- "Her loved I (wretch that I am  
A recreant to be)  
I loved her, that hated love,  
But now I die for thee.
- "At Kirkland is my futhers court, 275  
And Curan is my name,  
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,  
Till love countrould the same:
- "But now—what now?—deare heart, how  
now?  
What ailest thou to weepe?" 280  
The damsell wept, and he was woe,  
And both did silence keepe.
- I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,  
That you did love so much:  
But whom your former could not move,  
Your second love doth touch. 286
- Thy twice-beloved Argentile  
Submitteth her to thee,  
And for thy double love presents  
Herself a single fee, 290  
In passion not in person chang'd,  
And I, my lord, am she.
- They sweetly surfeiting in joy,  
And silent for a space.  
When as the extasie had end, 295  
Did tenderly imbrace;  
And for their wedding, and their wish  
Got fitting time and place.
- Not England (for of Hengist then  
Was named so this land) 300  
Then Curan had an hardier knight;  
His force could none withstand:  
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then  
Had higher things in hand.
- First, making knowne his lawfull claime  
In Argentile her right, 306  
He warr'd in Diria,\* and he wonne,  
Bernicia\* too in fight:
- And so from trecherous Edel tooke  
At once his life and crowne, 310  
And of Northumberland was king,  
Long raigning in renowne.

\* I. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597, 1602, 1612, read  
Coote.

† During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of North-  
umberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides  
part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser  
sovereignities, viz., Deira (called here Diria) which contained  
the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehend those which  
lay north.

## XXV.

*Corin's Fate.*

ONLY the three first stanzas of this song are ancient: these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,  
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?  
Little foode is on the plaine;  
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes; 5  
Forests tangled are with brakes:  
Meadowes subject are to floodes;  
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,  
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10

Hunger will as surely kill:  
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate:  
Since my waywarde love begunne,  
Equall doubts begett debate 15  
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;  
Yet to speke will move disdaine:  
If I see her not I bleed,  
Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe?  
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;  
For to linger thus in woe  
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

## XXVI.

*Jane Shore.*

THOUGH so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edward IV.

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks), and sent her body to prison. And

when he had a while laide unto her, for the manner sake that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion, when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheless every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause, (as a goodly continent prince, clene and faultless of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens manners), he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kytyle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the won-

dering of the people caste a comely rad in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame was her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance than rejoiced therein, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than any virtuous affection.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone: her husbando an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmoche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happily the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender heart. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her:\* which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbore her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you wold have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that 'now see her (for yet she liveth)' deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the

bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvylde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whose wel advise herr visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the williest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to helie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in great stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happily shal esteeme her only by that thei 'now see her.' But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is 'now' in the more beggerly condition, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete

\* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV.'s queen. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, October 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late Marquis of Dorset," who "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij.

favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famousse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembered because thei were not so evil. \*For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not worst proved by her; for 'at this daye' shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene." See More's Workes, folio, black-letter, 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III., causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, 'commanded that no man should relieve her,' which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See England's Heroical Epistles, by Michael Drayton, Esq., London, 1637, 12mo.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III., which is preserved in the Harl. MSS., Number 433, Article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been

reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russell bishop of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.

#### By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c., signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content that the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

#### "RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (Article 134), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com Bedf., to him, his heirs male (Article 596).

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College, Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of 'Live with me,' &c." [See the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

\* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakspeare that proverbial reflection in Hen. VIII., Act 4, sc. 11.

"Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues  
We write in water."

Shakspeare, in his play of Richard III., follows More's History of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

Then maids and wives in time amend For love and beauty will have end.		From city then to court I went, To reape the pleasures of content; There had the joyes that love could bring, And knew the secrets of a king.	
If Rosamonde that was so faire, Had cause her sorrowes to declare, Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing That was beloved of a king.		When I was thus advanc'd on highe Commanding Edward with mine eye, For Mrs. Blague I in short space Obtaine'd a livinge from his grace.	45
In maiden yeares my beautye bright Was loved dear of lord and knight; But yet the love that they requir'd, It was not as my friends desir'd.	5	No friende I had but in short time I made unto a promotion climbe; But yet for all this costlye pride, My husbände could not mee abide.	50
My parents they, for thirst of gaine, A husband for me did obtaine; And I, their pleasure to fulfillle, Was forc'd to wedd against my willo.	10	His bed, though wronged by a king, His heart with deadlye griefe did sting; From England then he goes away To end his life beyond the sea.	55
To Matthew Shore I was a wife, Till lust brought ruine to my life; And then my life I lewdlye spent, Which makes my soul for to lament.	15	He could not live to see his name Impaired by my wanton shame; Although a prince of peerlesse might Did reape the pleasure of his right.	60
In Lombard-street I once did dwelle, As London yet can witnessse welle; Where many gallants did beholde My beautye in a shop of golde.	20	Long time I lived in the courte, With lords and ladies of great sorte; And when I smil'd all men were glad, But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.	
I spred my plumes, as wantons doe, Some sweet and secret friende to wooe, Because chaste love I did not finde Agreeing to my wanton minde.		But yet a gentle minde I bore To helpelesse people, that were poore; I still redrest the orphan's crye, And sav'd their lives condemned to dye.	65
At last my name in court did ring Into the cares of Englandes king, Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd, But I made coye what he desir'd:	25	I still had ruth on widowes tears, I succour'd babes of tender yeares; And never look'd for other gaine But love and thanks for all my paine.	70
Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare, Whose friendship I esteemed deare, Did saye, It was a gallant thing To be beloved of a king.	30	At last my royall king did dye, And then my dayes of woe grew nighe; When crook-back Richard got the crowne, King Edwards friends were soon put downe.	74
By her perswasions I was led For to defile my marriage-bed, And wronge my wedded husband Shore, Whom I had married yeares before.	35	I then was punisht for my sin, That I so long had lived in; Yea, every one that was his friend, This tyrant brought to shamefull end.	80
In heart and mind I did rejoyce, That I had made so sweet a choice; And therefore did my state resigne, To be king Edward's concubine.	40	Then for my lewd and wanton life, That made a strumpet of a wife, I penance did in Lombard-street, In shamefull manner in a sheet.	

Where many thousands did me viewe, Who late in court my credit knewe; Which made the teares run downe my face, To thinke upon my foul disgrace.	85	My chains and gems and golden rings, To filthy rags and loathsome things.	120
Not thus content, they took from mee My goodes, my livings, and my fee, And charg'd that none should me relieve, Nor any succour to me give.	90	Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife, For leading such a wicked life; Both sucking babes and children small, Did make their pastime at my fall.	
Then unto Mrs. Blague I went, To whom my jewels I had sent, In hope thereby to ease my want, When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:	95	I could not get one bit of bread, Whereby my hunger might be fed: Nor drink, but such as channels yield, Or stinking ditches in the field.	125
But she denyed to me the same When in my need for them I came; To recompence my former love, Out of her doores shee did me shove.	100	Thus, weary of my life, at length I yielded up my vital strength, Within a ditch of loathsome scent, Where carrion dogs did much frequent:	130
So love did vanish with my state, Which now my soul repents too late; Therefore example take by mee, For friendship parts in povertrie.		The which now since my dying daye, Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;* Which is a witness of my sinne, For being concubine to a king.	135
But yet one friend among the rest, Whom I before had seen distrest, And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die, Did give me food to succour me;	105	You wanton wives, that fall to lust, Be you assur'd that God is just; Whoredome shall not escape his hand, Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.	140
For which, by lawe, it was decreed That he was hanged for that deed; His death did grieve me so much more, Than had I dyed myself therefore.	110	If God to me such shame did bring, That yielded only to a king, How shall they scape that daily run To practise sin with every one?	
Then those to whom I had done good Durst not afford mee any food; Whereby I begged all the day, And still in streets by night I lay.	115	You husbands, match not but for love, Lest some disliking after prove; Women, be warn'd when you are wives, What plagues are due to sinful lives: Then, maids and wives, in time amend, For love and beauty will have end.	145
My gowns beset with pearl and gold, Were turn'd to simple garments old;		* But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common Sewer (vulgarly Shore) or drain. See Stow.	

## XXVII.

## Corydon's Doleful Knell.

THIS little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights."

The burthen of the song, "Ding Dong, &c.," is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and, therefore, may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but, in the time of our poet, it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine ærial dirge in Shakspeare's *Tempest*:

"Full fadom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are corall made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange:  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
Hark! now I hear *them*, Ding dong bell.  
"Burthen, Ding dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love!  
For evermore farewell!  
Ay me! I've lost my true love,  
And thus I ring her knell,  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5  
My Phillida is dead!  
I'll stick a branch of willow  
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida,  
Our bridal bed was made: 10  
But 'stead of silks so gay,  
She in her shroud is laid.  
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended,  
By maides in fair array,  
Till the obsequies are ended, 15  
And she is wrapt in clay.  
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried  
By youths that do excell;  
And when that she is buried,  
I thus will ring her knell, 20  
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed  
By art and natures skill,  
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,  
In token of good-will.\*  
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands 25  
On it I will bestow!  
But chiefly black and yellow:†  
With her to grave shall go.  
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tombe with flowers,  
The rarest ever seen, 30  
And with my tears, as showers,  
I'll keepe them fresh and green.  
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,  
Set forth with curious art,‡  
Her image shall be painted 35  
On my distressed heart.  
Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven  
Her epitaph so faire,  
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,  
That e'er gave shepherd care." 40  
Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;  
Blacke shall be all my weeds  
Ay me! I am forlorne,  
Now Phillida is dead!  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45  
My Phillida is dead!  
I'll stick a branch of willow  
At my fair Phillis' head.

\* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† See above, preface to No. XI. Book II.

‡ This alludes to the painted effigies of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.



## SERIES THE SECOND.

## BOOK III.

## I.

*The Complaint of Conscience.*

I SHALL begin this Third Book with an old allegoric satire: a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME,  
IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

WE learn from Wormius,\* that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analyzed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks or Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these corresponding sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other; but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one

line. This will be the best understood by the following examples.\*

"Meire og Minne      " Gab Ginunga  
Mogu heimdaller."      Einn Gras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who, as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement than any of the rest.

Their brethren, the Anglo-Saxon poets, occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters:†

"Skeop tha and Skyrede      "Ham and Heahsetl  
Skyppeð ure."      Heofena rikes."

I know not, however, that there is anywhere extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS., viz.

"In a Somer Season, | when 'hot‡ was the  
Sunne,  
I Skope me into Skroubs, | as I a Skepe  
were;  
In Habite as an Harmet, | unHoly of werkes,  
Went Wyde in thys world | Wonders to  
heare," &c.

\* *Literatura Runica*. Hafnise 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. Vid Hickein Præfat. in *Grammat. Anglo-Saxon & Mooso-Goth.* 4to. 1689.

\* Vid. Hickein *Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional.* Tom. I. p. 217.

† Ibid.

‡ So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either "soft," as in MS., or "set," as in P. CC.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these "Visions of Pierce [i. e. Peter] the Plowman," are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *Passus* or Breaks,\* exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong, allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work, I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley, dwelling in *Elye rentes in Holburne*. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.† The other is said to be *newlye imprinted after the authors olde copy . . . . by Owen Rogers*, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, entitled, "Pierce the Ploughman's Crode." It begins thus:

\* The poem properly contains xxi parts; the word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See Series III., preface to ballad III., where *Passus* seems to signify pause.

† That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowley*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered, 39, 39, 41, 63, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

"Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning  
spede  
For the *Kaders Frendshipe*, that *Foured*  
heaven.  
And through the *Special Spirit*, that *Sprong*  
of hem tweyne,  
And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz., the gray friars of St. Francis, the black friars of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friars, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours, the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce, a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.\* Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems,† two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is entitled, "The soge of I erlam," [i. e. Jerusalem] being an old fabulous legend, composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

"In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperor  
Syr Sesar hymself . beSted in Rome  
Whyll Pylat was Provoste . under that Prynce  
ryche  
And Jewes Justice also . of Judens londe  
Herode under emper . as Herytage wolde  
Kyng," &c.

The other is entitled, "Chevalero Assigne" [or De Cigne], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus:

"All-Weldyng God . Whene it is his Wyлле  
Wele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene  
honde

\* Signature: Wff.

† Caligula A. ij. fol. 109, 123.

For ofte *Harmes* were *Hente* . that *Helpe* we  
                   ne myzte  
 Nere the *Hyznos* of *Hym* . that lengeth in  
                   *Hevene*  
 For this," &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays\* is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssant and illustrious prynee, lorde Edward duke of Buckyng-hame." This lord, it seems, had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this, "highe dygne and illustrious prynee my lorde Edward by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyringe cotydially to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were re-lucient in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exem-pleacyon of the same, havying a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant some-time reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the which were all tounred by the providence of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyld, named Hel-yas, the knight of the swanne, 'of whome lini-ally is dyscended my saydelorde.' The whiche ententilly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of hys lie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted ni mayster Wynkin de Wordef to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . at whose instigacion and stir-ing I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tonge after the capacite and rude-ness of my weke entendement."—A curious picture of the times! While in Italy litera-ture and the fine arts were ready to burst

forth with classical splendour under Leo X., the first peer of this realm was proud to de-rive his pedigree from a fabulous "Knight of the Swan."\*

To return to the metre of *Pierce Plowman*: In the folio MS. so often quoted in this work, are two poems written in that species of ver-sification. One of these is an ancient allego-rical poem, entitled "Death and Life" (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs), which, for aught that appears, may have been writ-ten as early, if not before the time of Lang-land. The first forty lines are broke as they shoulde be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the tran-script, in order, I suppose, to save room. It begins,

"*Christ Christen king*  
           that on the *Crosse* tholed;  
*Hadd Paines and Passyons*  
           to defend our soules;  
 Give us *Grace* on the *Ground*  
           the *Greatye* to serve,  
 For that *Royal Red blood*  
           that *Ranu* from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame Life," and the "ugly fiend Dame Death;" who with their several attri-butes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is,

"*Shee was Brighter* of her *Blee*,  
           then was the *Bright sonn*;  
*Her Rudd Redder* then the *Rose*,  
           that on the *Rise* hangeth;  
*Meekely smiling* with her *Mouth*,  
           And *Merry* in her lookes;  
*Ever Laughing* for *Love*,  
           as shee *Like* would.  
 And as shee came by the *Bankes*,  
           the *Boughes* echo one  
 They *Lowted* to that *Ladye*,  
           And *Layd* forth their branches;  
*Blossomes* and *Burgens*  
           Breathed full sweete;  
*Flowers Flourished* in the *Frith*,  
           where shee *Forth* stepped;

\* K. vol. X.

† W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G.'s copy is "¶ *Imprinted at London by me William Copland*."

‡ He is said in the story book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Henry VIII.

And the *Grasse*, that was *Gray*,  
Greened belive."

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that which is quoted in the 181st page of this work, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity, unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 181, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus :

Grant Gracious God,  
Grant me this time, &c.

It is entitled, "*Scottish Feilde*" (in 2 fitts, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513 : at which the author seems to have been present, from his speaking in the first person plural :

"Then we Tild downe our Tents,  
that Told were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself :

"He was a Gentleman by Jesu,  
that this Gest\* made :  
Which Say but as he Sayd†  
for Sooth and noe other.  
At Bagily that Bearno  
his Biding place had ;  
And his ancestors of old time  
have yearded‡ their longe,  
Before William Conquerour  
this Cuntry did inhabit.  
Jesus Bring 'them'§ to Blisse,  
that Brought us forth of BALE,  
That hath Hearkned me Heare  
Or Heard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed, that the author

\* Jest, MS.

† Probably corrupted for—"Says but as he Saw."

‡ Yearded, i. e. buried, earthed, entred. It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pit-scottie, speaking of James III., slain at Bannockbourn, says, "Nae man wot whar they yearded him."

§ "us," MS. In the second line above, the MS. has 'bidding."

was of that country appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshiremen, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys Earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley, bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written ; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry : this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable : I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce Plowman.\*

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form : the author of "*Scottish Field*," we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme : this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament : till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it ; and the song of "*Little John Nobody*" exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapaestic verse,†

\* And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

† Consisting of four Anapaests ( o o - ) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of eleven and fourteen syllables, the parents of our lyric measure (See examples, pp. 151, 152, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) ; only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen.

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following song of "Conscience," and in that well-known dog-grel,

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand heroic verse of twelve syllables\* is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme. But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state,† as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were

obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both, however, depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original: and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other.\*

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds in verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of "Life and Death;" in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

*Lê sêroës fut loûjoûrs | ên enfânt dî vîndûre;*  
All shall dwell with the dîmks | that I deal with my hânds.  
*L'hômme prînt et voit trîp | l'illûsîon lî sêit,*  
Yônder dîmsl is deâth | that dressêth hêr tō smite.  
*L'într'pûl vîit mîeux | èl l'fîntîme fûit.†*  
Whên shê dîstîfully saw | hêw shê dîng dôwnê hîr fôlk.  
*M-me aîx yûix dî l'înjuste | ên înjûste êst hêrrîd!‡*  
*Thên shê câst ûp a cryû | tō thê hîgh kîng èf hêavên.*

\* The Saxons tho in their power, tho thii were so rive,  
Seve kingdoms made in Engelande, and sutlie but vivo:  
The king of Northomberland, and of Eastangle also,  
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the mid-land counties. Had the heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

† Of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c., have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poetry, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse in his versions of the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid*, 1557, 4to.

‡ Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four anapests (ο ο ο) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior and from the following song of Conscience:

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know thî Grève,  
Thê fîtl rêtînt of th' ûnfôrtûnâte brîve.  
Hê stêpt tō hîm strîght, and dîd hîm rêquîre.

\* See instances in *L'Hist. de la Poésie Française* par Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French verses.

† *Catallina*, A. 3.

‡ Boileau Fat.

*Dū mēnwiŋg; toŋjūrs | lē wvāt dēnūri mūtri,*  
*Thōu shalt hittārlýs byē | ōr elſe the bōokē fülleth.*  
*Pōŋr pūrwōtre hōnūte hōmme | ēn ūn mūt, ū fīnt lētre<sup>ab</sup>*  
*Thūs I fāred thrōughē ā frythh | wēre thū flōwers wēre*  
*mānyū.*

To conclude; the metre of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's "History of English Poetry," Vol. I., p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of "Alexander the Great," in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Number 44, in the Ashmol. MSS., containing twenty-seven pasus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,  
 fayne wolde thei her [i. e. *hear*]  
 Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre (Vol. iii. p. 305), viz.:

— I am a Sotherne [i. e. *Southern*] man,  
 I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

That the fondness for this species of versification, &c., was retained longest in the northern provinces: and that the author of "*Pierce Plowman's Visions*" is in the best MSS. called "*William*," without any surname. (See vol. iv. p. 74.)

#### ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old alliterative metre.

The first is in MS.,† which begins thus:

\* Boll. Sat. 11.

† In a small 4to. MS. containing 38 leaves, in private hands.

*Crist Crowned Kyng,* that on *Cros* didest,\*  
 And art Comfort of all *Care*, thou,† kind go  
 out of *Cours*

With thi *Halwes* in *Heven* *Heried* mote thou  
 be,

And thy *Worshipful Werkes* *Worshipped* evre,  
 That suche *Sondry Signes* *Shewest* unto  
 man,

In *Dremyng*, in *Drecchyng*,‡ and in *Derke*  
*swevenes*.

The author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself; which he introduces with the following circumstances:

*Ones* y me *Ordayne*d, as y have *Ofte* doon,  
 With *Frendes*, and *Felawes*, *Frendemen*, and  
 other;

And *Caught* me in a *Company* on *Corpus*  
*Christi* even,

*Six*, other‡ *Seven* myle, out of *Southampton*,  
 To take *Melodye*, and *Mirthes*, among my  
*Makes*;

With *Redyng* of *Romaunces*, and *Revelyng*  
 among,

The *Dym* of the *Derkness* *Drewe* me into  
 the west;

And be *Gon* for to *spryng* in the *Grey* day.  
 Than *Lift* up my *Lyddes*, and *Loked* in the  
 sky,

And *Knewe* by the *Kende* *Cours*, hit clered  
 in the est:

*Blyve* y *Busked* me down, and to *Bed* went,  
 For to *Comforte* my *Kynde*, and *Cacche* a  
 slope.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y *Hoved* on *Hgh* on an *Hill*,  
 And *loked* *Down* on a *Dale* *Depest* of othre;  
 Ther y *Sawe* in my *Sight*e a *Selcouthe*, peple;  
 The *Multitude* was so *Moche*, it *Mighte* not  
 be nombred.

Methoughte y herd a *Crowned Kyng*, of his  
*Comunes* axe

A *Soleyne*|| *Subsidie*, to *Susteyne* his werres.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

With that a *Clerk* *Kneled* adowne and *Carped*  
 these wordes,

*Liege* *Lord*; yif it you *Like* to *Listen* a  
 while,

*Sum* *Sawes* of *Salomon* y shall you shewe  
 sone.

\* Didst dye. † though. ‡ being overpowered.

‡ i. e. either, or.

|| Solemn.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of King Henry V., as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The alliterative metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed :

Here begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit  
Wemen, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister  
William Dunbar.\*

"Upon the Midsummer evven Mirriest of  
nichtis  
I Muir furth alane quhen as Midnight was  
past  
Besyd ane Gudlie Grene Garth,† full of Gay  
flouris  
Hegeit‡ of ane Hoge Hicht with Hawthorne  
treis  
Quairon ane Bird on ane Bransehe so Birst  
out hir notis  
That nevir ane Blythfuller Bird was on the  
Benche§ hard, &c."

The author pretends to overhear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to "Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale." As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after "Scottish Field" (described above in p. 268), which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which

are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of "Thomas the Rymor," "Marvellous Merling," &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of "Pierce Plowman's Visions." The first of them begins thus:

"Merling sayes in his book, who will Read  
Right,  
Although his Sayings be uncouth, they Shall  
be true found,  
In the seventh chapter, read Whoso Will,  
One thousand and more after Christ's birth,  
&c."

And the "Prophesie of Beid:"

"Betwixt the chief of Summer and the Sad  
winter;  
Before the Heat of summer Happen shall a  
war  
That Europ's lands Earnestly shall be  
wrought  
And Earnest Envy shall last but a while, &c."

So again the "Prophesie of Berlington:"

"When the Ruby is Raised, Rest is there  
none,  
But much Rancour shall Rise in River and  
plain,  
Much Sorrow is Seen through a Suth-bound  
That beares Hornes in his Head like a wyld  
Hart, &c."

In like metre is the "Prophesie of Waldhare:"

"Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay,  
Looking to the Lennox, as me Lief thought,  
The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek  
For Malice and Melody that Moved me sore,  
&c."

And lastly, that entitled "The Prophesie of Gildas:"

"When holy kirk is Wracked and Will has  
no Wit  
And Pastors are Pluckt, and Pil'd without  
Pity  
When Idolatry Is In ENS and RE  
And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c."

\* Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight of London, 1786," 2 vols 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.

† Garden.

‡ Hedged.

§ Bough.

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Burlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not entirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes in the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

The following-song, entitled "The Complaint of Conscience," is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript: some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary, by enclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an' wood side,  
To God for to meditate was my entent;  
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed  
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,  
With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5  
His fleshe and his color consumed away,  
And his garments they were all mire,  
mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire  
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;  
I stept to him straight, and did him require  
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.  
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee, 12  
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my  
care,  
And makes me scorned, and left here so  
bare.

Then straightway he turned him, and prayd  
'me' sit downe,  
And I will, saithe he, declare my whole  
greefe; 16

Ver. 1, one, MS. V. 15, him, MS.

My name is called "Conscience:"—whereatt  
he did frowne,  
He pined to repeat it, and grinded his teethe,  
'Though now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all  
relceef,'  
'Yet' while I was young, and tender of  
yeeres, 20  
I was entertained with kinges, and with  
peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in  
such fame,  
For with the kings counsell 'I' sate in com-  
mission;  
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my  
name;  
And how that I liv'd there needs no repeti-  
tion: 25  
I was ever holden in honest condition,  
For howsoever the lawes went in West-  
minster-hall,  
When sentence was given, for me they wold  
call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,  
But one pore peny, that was their fine; 30  
And that they acknowledged to be for my  
sake.  
The poore wold doe nothing without counsell  
mine:  
I ruled the world with the right line:  
For nothing was passed betwenee foe and  
friend,  
But Conscience was called to bec at 'the'  
end. 35

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants  
wold make  
But I was called a wittnesse therto:  
No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,  
But I wold controule them, if that they did  
soe: 39  
'And' that makes me live now in great woe.  
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,  
That is now entertained with all kind of  
people.

He brought with him three, whose names  
'thus they call'  
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, be-  
side:

Ver. 10, not in MS. V. 23, he sate, MS. V. 35, an end  
MS. V. 43, they be these, MS.



They never prevail'd, till they had wrought  
my downe-fall; 45

Soc Pride was entertained, but Conscience  
decried,

And 'now ever since' abroad have I tried  
To have had entertainment with some one  
or other;

But I am rejected, and scorned of my  
brother.

Then went I to the court the gallants to winn,  
But the porter kept me out of the gate: 51  
To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,  
They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my  
state;

Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke  
thee a mate.

Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince,  
and queene, 55

With whom evermore I esteemed have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did  
'dwell:'

But they bade away with me, when they  
knew my name;

For he will undoe us to hye and to sell! 59  
They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for  
shame:

They lought at my raggs, and there had  
good game;

This is old threed-bare Conscience, that  
dwelt with saint Peter;

But they wold not admitt me to be a chim-  
ney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth  
know; 64

I having but one poor pennye in my purse,  
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;  
'For' I thought better cobble shooes than  
doe worse.

Straight then all the coblers began for to  
curse,

And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and  
forlorne,

And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke'  
where I was borne. 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,  
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:  
Not doubting but there I some favor shold  
find,

For my name and the place agreed soe fit;

But there of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75  
For 'though' the judge us'd my name in  
everye 'commission,'

The lawyers with their quillets wold get  
'my' dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;  
Good lord! how the lawyers began to assemble,  
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee;  
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;  
I showed them my cause, and did not dis-  
semble;

Soe they gave me some money my charges  
to heare,

But swore me on a booke I must never  
come there.

Next the merchunts said, Counterfeite, get  
thee away, 85

Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt  
sea,

And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;  
And there thou and wee most friendly shook  
hand,

And we were right glad when thou didst  
refuse us; 90

For when we wold reape profit here thou  
woldst accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on

To gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;  
Declaring my greeffes, and therẽ I made  
monne,

'Telling' how their forefathers held me in  
fame: 95

And at letting their farmes 'how always I  
came.'

They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee  
curse:

'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the  
worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe

To husbandmens houses, who greeved right  
sore, 100

And sware that their landlords had plagued  
them so,

That they were not able to keepe open doore,  
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:

Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,  
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best  
fare. 105

Ver. 46, was derided, MS. V. 53, packe me, MS. V. 57,  
wonne, MS. V. 70, see.

V. 76, condiclon, MS. V. 77, get a, MS. V. 95, And how  
MS. V. 101, so sore, MS.

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have  
 Of Merye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;  
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.  
 Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,  
 'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds;' 110  
 Our banishment is its utter decay,  
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best  
 To goe to the clergie; for dailye they preach  
 Eche man to love you above all the rest; 115  
 Of Merye, and Pittie, and Almes-'deeds', they teach.

O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,  
 For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,  
 That whosoever gives almes they will\* give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120  
 And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.  
 I told him, I haplie might yet see the day  
 For him and his fellowes to live with the best.  
 First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;  
 For then those wold love us, that now sell their land, 125  
 And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand.

## II.

## Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance.

THIS excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, entitled, "The Garland of Good-will." Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

## TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient father,  
 And give you a good daye;  
 What is the cause, I praye you,  
 So sadly here you staye?  
 And that you keep such gazing 5  
 On this decayed place,  
 The which, for superstition,  
 Good princes down did raze?

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,\*  
 That zometimes che have knowne 10  
 A vair and goodly abbey  
 Stand here of bricke and stone;

And many a holy vrier,  
 As ich may say to thee,  
 Within those goodly cloysters 15  
 Che did full often zee.

## TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,  
 In truthe and veritie,  
 A sorte of greater hypocrites  
 Thou couldst not likely see; 20  
 Deceiving of the simple  
 With false and feigned lies:  
 But such an order truly  
 Christ never did devise.

## IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man; 25  
 Che know well what thou art;  
 A vellow of mean learning,  
 Thee was not worth a vart:  
 Vor when we had the old lawe,  
 A merry world was then; 30

Ver. 109, III, MS. V. 110, not in MS.

\* i. e. faithen: as in the Midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes. A.

Ver. 119, almes-deeds. V. 126, houses every where wold be kept, MS.

\* We ought in justice and truth to read "can."

And every thing was plenty  
Among all zorts of men.

## TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,  
As did the Jewes sometimes  
Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35  
When he accus'd their crimes:  
'Twas merry, sayd the people,  
And joyfull in our rea'me,  
When we did offer spiec-cakes  
Unto the queen of heav'n. 40

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good yellowe,  
Before the vriers went hence,  
A bushell of the best wheate  
Was zold vor vourteen pence;  
And vorty egges a penny, 45  
That were both good and nowe;  
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,  
And yet ich am no Jewe.

## TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible  
We find it written plain, 50  
The latter days should troublesome  
And dangerous be, certaine;  
That we should be self-lovers,  
And charity wax colde;  
Then 'tis not true religion 55  
That makes thee grief to holde.

## IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,  
And chould that well ye knewe,  
Ich care not for the bible booke;  
Tis too big to be true. 60  
Our blessed ladyes psalter  
Zhall for my money goe;  
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,\*  
The bible cannot zhowe.

## TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65  
For in that book indeedo  
No mention of our lady,  
Or Romish saint we read:  
For by the blessed Spirit  
That book indited was, 70  
And not by simple persons,  
As was the foolish masse.

## IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe  
That made the masse, che trowe;  
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75  
And vools no Latine knowe.  
Were not our fathers wise men,  
And they did like it well;  
Who very much rejoyced  
To heare the zacring bell? 80

## TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,  
As I may say to thee,  
Have wisht the light that you have,  
And could it never see:  
For what art thou the better 85  
A Latin song to heare,  
And understudest nothing,  
That they sing in the quiere?

## IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,  
The noise was passing trim 90  
To heare the vriers zinging,  
As we did enter in:  
And then to zee the rood-loft  
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—  
But now to zee them wandring 95  
My heart with zorrow vaints.

## TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,  
No image thou shouldst make,  
Nor that unto idolatry  
You should your self betake; 100  
The golden calf of Israel  
Moses did therefore spoile;  
And Baal's priests and temple  
Were brought to utter foile.

## IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame 105  
Was a pure and holy zaint,  
And many men in pilgrimage  
Did shew to her complaint.  
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,  
And many other moe: 110  
The holy maid of Kent\* likewise  
Did many wonders zhowe.

\* Probably alluding to the illuminated psalters, missals, &c.

\* By name Eliz. Barton, executed April 21, 1534. Stow, p. 670.

TRUTH.  
 Such saints are well agreeing  
 To your profession sure ;  
 And to the men that made them 115  
 So precious and so pure ;  
 The one for being a traytoure,  
 Met an untimely death ;  
 The other eke for treason  
 Did end her hateful breath. 120

IGNORANCE.  
 Yea, yea, it is no matter,  
 Dispraise them how you wille ;  
 But zure they did much goodnesse ;  
 Would they were with us stille !  
 We had our holy water, 125  
 And holy bread likewise,  
 And many holy reliques  
 We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.  
 And all this while they fed you  
 With vaine and empty showe, 130  
 Which never Christ commanded,  
 As learned doctors knowe :  
 Search then the holy scriptures,  
 And thou shalt plainly see  
 That headlong to damnation 135  
 They alway trained thee.

IGNORANCE.  
 If it be true, good wellowe,  
 As thou dost zay to mee,  
 Unto my heavenly fader  
 Alone then will I flee : 140  
 Believing in the Gospel,  
 And passion of his Zon,  
 And with the zutil papistes  
 Ich have for ever done.

## III.

*The Wandering Jew.*

THE story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he

left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Al

bans, and was living at the time when the Armenian archbishop made the above relation

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew," whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol II, Book 3, Let 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion — The ballad however seems to be of a later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem

Our Saviour Christ did live,

And for the sins of all the worlde

His own deare life did give;

The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes 5

Did dailye him molest,

That never till he left his life,

Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,

And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10

In scornfull sort they led him forthe

Unto his dying place,

Where thousand thousands in the streete

Beheld him passe along,

Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15

That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,

As in the streete he wente,

And nought he found but churlish tauntes,

By every ones consente: 20

His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,

A burthen far too great,

Which made him in the streete to fainte,

With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest, 25

To ease his burthened soule,

Upon a stone; the which a wretch

Did churlishly controule;

And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,

Thou shalt not rest thee here; 30

Pass on; thy execution place

Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence,

At which our Saviour sayd,

I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke, 35

And have no journey stayed

With that this cursed shoemaker,

For offering Christ this wrong,

Left wife and children, house and all,

And went from thence along. 40

Where after he had seene the bloude

Of Jesus Christ thus shed,

And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,

Awaye with speed he fled,

Without returning backe againe 45

Unto his dwelling place,

And wandred up and downe the worlde,

A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,

No ease, nor hearts content, 50

No house, nor home nor hiding place:

But wandring forth he went

From towne to towne in foreigne landes,

With grieved conscience still,

Repenting for the heinous guilt 55

Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past

In wandring up and downe;

He much again desired to see

Jerusalems renowne, 60

But finding it all quite destroyd,

He wandred thence with woe,

Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,

To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke,"

So doth this wandring Jew 66

From place to place, but cannot rest

For seeing countries newe;

Declaring still the power of him,

Whereas he comes or goes, 70

And of all things done in the east,

Since Christ his death, he shoves.

The world he hath still compast round

And seene those nations strange,

That hearing of the name of Christ, 75

Their idol gods doe change:

To whom he hath told wondrous thinges

Of time forepast, and gone,

And to the princes of the worlde

Declares his cause of moane: 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd, And yeild his mortal breath ; But, if the Lord hath thus decreed, He shall not yet see death. For neither lookes he old nor young, But as he did those times, When Christ did suffer on the crosse For mortall sinners crimes.	85	If people give this Jew an almes, The most that he will take Is not above a groat a time : Which he, for Jesus' sake, Will kindlye give unto the poore, And thereof make no spare, Affirming still that Jesus Christ Of him hath dailye care.	105 110
He hath past through many a foreigne place, Arabia, Egypt, Africa, Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace, And throughout all Hungaria, Where Paul and Peter preached Christ, Those blest apostles deare ; There he hath told our Saviours wordes, In countries far and neare.	90 95	He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile, But weepe and make great moane ; Lamenting still his miseries, And dayes forepast and gone : If he heare any one blaspheme, Or take God's name in vaine, He telles them that they crucifie Their Saviour Christo againe.	115 120
And lately in Bohemia, With many a German towne ; And now in Flanders, as tis thought, He wandreth up and downe : Where learned men with him conferre Of those his lingering dayes, And wonder much to heare him tell His journeyes, and his wayes.	100	If you had seene his death, saith he, As these mine eyes have done, Ten thousand thousand times would yee His torments thinke upon : And suffer for his sake all paine Of torments, and all woes. These are his wordes and eke his life Whereas he comes or goes.	125

## IV.

## The Lye,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—Is found in a very scarce miscellany entitled "Davidson's Poems, or a poeticall Rap-sodie divided into sixe books. . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davidson's poems before that time, one in 1608,\* the other in 1611.† So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of

Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, p. 173, fol.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,  
Upon a thankelesse arrant ;  
Feare not to touche the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant :  
Goe, since I needs must dye,  
And give the world the lye.

5

Goe tell the court, it glowes  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Goe tell the church it shoves  
What's good, and doth no good :  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lye.

10

\* Catalogue of T. Rawlinson, 1727.

† Catalogue of Slon coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.

Tell potentates they live Acting by others actions; Not lov'd unlesse they give, Not strong but by their factions; If potentates reply, Give potentates the lye.	15	Tell wisdom, she entangles Herself in over-wisenesse; And if they do reply, Straight give them both the lye.	45
Tell men of high condition, That rule affairs of state, Their purpose is ambition, Their practise onely hate; And if they once reply, Then give them all the lye.	20	Tell physicke of her boldnesse; Tell skill, it is pretension; Tell charity of coldnesse; Tell law, it is contention; And as they yield reply, So give them still the lye.	50
Tell them that brave it most, They beg for more by spending, Who in their greatest cost Seek nothing but commending; And if they make reply, Spare not to give the lye.	25	Tell fortune of her blindnesse; Tell nature of decay; Tell friendship of unkindnesse; Tell justice of delay; And if they dare reply, Then give them all the lye.	55 60
Tell zeale, it lacks devotion; Tell love, it is but lust; Tell time, it is but motion; Tell flesh, it is but dust; And wish them not reply, For thou must give the lye.	30	Tell arts, they have no soundnesse, But vary by esteeming; Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse, And stand too much on seeming; If arts and schooles reply, Give arts and schooles the lye.	65
Tell age, it daily wasteth; Tell honour, how it alters; Tell beauty, how she blasteth; Tell favour, how she falters; And as they shall reply, Give each of them the lye.	35	Tell faith, it's fled the citie; Tell how the countrey erreth; Tell, manhood shakes off pitie; Tell, vertue least preferreth: And if they doe reply, Spare not to give the lye.	70
Tell wit, how much it wrangles In tickle points of nicenesse;	40	So, when thou hast, as I Commanded thee, done blabbing, Although to give the lye Deserves no less than stabbing, Yet stab at thee who will, No stab the soule can kill.	75

V.

Verses by King James I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his Majesty's poetic talents, some punning verses made on the disputations at Sterling; but it having been suggested to the Editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer

put them into metre;\* it was thought proper to exchange them for two sonnets of King James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected

\* See a folio, intituled, "The Muses welcome to King James."

two, which (to show our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON  
PRINCE HENRY.

From King James's Works in folio: where is also printed another called his Majesty's "own Sonnet;" it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was *not* his Majesty's *own* sonnet.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,  
For on his throne his scepter do they sway:  
And as their subjects ought them to obey,  
So kings should feare and serve their God  
aguine.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne, 5  
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;  
And from his law make all your laws to  
spring;  
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true, and  
plaine;  
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the  
right;  
Walke always so, as ever in His sight,  
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the pro-  
phane.

And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,  
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER  
WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEW-  
MARKET, IN JANUARY, 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's Works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire!  
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful  
band  
Betwixt the cankered King of Creta land,\*  
That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who went to quench debate and  
ire 5  
Among the Romans, when his ports were  
clos'd?†  
But now his double face is still dispos'd,  
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,  
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast: 10  
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,  
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.  
Curst be that love and mought‡ continue  
short,  
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil  
our sport.

## VI.

### King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

THE common popular ballad of "King John and the Abbot" seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, entitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our

old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled, "King Olfrey and the Abbot."‡ Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some puritan worked up the same story into

\* Saturn. † Janus. ‡ i. e. may it.

§ See the collection of *Historical Ballads*. 3 vols. 1727  
Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, 6, 15.



a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,  
When learned bishops princes eyes do  
blind."

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon  
Of a notable prince, that was called King  
John;  
And he ruled England with maine and with  
might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little  
right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie, 5  
Concerning the Abbot of Canturburye;  
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,  
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day; 10  
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keapest a farre better house than mee,  
And for thy house-keeping and high re-  
nowne, 15  
I feare thou work'st treason against my  
crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were  
knowne,  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;  
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must  
dye; 22  
For except thou canst answer me questions  
three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodle.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this  
stead, 25  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my  
head,

Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am  
worthe.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt, 29  
How soone I may ride the whole world about.  
And at the third question thou must not  
shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow  
witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:  
But if you will give me but three weekes  
space, 35  
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions  
three, 39  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer  
devise. 44

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:  
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome  
home;  
What newes do you bring us from good King  
John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must  
give;  
That I have but three days more to live: 50  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodle.

The first is to tell him there in that stead, 53  
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole world  
about:  
And at the third question I must not shrinke,  
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never  
hear yet, 61  
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?  
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your  
apparel,  
And Ile ride to London to answer your quar-  
rel. 64

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,  
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:  
And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
There is none shall knowe us in fair London  
towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and  
brave; 70  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and  
cope,  
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,  
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions  
three, 75  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this  
stead,  
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth. 80

"For thirty pence our Saivour was sold  
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke, thou art one penny worsen than  
hee." 84

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,\*  
I did not think I had been worth so littel!  
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with  
the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth againe; 90  
And then your grace need not make any  
doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!  
—Now from the third question thou must not  
shrinke,  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace  
merry:  
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may  
see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for  
mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,  
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!  
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto  
mee; 106  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest  
home,  
Thou has brought him a pardon from good  
King John. \* \* \*

\* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

## VII.

## You Meaner Beauties.

THIS little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the *Reliquie Wottonianæ*, 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfie our eies  
More by your number, than your light;

You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise? 5

Ye violets that first appeare,  
By your pure purple mantles known  
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,  
As if the spring were all your own;  
What are you when the rose is blown? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents: what's your praise,  
When Philomell her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistris shal be scene  
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;  
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;  
Tell me, if she was not design'd  
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind? 20

## VIII.

## The Old and Young Courtier.

THIS excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo.

An old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a  
greate estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountifull  
rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his  
gate;  
Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word  
asswages;  
They every quarter paid their old servants  
their wages,  
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,  
footmen, nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats  
and badges;  
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old  
books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might  
know him by his looks,  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the  
hooks,  
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a  
dozen old cooks.

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes,  
guns, and bows,  
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne  
many shrewde blows,  
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's  
trunk hose,  
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his cop-  
per nose;

Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmase  
was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe  
and drum,  
With good chear enough to furnish every old  
room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and  
man dumb.

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel  
of hounds,  
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his  
own grounds,  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within  
his own bounds,  
And when he dyed gave every child a thou-  
sand good pounds;

Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he  
assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to keep the old  
bountifull mind,  
To be good to his old tenants, and to his  
neighbours be kind.  
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how  
he was inclin'd;

Like a young courtier of the king's,  
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come  
to his land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his  
command,

And takes up a thousand pound upon his  
father's land,

And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can nei-  
ther go nor stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,  
and spare,

Who never knew what belonged to good house-  
keeping, or care,

Who buyes gandy-colored fans to play with  
wanton air,

And seven or eight different dressings of other  
women's hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the  
old one stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the  
poor no good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns  
neither coal nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no  
victuals ne'er stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets,  
and plays,

And a new chaplain, that swears faster than  
he prays,

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in  
four or five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-  
shaws, and toys;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is draw-  
ing on,

On a new journey to London straight we all  
must begone,

And leave none to keep house, but our new  
porter John,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the  
back with a stone;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,	With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat.	For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,	And this is the course most of our new gal- lants hold,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;	Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Like a young courtier, &c.	Among the young courtiers of the king,
	Or the king's young courtiers. * *

## IX.

## Sir John Suckling's Campaigne.

WHEN the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, entitled, "*Musarum deliciae*: or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith]. London, 1656, 12mo."—[See Wood's *Athenæ*, II., 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.:

"But now there is peace, he's return'd to  
increase  
His money, which lately he spent-a,

But his lost honour must lye still in the  
dust;  
At Barwick away it went-a."

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to ride-a,  
With a hundred horse more, all his own he  
swore,  
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5  
With halfe so gay a bravada,  
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn  
on a book,  
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see  
So gallant and warlike a sight-a, 10  
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,  
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;  
His heart would not relent-a,  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?  
Or why should he repent-a? 16

The king (God bless him!) had singular  
hopes  
Of him and all his troop-a:  
The borderers they, as they met him on the  
way,  
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

<p>None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,          Who took him for John de Wert-a;          But when there were shows of gunning and          blows,          My gallant was nothing so pert-a.</p>	<p>The colonell sent for him back agen,          To quarter him in the van-a, 36          But Sir John did swear, he would not come          there,          To be kill'd the very first man-a.</p>
<p>For when the Scots army came within sight,          And all prepared to fight-a, 26          He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,          He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.</p>	<p>To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,          Some ten miles back, and more-a;          Where Sir John did play at trip and away,          And ne'er saw the enemy more-a. 36</p>

## X.

## To Althea from Prison.

THIS excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. II., p. 228, and Lysons's *Environs of London*, Vol. I., p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems entitled, "*Lucasta*, 1649, 12mo.," collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at my grates;  
 When I lye tangled in her haire;  
 And fetter'd with her eye,

Ver. 22, John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called *De Vert*. See Bayle's Dictionary.

<p>The birds that wanton in the aire,          Know no such libertye.</p>	
<p>When flowing cups run swiftly round          With no allaying Thames, 10          Our careless heads with roses crown'd,          Our hearts with loyal flames;          When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,          When healths and draughts goe free,          Fishes, that tittle in the deepe, 15          Know no such libertie.</p>	
<p>When, linnet-like, confined I          With shriller note shall sing          The mercy, sweetness, majestye,          And glories of my king; 20          When I shall voyce aloud how good          He is, how great should be,          Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,          Know no such libertie.</p>	
<p>Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25          Nor iron barres a cage,          Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take          That for an hermitage:          If I have freedom in my love, 30          And in my soule am free,          Angels alone, that soare above,          Enjoy such libertie.</p>	

Ver. 10, with woe-allaying themes, MS. Thames is used for water in general.

## XL.

*The Downfall of Charing-Cross.*

CHARING-CROSS, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such a one wherever the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in verse 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643. Vid. Athen. Ox. II. 24.

UNDONE, undone the lawyers are,  
They wander about the towne,  
Nor can find the way to Westminster,  
Now Charing-cross is downe:  
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,  
Swearing they are at a loss, 6  
And chaffing say, that's not the way,  
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down  
Conceived it very fitting, 10  
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,  
In the house, as they were sitting.  
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,  
Which made them so hard-hearted,  
To give command, it should not stand, 15  
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse  
For anything I know,  
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner  
Were hang'd for long agoe. 20  
Our parliament did that prevent,  
And wisely them defended,

37

For plots they will discover still  
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25  
Will say, I'm confident,  
They ever heard it speak one word  
Against the parliament.  
An informer swore, it letters bore,  
Or else it had been freed; 30  
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,  
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily  
To popery it was bent;  
For ought I know it might be so, 35  
For to church it never went.  
What with excise, and such device,  
The kingdom doth begin  
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,  
Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd  
Of it have taken pity,  
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood  
So firmly to the city. 45  
Since crosses you so much disdain,  
Faith, if I were as you,  
For feare the king should rule again,  
I'd pull down Tyburn too.

\*.\* Whitelocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheap-side-cross and other crosses were voted down," &c.—But this vote was not put in execution with regard to "Charing-Cross," till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations on the Life, &c., of King Charles, viz., "Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an account of the pulling down Cheap-side Cross, in the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

## XII.

*Loyalty Confined.*

THIS excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." London, 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS., the other in the "Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671," 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;  
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;  
Your incivility doth show,  
That innocence is tempest proof;  
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts  
are calm; 5  
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are  
balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
A private closet is to me:  
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
And innocence my liberty: 10  
Looks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,  
Into this private room was turn'd;  
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15  
The salamander should be burn'd:  
Or like those sophists, that would drown a  
fish,  
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;  
The pelican her wilderness; 20  
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm 25  
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;

And for to keep my ancles warm,  
I have some iron shackles there:  
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up, 31  
Like some high-prized margarite,  
Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:  
Retiredness is a piece of majesty, 35  
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
Where tempting objects are not seen!  
And these strong walls do only serve  
To keep vice out, and keep me in: 40  
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,\*  
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
By a malicious friendly knife 45  
Did only wound him to a cure:  
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant  
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth treason seem; 50  
And to make smooth so rough a path,  
I can learn patience from him:  
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,  
When kings want ease subjects must bear a  
part.

What though I cannot see my king 55  
Neither in person nor in coin;  
Yet contemplation is a thing  
That renders what I have not, mine:  
My king from me what adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart! 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,  
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,  
In that her narrow hermitage! 64  
Even then her charming melody doth prove,  
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

\* See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, lib. 3, c. 28. Cæ. de Offic. lib. I. c. 30; see also Val. Max. 1, 8.



I am that bird, whom they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty;  
But though they do my corps confine,  
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free: 70  
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and  
sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,  
Although my baser part's immew'd,  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair 75  
T' accompany my solitude:  
Although rebellion do my body binde,  
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

Verses by King Charles I.

"THIS prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648]. The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." Mr. Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. I.

It is in his "*Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*," p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman who waited on the king at the time it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there entitled, "*MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS*."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic." See his *History*, 1763, 4to. Vol. V. pp. 437, 442, which is no bad comment upon them.—These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little poem "On a Quite Conscience," printed in the *Poetical Calendar*, 1763, vol. VIII., is attributed to King Charles I.; being reprinted from a thin 8vo., published by Nahum Tate, called "*Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects*."

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose  
power springs  
The potency and power of kings,  
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine  
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line, 5  
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,  
(The only root of righteous royalty)  
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe, 10  
The holy unction, and the royal globe:  
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread  
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,  
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it *the cause*, 16  
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws:

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
Revenge and robbery are reformation, 20  
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),  
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25  
Pious episcopacy must go down,  
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismatics are  
freed,  
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,  
The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,  
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,  
*Extempore* excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyterian, and Independent seed  
Springs with broad blades. To make religion  
bleed  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed. 36

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pa- vior:		But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
With such a bloody method and behaviour		Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.		I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.
My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb		My life they prize at such a slender rate,
So many princes legally have come, 41		That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.		To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60
Great Britain's heir is forc'd into France,		Felons obtain more privilege than I,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:		They are allowed to answer ere they die;
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance. 45		'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.
With my own power my majesty they wound,		But sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
In the king's name the king himself's un- crown'd;		Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.		Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.
With propositions daily they enchant		For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50		As to condemn those edicts he appointed,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.		How can they prize the power of his anointed?
They promise to erect my royal stem,		Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, 70
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,		Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
If I will first fall down, and worship them!		Yet, though we perish, <i>bless this church and state.</i>

## XIV.

*The Sale of Rebellious Household-Stuff.*

THIS sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.		They're the sides of the old committees, Fed up in the long parliament. Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs, And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um; They are made of the presbyters lungs, 16 To blow up the coals of rebellion. Says old Simon, &c.
REBELLION hath broken up house, And hath left me old lumber to sell; Come hither, and take your choice, I'll promise to use you well:		I had thought to have given them once To some black-smith for his forge; 20
Will you buy the old speaker's chair? 5		But now I have considered on't, They are consecrate to the church:
Which was warm and easie to sit in, And oft hath been clean'd I declare, When as it was fouler than fitting. Says old Simon the king, &c.		So I'll give them unto some quire, They will make the big organs roar, And the little pipes to squeake higher 25 Than ever they could before. Says old Simon, &c.
Will you buy any bacon-flitches, 10		
The fattest, that ever were spent?		

Here's a couple of stools for sale, One's square, and t'other is round ; Betwixt them both the tail 30 Of the Rump fell down to the ground. Will you buy the states council-table, Which was made of the good wain Scot ? The frame was a tottering Babel To uphold the Independent plot. 35 Says old Simon, &c.	For many plots it has found out 70 Before they ever were thought on. Says old Simon, &c.
Here's the beesom of Reformation, Which should have made clean the floor, But it swept the wealth out of the nation, And left us dirt good store. 40 Will you buy the states spinning-wheel, Which spun for the roper's trade ? But better it had stood still, For now it has spun a fair thread. Says old Simon, &c. 45	Will you buy the Rump's great saddle, With which it jockey'd the nation ? And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75 And curb of Dissimulation : And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump, And their fair dissembling cloak, And a Presbyterian jump, With an Independent smock, 80 Says old Simon, &c.
Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd, Which was made of a butcher's stump,* And has been safely apply'd, To cure the colds of the rump. Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-Salve, 50 Which once was a justice of peace, Who Noll and the Devil did serve ; But now it is come to this. Says old Simon, &c.	Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd, Which serv'd the high-court of justice, And stretch'd until England it mourn'd : But hell will buy that if the worst is. 85 Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub, Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers, With which old Noll's horns she did rub. When he was got drunk with false lumpers. Says old Simon, &c. 90
Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55 If any good fellow will take it ; No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o, And I'll tell you how they did make it : 'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60 And many of them, that have tookt, Complain it was foul in the mouth. Says old Simon, &c.	Here's the purse of the public faith ; Here's the model of the Sequestration, When the old wives upon their good troth, Lent thimbles to ruine the nation. Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, 95 And here are Lambert's commissions, And here is Hugh Peters his scrip Cramm'd with the tumultuous petitions. Says old Simon, &c.
Yet the ashes may happily serve To cure the scab of the nation, 65 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve To Rebellion by innovation. A Lanthorn here is to be bought, The like was scarce ever gotten,	And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, 100 And here are his dray, and his slings ; Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles ; With diverse other odd things : And what is the price doth belong To all these matters before ye ? 105 I'll sell them all for an old song, And so I do end my story. Says old Simon, &c.

\* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

Ver. 80, This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1788, p. 242.

Ver. 94, See Grey's *Hudibras*, Pt. I. Cant. 2, ver. 570, &c. V. 100, 102, Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

## XV.

*The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy.*

GIVEN (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepy collection.

There was a knight was drunk with wine,  
A riding along the way, sir;  
And there he met with a lady fine,  
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5  
Among the grass lye down-a:  
And I will have a special care  
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,  
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir: 10  
My gowne and kirtle they are newe,  
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;  
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;  
We'll play, and none shall knowe it. 15

O yonder stands my steed so free  
Among the cocks of hay, sir;  
And if the pinner should chance to see,  
He'll take my steed away, sir. 20

Upon my finger I have a ring  
Its made of finest gold-a,  
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring  
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;  
Fair chambers there are three, sir; 25  
And you shall have the best of all,  
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
And her on her dapple gray, sir: 30  
And there they rode to her father's hall,  
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;  
*"Thus mounted and armed about."*

She slipped herself within the gate, 35  
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,  
And take it for your pain, sir;  
And two of my father's men I'll send  
To wait on you back again, sir. 40

He from his scabbard drew his brand,  
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a!  
And cursed, he said, be every man,  
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire, 45  
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;  
And cursed be every maiden faire,  
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,  
And some do call it rue, sir: 50  
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,  
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
Some call it mary-gold-a:  
He that wold not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold-a. 55

The knight was riding another day,  
With cloak and hat and feather:  
He met again with that lady gay,  
Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,  
You shall no more escape me;  
Remember, how not long agoe  
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red, 65  
And trembled at the stranger:  
How shall I guard my maidenhead  
From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,  
In all his riche attyer; 70  
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,  
I do thy charms admire.

He took the lady by the hand, Who seemingly consented; And would no more disputing stand: She had a plot invented.	75	He set him down upon the grass, And begg'd her kind assistance; Now, smiling thought this lovely lass, I'll make you keep your distance.	120
Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray, Methinks I now discover A riding upon his dapple gray, My former constant lover.	80	Then pulling off his boots half-way; Sir knight, now I'm your betters: You shall not make of me your prey; Sit there like a knave in fetters.	
On tip-toe peering stood the knight, Fast by the rivers brink-a; The lady pusht with all her might: Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.		The knight, when she had served him soe, He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled: For he could neither stand nor goe, But like a cripple tumbled.	126
O'er head and ears he plunged in, The bottom faire he sounded; Then rising up, he cried again, Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!	85	Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten, Yet do not move nor stir, sir: I'll send you my father's serving men, To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.	130
Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu! You see what comes of fooling: That is the fittest place for you; Your courage wanted cooling.	90	This merry jest you must excuse, You are but a stingless nettle: You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, Had you been a man of mettle.	136
Ere many days, in her fathers park, Just at the close of eve-a, Again she met with her angry sparke; Which made this lady grieve-a.	95	All night in grievous rage he lay, Rolling upon the plain-a; Next morning a shepherd past that way, Who set him right again-a.	140
False lady, here thou'rt in my powre, And no one now can hear thee: And thou shalt sorely rue the hour, That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.	100	Then mounting upon his steed so tall, By hill and dale he swore-a: I'll ride at once to her father's hall; She shall escape no more-a.	
I pray, sir knight, be not so warm With a young silly maid-a: I vow and swear I thought no harm, 'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.		I'll take her father by the beard, I'll challenge all her kindred; Each dastard soul shall stand afeard; My wrath shall no more be hindred.	145
A gentle jest, in soothe he cry'd, To tumble me in and leave me! What if I had in the river dy'd?— That fetch will not deceive me.	105	He rode unto her father's house, Which every side was mounted: The lady heard his furious vows, And all his vengeance noted.	150
Once more I'll pardon thee this day, Tho' injured out of measure; But thou prepare without delay To yield thee to my pleasure.	110	Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage. Once more I will endeavour: This water shall your fury 'swage, Or else it shall burn for ever.	155
Well then, if I must grant your suit, Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir: Let me pull off both spur and boot, Or else you cannot stir, sir.	115	Then faining penitence and feare, She did invite a parley: Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare, Henceforth I'll love you dearly.	160

My father he is now from home, And I am all alone, sir : Therefore a-cross the water come ; And I am all your own, sir.	But I have for my love prepar'd A shorter way and easier.
False maid, thou canst no more deceive ; 165 I scorn the treacherous bait-a : If thou would'st have me thee believe, Now open me the gate-a.	Over the moate I've laid a plank Full seventeen feet in measure ; Then step a-cross to the other bank, 175 And there we'll take our pleasure.
The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd, My father he has the keys, sir ; 170	These words she had no sooner spoke, But strait he came tripping over : The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke ; And sous'd the unhappy lover. 180

## XVI.

## Why so Pale?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This  
sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut  
off by a fever about the 29th year of his age.  
See above, Song IX. of this book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prethee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prethee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prethee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing doe't?  
Prethee why so mute? 10  
Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,  
This cannot take her ;  
If of herself she will not love  
Nothing can make her,  
The devil take her ! 15

## XVII.

## Old Tom of Bedlam.

## MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have  
more songs and ballads on the subject of  
madness, than any of their neighbours. Whe-  
ther there be any truth in the insinuation,  
that we are more liable to this calamity than  
other nations, or that our native gloominess  
hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this  
cast to our writers ; we certainly do not find  
the same in the printed collections of French,  
Italian Songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have  
selected half a dozen "Mad Songs" for this

work. The three first are originals in their  
respective kinds ; the merit of the three last  
is chiefly that of imitation. They were writ-  
ten at considerable intervals of time ; but we  
have here grouped them together, that the  
reader may the better examine their compara-  
tive merits. He may consider them as so  
many trials of skill in a very peculiar sub-  
ject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot  
in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were  
probably written about the beginning of the  
last century ; the third about the middle of

it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within the eighteenth century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's *Complete Angler*, cap. 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note," p. 84. See Sir John Hawkins's curious edition, 8vo., of that excellent old book.

FOURTH from my sad and darksome cell,  
Or from the deepe abysses of hell,  
Mad Tom is come into the world againe  
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule; 5  
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys howle!  
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd  
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day  
To seeke my straggling senses, 10  
In an angry moode I mett old Time,  
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me he spyed,  
Away he hyed,  
For time will stay for no man: 15  
In vaine with cryes  
I rent the skyes,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:  
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye! 20  
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,  
The carman 'gins to whistle;

Chast Diana bends her bowe,  
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,  
To knocke off my troublesome shackles; 26  
Bid Charles make ready his waine  
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;  
Mars met Venus in the darke; 30  
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,  
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,  
But Vulcan's temples had the gout, 34  
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,  
He could not see to aim his blows aright:

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,  
Stood still to see the quarrell;  
Gorrel-bellyed Bachus, gyant-like,  
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell. 40

To mee he dranke,  
I did him thanke,  
But I could get no cyder;  
He dranke whole butts  
Till he burst his gutts, 45  
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:  
A little drinke for charitye!  
Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!  
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe: 50  
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,  
All the chase do followe:

The man in the moone drinckes clarret,  
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret, 55  
But a cup of old Malaga sack  
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

## XVIII.

*The Distracted Puritan,*

## MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—Was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the third edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.

Am I mad, O noble Festus,  
When zeal and godly knowledgo  
Have put me in hope  
To deal with the pope,  
As well as the best in the college? 5  
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
Mitres, copes, and rochets;  
Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel\* 10  
I had my education  
Where my friends surmise  
I dazel'd my eyes  
With the sight of revelation.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam, 15  
They lash'd my four poor quarters;  
Whilst this I endure,  
Faith makes me sure  
To be one of Foxes martyrs.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer 20  
Through antichrist's perswasion:  
Take off this chain,  
Neither Rome nor Spain  
Can resist my strong invasion.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the heast's ten horns (God bless us!) 25  
I have knock'd off three already;  
If they let me alone  
I'll leave him none:  
But they say I am too heady,  
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30  
I met the great red dragon;  
I kept him aloof  
With the armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35  
There fought I with this monster:  
But the sons of pride  
My zeal deride,  
And all my deeds misconster.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40  
With the lance of Inspiration;  
I made her stink,  
And spill the drink  
In her cup of abomination.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45  
With a flying book\* between them.  
I have been in despair  
Five times in a year,  
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.†  
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's‡ tables 50  
The black line of damnation;  
Those crooked veins  
So stuck in my brains,  
That I fear'd my reprobation.  
Boldly I preach, &c.

\* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one *Coppe*, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's *Athen.* vol. II., p. 501. He was author of a book, intitled, "The Flery Flying Roll:" and afterwards published a *Recantation*, part of whose title is, "The Flery Flying Roll's Wings elipt," &c.

† See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract intitled "A sweet Comfort for an Afflicted Conscience."

‡ See Perkin's Works, fol. 1616, vol. I. p. 11; where is a large half sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation," &c., the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

\* Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.



In the holy tongue of Canaan	55	I gave him no grace,	
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:		But told him to his face,	
Till I prick'd my foot		That he favour'd superstition.	
With a Hebrew root,		Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a sur-	
That I bled beyond all measure.		plice,	65
Boldly I preach, &c.		Mitres, copes, and rochets:	
I appear'd before the archbishop,*	60	Come hear me pray nine times a day,	
And all the high commission;		And fill your heads with crotchets.	

## XIX.

*The Lunatic Lover,*

## MAD SONG THE THIRD,

-Is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black-letter.		Distraction I see is my doom, Of this I am now too sure;	30
		A rival is got in my room, While torments I do endure.	
Grim king of the ghosts, make haste, And bring hither all your train; See how the pale moon does waste, And just now is in the wane.		Strange fancies do fill my head, While wandering in despair,	
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, And revelling witches away,	6	I am to the desarts lead,	35
And hug me close in your arms;		Expecting to find her there.	
To you my respects I'll pay.		Methinks in a spangled cloud I see her enthroned on high;	
		Then to her I cry aloud,	
		And labour to reach the sky.	40
I'll court you, and think you fair, Since love does distract my brain:	10	When thus I have raved awhile, And weary'd myself in vain,	
I'll go, I'll wedd the night-mare, And kiss her, and kiss her again:		I lye on the barren soil, And bitterly do complain.	
But if she prove peevish and proud, Then, a pise on her love! let her go;		Till slumber hath quieted me,	45
I'll seek me a winding shroud,	15	In sorrow I sigh and weep;	
And down to the shades below.		The clouds are my canopy To cover me while I sleep.	
A lunacy sad I endure, Since reason departs away;		I dream that my charming fair Is then in my rival's bed,	50
I call to those hags for a cure, As knowing not what I say.	20	Whose tresses of golden hair Are on the fair pillow bespread.	
The beauty, whom I do adore, Now slights me with scorn and disdain;		Then this doth my passion inflame, I start, and no longer can lie:	
I never shall see her more:		Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame	55
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!		To ruin a lover? I cry.	
I ramble, and range about	25	Grim king of the ghosts, be true, And hurry me hence away,	
To find out my charming saint;		My languishing life to you A tribute I freely pay.	60
While she at my grief does flout, And smiles at my loud complaint.		To the Elysian shades I post, In hopes to be freed from care,	
		Where many a bleeding ghost Is hovering in the air.	

\* Abp. Laud.

## XX

*The Lady Distracted with Love,*

## MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—Was originally sung in one of Tom D'U-  
fey's comedies of Don Quixote, acted in 1694,  
and 1696, and probably composed by him-  
self. In the several stanzas, the author re-  
presents his pretty Mad-woman as, 1. sul-  
lently mad, 2. mirthfully mad, 3. melan-  
choly mad, 4. fantastically mad, and, 5.  
stark mad. Both this and Num. XXII are  
printed from D'Ufey's "Pills to purge Me-  
lanchol." 1719, vol. 1.

From roscie bowers, where sleeps the god of  
love,

Hither ye little wanton cupids fly.

Teach me in soft melodious strains to move

With tender passion my heart's darling  
joy:

Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice, 5  
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing

Is to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

With a frisk from the ground, 10

I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing

Were three celestial bodies:

With an air, and a face,

And a shape, and a grace, 15

I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!  
Death and despair must end the fatal pain  
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and  
rain,  
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests  
blow, 20  
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow.  
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart  
is froze.

Oh say, ye powers, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself, and down 25  
Among the foaming billows?  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,  
Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad; 30  
That soon my heart will warm;  
When once the sense is fled, is fled,  
Love has no power to charm,  
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,  
Robes, locks—shall thus—be tore! 35  
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye  
Ere thus, thus in vain,—ere thus in vain  
adore.

## XXI.

*The Distracted Lover,*

## MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—Was written by Henry Carey, a cele-  
brated composer of music in the beginning  
of the eighteenth century, and author of  
several little theatrical entertainments, which  
the reader may find enumerated in the "Com-  
panion to the Play-house," &c. The spright-  
liness of this songster's fancy could not pro-

serve him from a very melancholy catastro-  
phe, which was effected by his own hand.  
In his Poems, 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen  
another mad song of this author, beginning  
thus.

"Gods, I can never this endure,  
Death alone must be my cure," &c.

I go to the Elysian shade, Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ; Where nothing shall my rest invade, But joy shall still surround me.		Pity my pains, Ye gentle swains ! Cover me with ice and snow, I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow !	21
I fly from Celia's cold disdain, From her disdain I fly ; She is the cause of all my pain, For her alone I die.	5	Furies, tear me, Quickly bear me To the dismal shades below ! Where yelling, and howling, And grumbling, and growling, Strike the ear with horrid woe.	25 30
Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun, When he but half his radiant course has run, When his meridian glories gaily shine, And gild all nature with a warmth divine.	11	Hissing snakes, Fiery lakes Would be a pleasure, and a cure : Not all the hells, Where Pluto dwells, Can give such pain as I endure.	35
See yonder river's flowing tide, Which now so full appears ; Those streams, that do so swiftly glide, Are nothing but my tears.	15	To some peaceful plain convey me, On a mossy carpet lay me, Fan me with ambrosial breeze, Let me die and so have ease !	40
There I have wept till I could weep no more, And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store : Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main, I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.			

## XXII.

*The Frantic Lady.*

## MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

THIS, like Number XX., was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols., 1721, 12mo., where may be found two or three other mad songs not admitted into these volumes.

I BURN, my brain consumes to ashes !  
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes !  
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,  
Which in a thousand ages can't expire !

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler ! 5  
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,  
'Tis sultry weather ;

Pour them all on my soul,  
It will hiss like a coal,  
But be never the cooler. 10

'Twas pride hot as hell,  
That first made me rebell,  
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell ;  
And mourn now my fate,  
Which myself did create : 15  
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well !

Adieu ! ye vain transporting joys !  
Off ye vain fantastic toys !  
That dress this face—this body—to  
allure !  
Bring me daggers, poison, fire ! 20  
Since scorn is turn'd into desire.  
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I,  
endure.

## XXIII.

*Lilli Burlero.*

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, liliburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."—Burnet.

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenantancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in Bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.

*Liliburlero* and *Bullen-a-la* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la,

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen  
a-la, 5

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen  
a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote;

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.

Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, 15

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilli, &c. 20

And with brave lads is coming aboard:

Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,

Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no protestant heir. 25

Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?

Lilli, &c.

Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

Lilli, &c. 30

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore.

Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass, 35

Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,

Lilli, &c. 40

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's  
our own.

Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,  
 Lilli, &c.  
 "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."  
 Lilli, &c. 46

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,  
 Lilli, &c.  
 For Talbot's de dog, and Ja<sup>xx</sup> is de ass.  
 Lilli, &c.

\*.\* The foregoing song is attributed to

Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, entitled  
 "A true relation of the several facts and cir-  
 cumstances of the intended riot and tumult  
 on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, &c.," third  
 edition, London, 1712, price 2d.—See p. 5,  
 viz., "A late Viceroy [of Ireland], who has  
 so often boasted himself upon his talent for  
 mischief, invention, lying, and for making a  
 certain *Lilliburlero Song*; with which, if you  
 will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince  
 out of three kingdoms."

## XXIV.

## The Braes of Yarrow,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

WAS written by William Hamilton, of  
 Bangour, Esq., who died March 25, 1754,  
 aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edi-  
 tion of his Poems, published at Edinburgh,  
 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imi-  
 tation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar  
 subject, with the same burden to each stanza.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5  
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?  
 A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;  
 Ner let thy heart lament to leive, 11  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bouny  
 bride?  
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
 And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen 15  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she,  
 maun she weep,  
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-  
 row;

And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen 19  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,  
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;  
 And I hae slain the comliest swain,  
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yar-  
 row.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,  
 reid? 25  
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-  
 row?  
 And why yon melancholious weids  
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful  
 flude? 29  
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew  
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in  
 tears,  
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;  
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, 35  
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;  
 And weep around in waeiful wise  
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luv'e? 45  
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow  
Too rashly hauld a stronger arm  
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of  
Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green  
grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 50  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet  
flows Tweed,  
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk, 55  
The apple frae its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy luv'e, fair fair indeed thy luv'e,  
In flow'ry hands thou didst him fetter;  
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again  
Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and luv'e me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yar-  
row.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow? 66  
How luv'e him upon the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my luv'e on the Braes of Yar-  
row?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70  
For there was basely slain my luv'e,  
My luv'e, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:  
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white  
steel,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:  
But ere the toofall of the night  
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning:  
But lang e'er night the spear was flown,  
That slew my luv'e, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father  
do, 85  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luv'er's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo  
me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin', 90  
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes  
My luv'er nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
And strive with threatning words to mune  
me:  
My luv'er's blood is on thy spear, 95  
How canst thou ever bid me luv'e thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv'e,  
With bridal sheets my body cover,  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband lover. 100

But who the expected husband husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaugh-  
ter:  
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
O lay his cold head on my pillow; 106  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lye all night between my breasts, 111  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:  
And lye all night between my breasts; 115  
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful  
bride,  
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:  
Thy luv'er heeds none of thy sighs, 119  
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

## XXV

## Admiral Hosier's Ghost,

—Was a pretty song written by the ingenious author of "*Leonidas*," on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov 23, 1759.—The case of Hosier which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Cuthagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight with streamers flying  
Our triumphant navy rode,  
Then while Vernon sat all glorious  
From the Spaniards' late defeat  
And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet

On a sudden shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard, 10  
Then each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding sheets they wore,  
And with looks by sorrow clouded 15  
Frowning on that hostile shore

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier brave  
His pale hands was seen to muster  
Rising from their watery grave 20  
O'er the glimmering wave he lay'd him,  
Where the Burford he'd her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail

Heed, oh heed our fatal story, 25  
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,  
You who now have purchas'd glory  
At this place where I was lost!  
Tho' in Porto Bello's ruin  
You now triumph free from fears, 30  
When you think on our undoing,  
You will mix your joy with tears

See these mournful spectres sweeping  
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
These were English captains brave 36  
Mark those numbers pale and hoar'd,  
Those were once my sailors bold,  
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told 40

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did the Spanish town affright  
Nothing then its wealth defended,  
But my orders not to fight  
Oh! that in this rolling ocean 45  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done, 50  
Whit thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achiev'd with six alone  
Then the bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver 55  
Of this gallant train had been

\* An ingenious correspondent informs the Editor that this First Part hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying, And her galleons leading home, Though condemned for disobeying, I had met a traitor's doom, To have fallen, my country crying, He has play'd an English part, Had been better far than dying Of a griev'd and broken heart.	60	Hence with all my train attending From their oozy tombs below, Thro' the hoary foam ascending, Here I feed my constant woe: Here the bastimentos viewing, We recal our shameful doom, And our plaintive cries renewing, Wander thro' the midnight gloom.	75 80
Unrepining at thy glory, Thy successful arms we hail; But remember our sad story, And let Hosier's wrongs prevail. Sent in this foul clime to languish, Think what thousands fell in vain, Wasted with disease and anguish, Not in glorious battle slain.	65 70	O'er these waves for ever mourning Shall we roam depriv'd of rest, If to Britain's shores returning You neglect my just request; After this proud foe subduing, When your patriot friends you see, Think on vengeance for my ruin, And for England sham'd in me.	85

## XXVI.

## Jemmy Dawson.

JAMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq., soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.		But curse on party's hateful strife, That led the faithful youth astray The day the rebel clans appear'd: O had he never seen that day!	20
Come listen to my mournful tale, Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear; Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh, Nor will you blush to shed a tear.		Their colours and their sash he wore, And in the fatal dress was found; And now he must that death endure, Which gives the brave the keenest wound.	
And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, Do thou a pensive ear incline; For thou canst weep at every woe, And pity every plaint, but mine.	5	How pale was then his true love's cheek When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear! For never yet did Alpine snows So pale, nor yet so chill appear.	25
Young Dawson was a gallant youth, A brighter never trod the plain; And well he lov'd one charming maid, And dearly was he lov'd again.	10	With faltering voice she weeping said, Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart, Think not thy death shall end our loves, For thou and I will never part.	30
One tender maid she lov'd him dear, Of gentle blood the damsel came, And faultless was her beauteous form, And spotless was her virgin fame.	15	Yet might sweet mercy find a place, And bring relief to Jemmy's woes, O George, without a prayer for thee My orisons should never close.	35
		The gracious prince that gives him life Would crown a never-dying flame, And every tender babe I bore Should learn to lip the giver's name.	40



But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd To yonder ignominious tree, Thou shalt not want a faithful friend To share thy bitter fate with thee.		And ravish'd was that constant heart, She did to every heart prefer; For though it could his king forget, 'Twas true and loyal still to her.	
O then her mourning-coach was call'd, 45 The sledge mov'd slowly on before; Tho' borne in a triumphal car, She had not lov'd her favourite more.		Amid those unrelenting flames 65 She bore this constant heart to see; But when 'twas moulder'd into dust, Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.	
She followed him, prepar'd to view The terrible behests of law; 50 And the last scene of Femmy's woes With calm and stedfast eye she saw.		My death, my death alone can show The pure and lasting love I bore: 70 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours, And let us, let us weep no more.	
Distorted was that blooming face, Which she had fondly lov'd so long: And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55 Which in her praise had sweetly sung:		The dismal scene was o'er and past, The lover's mournful hearse retir'd; The maid drew back her languid head, 75 And sighing forth his name expir'd.	
And sever'd was that beauteous neck, Round which her arms had fondly clos'd: And mangled was that beauteous breast, On which her love-sick head repos'd: 60		Tho' justice ever must prevail, The tear my Kitty sheds is due; For seldom shall she hear a tale So sad, so tender, and so true. 80	

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

### SERIES THE THIRD.

#### BOOK I.

An ordinary song or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in *SPECTATOR*, No. 70.

#### I.

#### Poems on King Arthur, &c.

THE third series being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old metrical romances: a subject the more worth attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of books of chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

### ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

I. The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be poetry and song. The praises of their gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of history. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events;\* and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests.† The ancient Britons had their bards, and the Gothic nations their scalds or popular poets,‡ whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the bard or scald was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and, for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.‡

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these songs of the scalds or bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions as were calculated to captivate gross

and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventurers with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment and uncorrected by art.\* This seems to be the true origin of that species of romance which so long celebrated feats of chivalry, and which at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the Continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French romances, copied from the Greek.†

That our old romances of chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic bards and scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it became a solemn institution.‡ “Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies,” was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shown.§ But the ideas of chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people. That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shown to the fair sex (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations.¶ These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.¶¶

\* Vlt. *Lastéan Mœurs des Sauvages*. t. II. Dr. Browne's *Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry*.

† *Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memorie et annalium genus est) Tuistonem*, &c. Tacit. *German.* c. 2.

‡ *North Antiq. Dan.* lib. I. cap. 10—*Wormii Literatura Rerum* t. 2. l. 5. item.

§ See *Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern Nations*, translated from the French of M. Mallet, 1770, 2 vol. 8vo. (vol. I. p. 49, &c.)

\* Vlt. *infra*. pp. 4, 5, &c.

† Viz. *Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia*, &c.

‡ Mallet, *vid.* *Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 318, &c., vol. ii. p. 234, &c.

§ Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1763.

¶ Mallet.

¶¶ The seeds of chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations

Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient scalds of the north, long before the time of the crusades. They believed the existence of giants and dwarfs;\* they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of fairies;† they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment;‡ and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters.§

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction, were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the bards of Armorica,|| and thus diffused through

that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the feudal system, much less the crusades. Nor again, that the romances of chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of chivalry would have been on Moorish or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c., are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladins; or of our British Arthur, and his knights of the Round Table, &c., being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of *Jeffery of Montmouth*. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-pour*, *Robert Le Diable*, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amadis de Gaul*, said to have been the first romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shows from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.

\* Mallet, *North. Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 26; vol. ii. *passim*.

† Olaus Verel. ad *Horvater Saga*, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's *Thesaur.* vol. ii. p. 311. *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. *passim*.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 69, 374, &c., vol. ii. p. 216, &c.

§ *Rollof's Saga*, cap. 35, &c.

|| It is peculiarly unfortunate that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting-place, to Armenia or Bretagne, the province in France from thence most remote, not more in situation than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and ballads; being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 3, of the "Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe," prefixed to Mr. Thos. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. 1774, &c. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr. Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental* he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the north and south of Asia as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore

Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the north. For it seems utterly incredible that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know anything of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature, they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories; which became as familiar to the poets of Rome as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the northern nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy, not excepting Spain itself,\* appear utterly unacquainted

everything must be derived from them to the northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason under the word *Oriental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the north and south of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia or the Duquie or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome.

There is not room here for a full examination of the minute arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable disserter endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W., who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on "*Love's Labour Lost*," &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jugouage* and *Morgion* of the Arabians and Persians, &c., (p. 13.)—That "we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions." (p. 13.)—And that, "as Geoffrey's History is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous history, ascribed to Turpin, is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain; and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's History." (p. 17.)—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, "lavishly decorated by the Arabian fables." (p. 55.)—We should hardly have expected that the Arabian fables would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy; but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his fourth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. See "The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain, a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly.—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had swayed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France;" &c. *Ibid.* p. 18, Note.

\* The little narrative songs on Moorish subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and

with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient Pagans, &c. And indeed, in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances: for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c., why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century? since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the northern scalds, and enter too deeply into all the northern mythology, to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period. If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For I believe one may challenge the maintainers of this opinion to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of chivalry half so much as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine Sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts; and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the north, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Chris-

tians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we can easily account for all the ideas of chivalry, and its peculiar fictions.\* For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,† their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer, in proof of this, to the old northern *Sagas* in general: but, to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800.‡ This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation, through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher, and rescue the lady, should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it; he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was Orme, which, in the Islandic language, signifies serpent: wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was

which they call peculiarly *romances* (see Series I. Book III. c. 16. &c.), have nothing in common with their proper romances (or histories) of chivalry; which they call *Histories de Chevaliers*: these are evidently imitations of the French, and show a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or *romances*, they do not seem of very great antiquity: few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced, among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

\* See Northern Antiquities, *passim*.

† *Ibid*.

‡ Saxon Gram. p. 152. 153.—Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. i. p. 321.

a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.\*

With marvellous embellishments of this kind, the scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the north, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth; and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.†

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England, before they had books of chivalry in prose. Yet, in both these countries, the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;‡ and, indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and, therefore, they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction, is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect complete romances of chivalry.§ They have also (as hath been

observed) a multitude of sagas,\* or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse of various dates, some of them written since the times of the crusades, others long before; but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now, as the irruption of the Normans† into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English romances of chivalry from the northern sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many scalds with him from the north, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These, adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry, is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England;‡ and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes.§ and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred.|| Now

\* See a Translation of this poem among "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," printed for Dodsley, 1761. See.

† Eld. Mallet, Northern Antiquities, passim.

‡ The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the minstrels that some of our first historians wrote their chronicles in verse, as Robert of Gloucest. Harding, &c.

§ See a specimen in 2d vol. of Northern Antiquities, &c., p. 213, &c.

\* Eecardi Hist. Stud. Etyrn. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hiles's Thesaur. vol. II. p. 211.

† i. e. Northern Men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

‡ See the account of Taillefer in Essay and Note.

§ Ipsa carmina memoris mandabant, et prælia inturi decantabant: qua memoria tam fortium gestorum à majestibus patratorem ad imitationem animos adderetur. Jordanes de Gothis.

|| Einhardus de Carolo magno. "Item barbara, et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit," c. 29.

Asserius de Alfredo magno. "Rex inter bella, &c. . .

poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned.\* This together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us why the first romances of chivalry that appeared both in England and France† were composed in metre as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms, tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless, both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people, narrative songs, on true or fictitious subjects, had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed romances of chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,‡ ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called *Romans* or *Romants*; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The romances of chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century.§ I know not if the *Roman de Brut*, written in 1155, was such: But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant.|| And we have

Saxonibus liberos reditare, et maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis Imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosi sine non desinunt." Ed. 1722, 8vo. p. 43.

\* See above, pp. 307-9, &c.

† The romances on the subject of *Perceval*, *San Graal*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Tristan*, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet those were originally composed in metre: The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *Lancelot du Lac* & *Tristan*; and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. No. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Library. 3d Ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious collection of old French romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.

‡ The Author of the *Essay on the Genius of Pope*, p. 282.

§ Ibid. p. 243. Hist. Lit. tom. vi. vii.

|| Voir Préface aux "Fables et Contes des Poètes Français des XII., XIII., XIV., et XV. siècles, &c. Paris, 1760, 3 tom. 12mo," (a very curious work).

already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of chivalry.\*

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen is that of *Hornechild*, described below, which seems not older than the 12th century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry than the French, it is not certain that the first English romances were translated from that language.† We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations;‡ and though, after the Norman conquest, this country abounded with French romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round-Table may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this Island; both the French and the *Armoricians* probably had them from Britain.§ The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English minstrels.|| On the other hand,

\* See the account of Taillefer in Essay, and Note. And see *Rapin*, *Carte*, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. "Un jour qu'on chantoit la Chanson de Roland, comme c'étoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il [John K. of France, who died in 1634], qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands, parmi les Français. On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui répondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête." Vid. tom. iii. p. 202, des *Essais Hist. sur Paris* de M. de Saintefoix. who gives, as his authority, *Boethius in Hist. Sectorum*. This author, however, speaks of the complaint and repartee as made in an assembly of the states (*vacato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c. Vid. *Boeth.* lib. xv., fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

† See, on this subject, Notes on the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels (s. 2), and (n. a).

‡ The first romances of chivalry among the Germans were in metre: they have some very ancient narrative songs (which they call *Lieder*), not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as *Tristan*, *Arthur*, *Gawain*, and the *Knights von der Tafelrunde*. Vid. Goldast Not. in *Eginhart*. Vid. *Car. Mag.* 4to., 1712, p. 207.

§ The Welsh have still some very old romances about King Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

|| It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the

the English procured translations of such romances as were most current in France: and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton;\* at least, these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his rhyme of *Sir Thopas* was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them.†

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men spoken of romaunces of pris  
Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis  
Of Bevis, and Sire Guy  
Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,  
But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour  
Of real chevalrie.‡

Most, if not all of these, are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall show in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical histories and romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published, with proper illustrations, would be an impor-

tant accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at epic poetry: and though full of the exploded fictions of chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the bards who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer; but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood; and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of *Gower*, or the dull and prolix legends of *Lydgate*. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical romances, though far more popular in their times, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened, unluckily, that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been, for the most part, men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient epic songs of chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an *Ariosto* or a *Tasso*, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses: It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood if these are neglected: It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which, without their help, must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of *King John* our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of *Richard I.*, which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. *Faulconbridge* says to his mother, act i. sc. 1:

French romances borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word *Ternagant*, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into *Tervagaunt*. See p. 19. and Gloss. "*Ternagaunt*."

\* Recueil of the Hystories of Troy, 1471. Godfrey of Bologne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy wore out, prose books of chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish romances began to be translated into English, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical romances began to be reduced into prose, as *Sir Guy Bevis*, &c.

† See extract from a letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's *Observations*, vol. II. p. 139.

‡ *Canterbury Tales* (Tyrrwhitt's Edit.) vol. II. p. 238. — In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Bladamour*.

"Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .

Against whose furie and unmatched force,  
The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand:

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily winne a woman's:—"—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old romance of Richard Occur de Lyon,\* in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to show that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almaye," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter, having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request, procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the combat begins:

The kever-chefest he toke on honde,  
And aboute his arme he woude;

\* Dr. Grey has shown that the same story is alluded to in *Rastell's Chronicle*: As it was doubtless originally had from the romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose; many of our ancient historians have recorded the fictions of romances.

† i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz., "Couvre la Chef."

And thought in that ylle while,  
To slee the lyon with some gyle.  
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,  
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,  
With that came the jaylere,  
And other men that wyth him were,  
And the lyon them amouge;  
His paws were stiffe and stronge  
The chambre dore they undone,  
And the lyon to them is gone.  
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu!  
The lyon made to hym venu,  
And wolde hym have all to rente;  
Kynge Rycharde besyde him glente\*  
The lyon on the breste him spurned,  
That aboute he tourned,  
The lyon was hongry and megre,  
And bette his tayle to be egre;  
He loked aboute as he were madde;  
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.  
He cryde lowde, and yaned† wyde.  
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde  
What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,  
In at the throte his honde he gerte,  
And rente out the herte with his honde,  
Lounge and all that he there fonde.  
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:  
Rycharde felte no wem,‡ ne wounde.  
He fell on his knees on that place,  
And thanked Jesu of his grace.

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What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in *King Lear*, act 3, sc. 4,

Mice and rats and such small deere  
Have been Tom's food for seven long yere,

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer*; and another *cheer*.§ But the ancient reading is established by the old romance of

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III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of epic poetry. I shall select the romance of *Libius Disconius*,\* as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

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My copy is divided into nine parts or cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

#### PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore clothing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knight-

\* So it is intituled in the Editor's MS. But the true title is *Le baux disconius*, or the Fair Unknown. See a note on the *Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 253.

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hood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, “the Lady of Sinadone,” their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

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Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court: he is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields; Sir Lybius sends them all to King Arthur. In the third evening he is awakened by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

#### PART III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting wild boar, who have a fair lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs on of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued lady (an earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to King Arthur.

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## PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his leman or mistress, challenges all comers: he that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the faulcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market-place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs; their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the faulcon to King Arthur; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

## PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her; Sir Otis meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur.

## PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Mangys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle; which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded: put to flight; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle; falls in love with him: and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of

Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Aleina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

## PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him; and upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone: is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just: the constable is worsted: Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle: he declares his intention of delivering their lady; and inquires the particulars of her history. "Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

## PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table: on a sudden all the lights are quenched: it thunders, and lightens; the palace shakes; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded: but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed: a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune: he loses his weapon; but gets a sword from one of the necromancers, and wounds the other with it: the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

## PART IX.

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment: at length he finds him, and cuts off his head: he returns to the palace to deliver the lady; but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck, and kisses him; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the lady of Sina-

lone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account with a list of such old metrical romances as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The romance of "Horne Childe" is preserved in the British Museum, where it is entitled *þe geste of King Horne*. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus:

All heo ben blyþe  
þat to my song ylpe:  
A song ychulla ou sing  
Of Allof þe gode kynga,\* &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4, 1], No. xxxiv., in seven leaves or folios,† entitled *Hornchild and Maiden Rineel*, and beginning thus:

Mi love frende dere,  
Herken and yo may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipatis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, fo.

\* I. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, of Allof the good king, &c.

† In each full page of this vol. are forty-four lines, when the poem is in long metre: and eighty-eight when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

77, but is rather a religious legend, than a romance. Its beginning is,

He þat wyll of wysdome here  
Herkeneth now ze may here  
Of a tale of holy wryte  
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytneseth hyt.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it.\* An account of this old poem is given in Series I., Book ii., No. I. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library,† the other in that of Caius College, Class A 8.—In Ames's Typog. p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The first MS. begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349). It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. ii. p. 191, beginning thus:

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick*: viz. No. xviii. containing twenty-six leaves, and xx. fifty-nine leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. *The Romance of Rembrun son of Sir Guy*; being No. xxi. in nine leaves: this is properly a continuation of the History of *Guy*; and in art. 3, the Hist. of Rembrun follows that of *Guy* as a necessary part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus:

Jesu that erst of mighte most  
Fader and Sone and Holy Ghost.

\* Sign. K. 2, h.

† For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the public Library, I refer the reader to Oxon Catalogue of MSS., 1697, vol. ii. p. 294; in Apper to Bishop Moore's MSS. No. 690, 33, since given to University of Cambridge.

Before I quit the subject of *Sir Guy*, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his *Baronage* (vol. i. p. 243, col. 2,) the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, "whose story they had in books of their own language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in Series I. Book iii. No. 1. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the public library,\* and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9 (5).—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. No. xxii. consisting of twenty-five leaves, and beginning thus:

Lordinges herkneth to mi tale,  
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both, viz.

Lysten, Lordinges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libraux* (*Libeaus*, or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,  
And his mother that sweete thinge,  
Helpe them at their neede,  
That will listen to my tale,  
Of a Knight I will you tell,  
A doughty man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton

Library. (Culig. A. 2, fol. 40), but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Disconus*, or *The Fair Unknown*, the first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savyour.

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamour*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaudemere* occurs in the romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamour* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had then seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanley thinks it no older than the time of Henry VII., but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis* (Sign K. ij b.) It begins,

Lordinges that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet College, Cambridge, No. cccli. is a MS. entitled, in the catalogue, *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many songs and romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, (p. 24) in stanzas of four lines, beginning,

'Come here,' my cozen Gawaine so gay.

*The Turke and Gawain* (p. 38), in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

Listen lords great and small.\*

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also Series I. Book i. No. 1, 2, 4, 5.

\* In the former editions; after the above, followed mention of a fragment in the same MS. intitled, *Sir Lancelot*, in distichs (p. 32); but this being only a short ballad, and not relating to King Arthur, is here omitted.

In the same MS. (p. 203) is the *Greene Knight*, in two parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

List: when Arthur he was k:

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distichs:

Listen: to me a little stond.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's heroes were among the Greeks; for, as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough; so *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie*," is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tales*. *Canterb. Tales*, vol. II. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launful*, an excellent old romance concerning another of King Arthur's knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, f. 33. This is a translation from the French, made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Henry VI. (See *Tanner's Biblioth.*) It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

Be douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some minstrel into the romance of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was more generally known.† This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus:

Doughty in King Arthures dayes.

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS. p. 124), is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This, which was inadvertently

omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus:

It fell sometimes in the land of Beame.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts, (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 145) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British prophet. In this poem the *Saxons* are called *Sarazens*; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady*." It is in distichs, and begins thus:

He that made with his hand.

There is an old romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems: I know not whether it has anything in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered xxiii., and extends through fifty-five leaves. The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king,  
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras* (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Isumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in Series I. Book iii. No. 8. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class. A. 9. (2) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy, E. g.

God þat made both erþe and hevenc.

15. *Emare*, a very curious and ancient romance, is preserved in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus:

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, *The Knight of the Swan*, preserved in the Cotton Library has been already described in the Essay: P. Plowman's Metre, &c. Series II. Book i. No. 1, as hath also

17. *The Sege of Jêrlam* (or *Jerusalem*)

\* The French original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978. see. 112, *Laurel*.

† See Lambham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo. p. 34.

which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume; viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90), giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub. ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus:

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the romances, but being rather religious legends, I shall barely mention them; as *Tundale* f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient romance of chivalry, is in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, and 5, rhyme together, as do 4 and 6. It begins thus

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Cambridge,\* is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently

Iyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artus* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same volume with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 295) where it is divided into six parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39, Art. Seld., and also among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. x. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume (p. 210), and in the public Library at Cam-

bridge, (690, § 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394).—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays, in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge.

The Cambridge copy thus:

Heven blys that all shall wyne.

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title), in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge (ubi supra).—A printed copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39, Art. Seld., and among Mr. Garrick's plays, K., vol. ix. The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it,

Lystenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

23. *Ipomydon* (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252, (44.) It is in distichs, and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, Kk. 3, 10, is an old imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas.\*—Mr. Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol. ix. It begins,

It was a squyer of lowe degre,  
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

25. *Hystorye of K. Richard Cure* [*Cœur de Lyon* (Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to.) is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 30, Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems

\* No. 690 (30). Vid. Oxen. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

\* This is alluded to by Shakspeare in his Henry V. (Ac 5), where Fluellen tells Pistol, he will make him a squyr of low degree, when he means to knock him down



No. xxxvii., in two leaves. A large extract from this romance has been given already above (p. 311.) Richard was the peculiar patron of chivalry, and favourite of the old minstrels and Troubadours. See Warton's *Observ.* vol. i. p. 29, vol. ii. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. xxvii., but I believe they may all be referred to the class of romances.

*The Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Fayart* (Boll. Lib. C. 39. Art. Sheld. a printed copy.) This Mr. Warton thinks is the story of Coney's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howell's Letters (v. i. s. 6, l. 20, See Wart. Obs. v. ii. p. 40.) The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. tom. ii. p. 394.) viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse*, (No. xxvii.,) of which the Editor hath also a copy from "Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon." The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Trynhte.

28. *Robert Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily,) showing the fall of pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703 (3.) The Cambridge MS. begins,

Princis that be prowde in prose.

29. *La bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus:

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amyas* and *Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42) is an old romance of chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesunt*, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. vol. ii.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates' Library, W. 4, 1,) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole volume contains not fewer than thirty-seven poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations, and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow; viz.

An old romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous *Paladine*, but a champion named *Rouland Louth*; query) being in the volume, No. xxvii., in five leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, entitled, *Ouel a Knight* (No. xxviii., in eleven leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both zinge and old,  
That willen heren of battailes hold.

34. *The King of Tars* (No. iv., in five leaves and a half; it is also in the Bodleian Library, MS. Vernon f. 304), beginning thus:

Herkneth to me both eld and zing,  
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A tale or romance (No. i., two leaves) that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

The Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that  
the knight him haden y told.  
The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor  
him they weren y-cald.

36. Another mutilated tale or romance (No. iii. four leaves). The first lines at present are,

To Mr. Steward will y gon. and tellen him  
the sothe of the  
Reseyved bestow sone anon. gif zou wil  
serve and with hir be.

\* Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

37. A mutilated tale or romance (No. xi. in thirteen leaves). The two first lines that occur are,

That riche Dooke his fest gan hold  
With Erls and with Barouns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious manuscript, without acknowledging that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Blair, the ingenious professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient metrical romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's "Scottish poems, reprinted from scarce editions." Lond. 1792, in 3 vols. 8vo. viz.

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a metrical romance, from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo., beginning,

In the tyme of Arthtur, as trew men me tald.  
It is in stanzas of thirteen lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Gallo-way*, a metrical romance, in the same stanzas as No. xxxviii., from an ancient MS. beginning thus:

In the tyme of Arthtur an aunter\* betydde  
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;  
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror  
kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c., and in the termination of each stanza the short triplots of the Tournament of Tottenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our King Henry VI., being apparently the production of an old poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris:"

"Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,  
That made the aventures of Sir Gawane."

It will scarce be necessary to remind the reader, that *Turnwathelan* is evidently *Turne-Walling*, celebrated in the old ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine. See the concluding Notes to No. 4, Series I. Book i., and No. 19, Series I. Book iii.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr. Warton's "History of English Poetry," 3 vols. 4to., and from the notes to Mr. Tyrwhitt's improved edition of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tale," &c., in 5 vols. 8vo., which have been published since this Essay, &c., was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious reader to those popular works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious "History of Music," &c., in 5 vols. 4to., as also in Dr. Burney's History, &c., in 4 vols. 4to.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

## I.

### The Boy and the Mantle,

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

\* I. e. Adventure.

The incidents of the "Mantle" and the "Knife" have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of "Florimel's Girdle," B. iv. C. 5, St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love  
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;

But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle  
weare,  
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16,  
when

—Being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
But by no means they could it thereto  
frame,  
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.  
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight  
And each one thought as to their fancies  
came.  
But she herself did think it done for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and  
shame  
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame:  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it  
was untide.  
Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies  
lowre,  
Till that at last the gentle Amoret  
Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's  
powre.  
And having it about her middle set  
Did find it fit withouten breach or let,  
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.  
But Florimel exceedingly did fret,  
And snatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the Horne, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old Romance, entitled "Morte Arthur," which was translated out of French in the time of King Edward IV., and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42, &c. See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen, &c.

The story of the Horn in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract.—"By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye

or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and because of Queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto King Arthur."

—This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes "his queene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies more, and there were but foure ladies of all those that dranke cleane," of which number the said queen proves not to be one [Book II., chap. 22, Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for Queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old Histories and Romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband." Vol. I., p. 23.

\* \* Such readers as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this ballad at the end of the volume.

In the third day of may,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wisdom

A kirtle and a mantle 5  
This child had upon,  
With 'brouches' and ringes  
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke 11  
About his middle drawne;  
Without he cold of curtesye  
He thought itt much shame.

God speed thee, King Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meate:  
And the goodly Queene Guénever, 1  
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;  
I hett you all to 'heede';  
Except you be the more surer  
Is you for to dread.

He plucked out of his 'porterner,'  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betwene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, King Arthur : 25  
Have thou heere of mee :  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye

Itt shall never become that wiffe,  
That hath once done amisse, 30  
Then every knight in the kings court,  
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever ;  
To the mantle shee her 'hied ;'  
The ladye shee was newfangle, 35  
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle ;  
She stode as shee had beene madd :  
It was from the top to the toe  
As sheeres had itt shread. 40

One while was it 'gule ;'  
Another while was itt greene ;  
Another while was it wadded :  
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke 45  
And bore the worst hue :  
By my troth, quoth King Arthur,  
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw down the mantle,  
That bright was of blee ; 50  
Fast with a rudd reld,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver and the walker  
That clothe that had wrought ;  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,  
That hither hath itt brought. 56

I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a greene tree ;  
Then in King Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee. 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere ;  
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye 66  
Shortlye and anon ;  
Bouldye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about ; 70  
Then was she bare  
'Before all the rout.'

Then ever knight,  
That was in the kings court,  
Talked, laughed, and showed 75  
Full oft att that sport.

Shee throw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee ;  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee. 80

Forth came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proferred to this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede ;

And all the time of the Christmasse,  
Willinglye to fleede ; 86  
For why this mantle might  
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made, 90  
She had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed :  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle, 95  
That bright was of blee ;  
And fast, with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye, 100  
And bade her come in ;  
Saith, Winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a litle dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse 105  
Since thou wast mine.

Ver. 21, poterver, MS. V. 32, his wiffe, MS. V. 34, bided,  
MS. V. 41, gaulle, MS.

Ver. 76, lauged.

Forth came Craddockes ladye  
Shortlye and anon ;  
But boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone. 110

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about,  
Upp at her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crows :  
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle, 115  
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Under a greene tree ; 120  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,  
And her sines shee had tolde :  
The mantle stode about her 125  
Right as shee wold :

Seemelye of coulour  
Glittering like gold :  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever  
To Arthur our king ;  
She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman, 135  
That maketh her self soe ' cleane ' ?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fiveteene ;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her bedeene : 140  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane.

Then spake the litle boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold ;  
Sayes, king, chasten thy wiffe, 145  
Of her words shee is to hold :

Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
And a whore bold :  
King, in thine owne hall  
Thou art a cuckold. 150

The litle boy stoode  
Looking out a dore ;  
' And there as he was lookinge  
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155  
Wold have werryed a man :  
He pulld forth a wood kniffe  
Fast thither that he ran :  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous hold :  
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 165  
Uppon a whetstone :  
Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child  
Stood looking upon them ; 170  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knive  
Of iron and of steele ;  
He britled the bores head 175  
Wonderous weele ;  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morssell.

The litle boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge : 180  
He said there was noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne ;  
But he shold it sheede  
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee ;  
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye :  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the borne,  
And the bores head :  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede.  
Everye such a lovely ladye 195  
God send her well to speede

## II.

*The Marriage of Sir Gawaine,*

Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS., which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c., it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the "Fragment" itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume.

## PART THE FIRST.

KING ARTHUR lives in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see;  
And there with him Queene Guenever,  
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever, 5  
That bride soe bright in bowre:  
And all his barons about him stode,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,  
With mirth and princely cheare; 10  
To him repaired many a knyghte,  
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette  
And cups went freely round:  
Before them came a faire damselle, 15  
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthure  
I beg a boone of thee;  
Avenge me of a carlish knyghte,  
Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

At Tearne-Wadling\* his castle stands,  
Near to that lake so fair,

\* *Tearne-Wadling* is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tarn*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

And proudlye rise the battlements,  
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knyghte, nor ladye gay, 25  
May pass that castle-walle:  
But from that foule discourteous knyghte,  
Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,  
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30  
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,  
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barone 'twas our harde happe,  
But yester morne to see;  
When to his howre he bare my love, 35  
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthure  
As lyttle shold him spare;  
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge, 40  
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted King Arthure,  
And sware by hille and dale,  
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barone  
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar: 45  
Goe saddle mee my steede;  
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barone  
Shall rue this ruthfalle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadling  
Benethe the castle walle: 50  
"Come forth; come forth; thou proud barone,  
Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stode,  
And fenc'd with many a spelle:  
Noe valiant knyghte could tread thereon, 55  
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,  
King Arthur felte the charme:  
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,  
Downe sunke his feeble arme. 60

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthure, Now yield thee, unto mee: Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande, Noe better termes maye bee,		To hail the king in seemelye sorte This ladye was fulle faine: But King Arthure all sore amaz'd, No aunswere made againe.	
Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood, And promise on thy faye, Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling, Upon the new-yeare's daye:	65	What wight art thou, the ladye sayd, That wilt not speake to mee; Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine, Though I bee foule to see.	105
And bringe me worde what thing it is All women moste desyre: This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes, He have noe other hyre.	70	If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd, And helpe me in my neede; Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladye, And it shall bee thy meede.	110
King Arthur then holde up his hande, And sware upon his faye, Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone, And faste hee rode awaye.	76	O sweare mee this upon the roode, And promise on thy faye; And here the secrete I will telle, That shall thy ransome paye.	115
And he rode east, and he rode west, And did of all inquire, What thing it is all women crave, And what they most desyre.	80	King Arthur promis'd on his faye, And sware upon the roode; The secrete than the ladye told, As lightlye well shee cou'de.	120
Some told him riches, pompe, or state; Some rayment fine and brighte; Some told him mirthe; some flatterye, And some a jollye knighte.		Now this shall be my paye, sir king, And this my guerdon bee, That some yong fair and courtlye knight, Thou bringe to marrye mee.	
In letters all King Arthur wrote, And seal'd them with his ringe: But still his minde was helde in doubtte, Each tolde a different thinge.	85	Fast then prick'd King Arthure Ore hille, and dale, and downe: And soone he founde the barone's bowre: And soone the grimme baronne.	125
As ruthfulle he rode over a more, He sawe a ladye sette Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye, All clad in red <sup>s</sup> searlette.	90	He bare his clubbe upon his backe, Hee stooode bothe stiffe and stronge; And, when he had the letters reade, Awaye the lettres flunge.	130
Her nose was crookt and turnd outwarde, Her chin stooode all awrye; And where as shoulde have been her mouthe, Lo! there was set her eye:	96	Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lauds, All forfeit unto mee; For this is not thy paye, sir king, Nor may thy ransome bee.	135
Her haire, like serpents, elung aboute Her cheekes of deadlye hewe: A worse-form'd ladye than she was, No man mote ever viewe.	100	Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barone, I praye thee hold thy hand; And give mee leave to speake once more In reskewe of my land.	14
		This morne, as I came over a more, I sawe a ladye sette Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye, All clad in red searlette.	

\* This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer in his Prologue to the Cant. Tales, says of the wife of Bath:

*Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.*

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille, This is their chief desyre ;	146	What though her chin stand all awrye, And shee be foule to see :	
Now yeld, as thou art a barone true, That I have payd mine hyre.		I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake, And I'll thy ransome bee.	35
An earlye vengeaunce light on her ! The carlish baron swore :	150	Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Ga- waine :	
Shee was my sister tolde thee this, And shee's a mishapen whore.		And a blessing thee betyde ! To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires, And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.	40
But here I will make mine avowe, To do her as ill a turne :		And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,	
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, In a fyre I will her burne.	156	To cover our intent ; And wee'll away to the greene forrest, As wee a hunting went.	
PART THE SECONDE.			
Homewarde pricked King Arthure, And a wearye man was hee ;		Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,	45
And soone he mette Queene Guenever, That bride so bright of blee.		They rode with them that daye ; And foremoste of the companye There rode the stewarde Kaye :	
What newes ! what newes ! thou noble king, Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped ?	6	Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore, And oke Sir Garratte keene ;	50
Where hast thou hung the carlish knight ? And where bestow'd his head ?		Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight, To the forest freshe and greene.	
The carlish knight is safe for mee, And free fro mortal harme :	10	And when they came to the greene forrest, Beneathe a faire holley tree	
On magicke grounde his castle stands, And fene'd with many a charme.		There sate that ladye in red scarlèt That unseemelye was to see.	55
To bowe to him I was fulle faine, And yelde mee to his hand :		Sir Kay beheld that lady's face, And looked upon her sweere ;	
And but for a lothly ladye, there I sholde have lost my land.	15	Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes, Of his kisse he stands in feare.	60
And nowe this fills my hearte with woe, And sorrowe of my life ;		Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe, And looked upon her snout ;	
I swore a yonge and courtlye knight, Sholde marry her to his wife.	20	Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes, Of his kisse he stands in doubt.	
Then bespake him Sir Gawaine That was ever a gentle knight :		Peace, brother Kay, sayde Sir Gawaine, And amend thee of thy life :	65
That lothly ladye I will wed ; Therefore be merrie and lighte.		For there is a knight amongst us all, Must marry her to his wife.	
Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawaine ; My sister's sonne yee bee ;	26	What marry this foule queene, quoth Kay, I' the devil's name anone ;	70
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme, And all too foule for yee.		Gott mee a wife wherever I maye, In sooth shee shall be none.	
Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwarde : Her chin stands all awrye ;	30	Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste, And some took up their houndes ;	
A worse form'd ladye than shee is Was never seen with eye.		And sayd they wolde not marry her, For cities, nor for townes.	71



Then bespake him King Arthure, And sware there by this daye; For a little foule sighte and mislikinge, Yee shall not say her naye. 80	Whether by night, or else by daye, Shall I be foule or faire? 120
Peace, lordlings, peace; Sir Gawaine sayd: Nor make debate and strife; This lothlye ladye I will take, And marry her to my wife.	"To have thee foule still in the night, When I with thee should playe! I had rather surre, my lady deare, To have thee foule by daye."
Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Ga- waine, 85 And a blessinge be thy meede! For as I am thine owne ladye, Thou never shalt rue this deede.	What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes To drinke the ale and wine; 126 Alas! then I must hide myself, I must not goe with mine?
Then up they tooke that lothly dame, And home anon they bringe: 90 And there Sir Gawaine ho her wed, And married her with a ringe.	"My faire ladye, Sir Gawaine sayd, I yield me to thy skille; 130 Because thou art mine owne ladye Thou shalt have all thy wille."
And when they were in wed-bed laid, And all were done awaye: "Come turne to mee, mine own wed-lord, 95 Come turne to mee I praye."	Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine, And the daye that I thee see; For as thou seest mee at this time, 135 See shall I ever bee.
Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head, For sorrowe and for care; When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame, He sawe a young ladye faire. 100	My father was an aged knyghte, And yet it chanced soe, He tooke to a wife a false ladye, Whiche broughte me to this woe. 140
Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheekes, Her eyen were blacke as sloe: The ripening cherrie swellde her lippe, And all her necke was snowe.	Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide, In the greene forest to dwelle; And there to abide in lothlye shape, Most like a fiend of helle.
Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire, 105 Lying upon the sheete, And swore, as he was a true knyghte, The spice was never soe sweete.	Midst mores and mosses; woods, and wilds; To lead a lonesome life; 146 Till some yong faire and courtlye knyghte Wolde marrye me to his wife:
Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte, 110 Lying there by his side: "The fairest flower is not so faire: Thou never can'st bee my bride."	Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape, Such was her devilish skille; 150 Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee, And let mee have all my wille.
I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde, The same whiche thou didst knowe, That was soe lothlye, and was wont 115 Upon the wild more to goe.	She witchd my brother to a carlish boore, And made him stiffe and stronge; And built him a bowre on magicke groundes, To live by rapine and wronge. 156
Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee, And make thy choice with care;	But now the spelle is broken througho, And wronge is turnde to righte; Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladye, And hee be a gentle knyghte. 160

## III.

## King Ryence's Challenge.

THIS song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but it is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned: A "Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this:

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in *Morte Arthur*, whence it is taken, runs as follows: "Came a messenger hastily from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and overiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger come for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said King Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall lense his head." [B. I. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. I. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's Hist. B. X. c. 3, which is alluded to by Drayton in his *Poly-Olb.* Song 4, and by Spenser in *Faer. Qu.* 6. l. 13, 15. See the observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 223.

The following text is composed of the best

readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of *Morte Arthur*, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

Stow tells us, that King Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet, in Somersetsshire." This "Camalet," sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a "very high tor or hill, &c." [See an exact description in Stow's *Annals*, Ed. 1631, p. 55.]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur at Camelot kept his court  
royall,

With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;  
And many bold barons sitting in hall;

With ladies attired in purple and pall;  
And heraults in hewkes hooting on high,  
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-*  
*hardie.\**

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas

Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;  
With steven fulle stoute amidst all the preas,  
Sayd, Nowe, sir King Arthur, God save  
thee, and see!

Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well  
thee,

And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,  
With eleven kings beards borderedelt about,  
And there is room lefte yet in a kuntle,

For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out.  
This must be done, be thou never so stout  
This must be done, I tell thee no fuble,  
Maugre the teeth of all thy round table.

\* *Largesse, Largesse.* The heraults resounded these word as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "*Memoires de la Chevalerie*," tom. I. p. 90. The expressio is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter: † i. e. set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates.

When this mortal message from his mouth  
 past,  
 Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in  
 bower:  
 The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies  
 were aghast;  
 Princes puff'd; barons blustred; lords be-  
 gan lower;  
 Knights stormed; squires startled, like  
 steeds in a stower;  
 Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,  
 Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.  
 Silence, my sovereignes, quoth this courteous  
 knight,  
 And in that stound the stowre began still:  
 'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was  
 dight;  
 Of wine and wassal he had his wille:  
 And when he had eaten and drunken his  
 fill,

An hundred pieces of fine coynd gold  
 Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the  
 king,  
 That for his bold message I do him defye;  
 And shortlye with basins and pans will him  
 ring  
 Out of North-gales; where he and I  
 With swords, and not razors, quicklye shall  
 trye,  
 Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the  
 best barber;  
 And therewith he shook his good sword Es-  
 calābor.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* Strada, in his *Prolusions*, has ridi-  
 culed the story of the Giant's Mantle, made  
 of the beards of kings.

## IV.

## King Arthur's Death.

## A FRAGMENT.

THE subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance "Morte Arthur," but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." Holinshed, B. 5, c. 14; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp, 1493, by Ger. de Leew, "The Bretons supposen, that he [King Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Brotaigne, for certes this is the prophiecy of Merlyn; He sayd, that his deth shall be doubtous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubt, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in Selden's Notes on Polyolbion, song 3.

This fragment, being very incorrect and

imperfect in the original MS., hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of "Morte Arthur."

\* \* \* \* \*

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,  
 This sore battayle was doom'd to be:  
 Where manye a knight cry'd, Well-awaye!  
 Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5  
 When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
 He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,\*  
 And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,  
 And as you prize your life, this daye 10  
 O meet not with your foe in fighte;  
 Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

\* Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next Ballad, ver. 73.

For Sir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,  
And with him many an hardye knyghte:  
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15  
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye;  
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsaile gave, 21  
That earlye in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knyghtes King Arthure  
chose, 25  
The best of all that with him were:  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee: 30  
But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,  
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,  
Twelve of his knyghts did likewise bringe;  
The beste of all his companye, 35  
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee;  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to toll;  
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,  
As ere in Chrystentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45  
And both to faire accordance broughte;  
And a month's league betweene them sette,  
Before the battayle sholde be foughte;

An adlere crept forth of a busha,  
Stunge one o' th' king's knyghts on the  
knee: 50

Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,  
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghte found him wounded sore,  
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there;  
His sworde he from his scabberde drew: 55  
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,  
They joyned battayle instantlye;  
Till of so manye noble knyghtes,  
On one side there were left but three. 60

For all were slaine that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye:  
Ah mee! it was a bloodye field,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye, 65  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knyghtes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde; 70  
The teares fast trickled downe his face;  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knyghts, he said,  
See true and faithful to your trust:  
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts, 75  
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe:  
And, oh! to ryse yee up againe,  
Howe freelye could I yield my breathe! 80

But see the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!  
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby: 85  
And vengeance full upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke; 85  
O staye for love and charitie;  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,  
This debt my loyal knyghts I owe: 90  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee:  
As his butler holpe him to his horse, 95  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,  
That I should live this sight to see!  
To see this good knight here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee! 100

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;  
Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:  
The king his speare he through him thrust;  
And fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe; 110  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And stricke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed Sir Mordred,  
Presentlye upon that tree:  
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge  
Ere to the duke returned hee. 116

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
Sir knyghte, thou hast bene faithfull  
tryde,  
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,\*  
That hangs so freelye by my syde: 120

O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe:  
For here, hencefurth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125  
A better neer had valiant knyghte,  
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,  
Oft have I reaped the bloody feede: 130  
But now the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in throwe he:  
But he kept back Excalibar, 135  
He kept it back in privie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;  
And all the hilde of precious stone:  
And ever alacke! then sayd the knyghte,  
Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge, 141  
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?  
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
Blowe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then sayd the kinge, 145  
O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:  
Into the rivere throwe my sword,  
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,  
And the kings scabbard in throwe hee;  
But hee kept backe Excalibar, 151  
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?  
Nothings, my liege, save that the winde 155  
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,  
Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:  
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste, 159  
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;  
All for a sword, that wins thine eye:  
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the one of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165  
No aunswere made unto the kinge:  
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
And throwe it far as he coude flinge.

A hande and arme did meete the sworde,  
And flourishd three times in the air; 170  
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
And of the duke was seen noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;  
He stood as still, as still mote bee:  
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge; 175  
But he was gone from under the tree.

\* More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS, *Excalbird*.

But to what place he cold not tell,  
 For never after hee did him spye:  
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land, 170  
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye."

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:  
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,  
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

\* \*

## V.

## The Legend of King Arthur.

WE have here a short summary of King Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte Arthur*.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 320) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, [*viz.* that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,  
 King Arthur I am to name;  
 Through Christendome, and Heathynesse  
 Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve; 5  
 I am a Christyan bore;  
 The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost  
 One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere, 10  
 Over Brittain I did rayne,  
 After my savior Christ his byrth:  
 What time I did maintaine.

Ver. 178. see MS. V. 1, Brute, MS. V. 9, He began his reign, A. D. 516, according to the Chronicles.

\* Not unlike that passage in Virgil:

*Sanguine ulularent vertice nymphae.*

*Lulus* was the word our old English writers used for *Nymphs*: As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS.

"When searching Phœbus he did mount,  
 Then Lady Venus went to hunt:  
 To whom Diana did resort,  
 With all the Ladies of hills, and valleys,  
 Of springs, and floodes, &c."

The fellowship of the table round,  
 Soe famous in those dayes;  
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15  
 And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,  
 As bookes done yett record,  
 Amongst all other nations  
 Wer feared through the world. 20

And in the castle off Tyntagill  
 King Uthor mee begate  
 Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,  
 And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old, 25  
 Then was I crowned kinge:  
 All Brittain that was att an updre  
 I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme  
 Who had opprest this land; 30  
 All Scotland then throughe manly feats  
 I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,  
 These cuntryes wan I all;  
 Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland; 35  
 And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,  
 That now is called France;  
 And slew the hardye Froll in feild  
 My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus  
 Soe terrible to vewe,  
 That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,  
 By force of armes I slew:

Ver. 23. She is named *Igernæ* in the old Chronicles. V. 24, his, MS. V. 30, Froland feild, MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. V. 41, Daulbus, MS.

And Lacyus the emperour of Rome	45	For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed, Being wounded in that sore, The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight	75
I brought to deadlye wracke; And a thousand more of noble knightes For feare did turne their backe:		Had given him before.	
Five kinges of "paynims" I did kill Amidst that bloody strife;	50	Thence chased I Mordered away, Who fledd to London right, From London to Winchester, and To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.	80
Besides the Grecian emperour Who alsoe lost his life.		And still I him pursued with speed Till at the last wee mett: Wherby an appointed day of fight Was there agreed and sett.	
Whose carcasce I did send to Rome Cladd poorlye on a beere;		Where we did fight, of mortal life	85
And afterward I past Mount-Joye	55	Eche other to deprive, Till of a hundred thousand men Scarcely one was left alive.	
The next approaching yeere.		There all the noble chivalrye Of Brittainne tooke their end.	90
Then I came to Rome, where I was mett Right as a conquerour, And by all the cardinalls solempnolye I was crowned an emperour.	60	O see how fickle is their state That doe on fentes depend!	
One winter there I made abode: Then word to mee was brought Howe Mordred had oppressed the crowne: What treason he had wrought		There all the traitorous men were slaine, Not one escape away; And there dyed all my vallyant knightes Alas! that woefull day!	96
Att home in Brittainne with my queene;	65	Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne In honor and great fame; And thus by death was suddenlye Deprived of the same.	100
Therefore I came with speede To Brittainne backe, with all my power, To quitt that traitorous dedde:			
And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde, Where Mordred me withstoode:	70		
But yett at last I landed there, With effusion of much blood.			

## VI.

## A Dytie to HEE DOWNE.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25,] entitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."

Who seeks to tame the blustering winde,  
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,  
Or els against dame nature's kinde  
To 'change' things frame by cunning  
skyll:  
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,

Though that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,  
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;  
Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,  
Which never can by force be done:

That man likewise bestoweth paine,  
Though that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,  
And for to sayle without a maste;  
Unlesse he thinks perhappes to faine,  
His travell ys forelorne and waste;  
And so in cure of all his paine,  
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about		God grant eche man one to amend ;	25
To please eche eye and every care,	20	God send us all a happy place ;	
Had nede to have withouten doubt		And let us pray unto the end,	
A golden gyft with hym to beare :		That we may have our princes grace :	
For evyll report shall be his gaine,		Amen, amen ! so shall we gaine	
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.		A dowe reward for all our paine.	30

## VII.

## Glasgerion.

AN ingenious Friend thinks that the following old Ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS.) may possibly have given birth to the Tragedy of the "Orphan," in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song (who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion) in the Essay prefixed to Series the First, Note H.

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
And a harper he was goode :  
He harped in the kinges chambere,  
Where cuppe and candle stoode.

And soe did hee in the queens chamber, 5  
Till ladies waxed 'glad.'  
And then bespake the kinges daughter ;  
And these wordes thus shee sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,  
Of thy striking doe not blinne : 10  
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,  
But it glads my hart withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,  
Who taught you nowe to speake !  
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe ycere 15  
My minde I neere durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgerion,  
When all men are att rest :  
As I am a ladie true of my promise,  
Thou shalt hee a welcome guest. 20

Home then came Glasgèrion,  
A glad man, lord ! was hee.  
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy ;  
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye 25  
Hath granted mee my boone :  
And att her chambere must I bee  
Before the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,  
Lay your head downe on this stone : 30  
For I will waken you, master deere,  
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,  
And hose and shoone did on :  
A coller he cast upon his necke 35  
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chamber,  
He thrild upon a pinn.\*  
The lady was true of her promise,  
Rose up and lett him in. 40

He did not take the lady gaye  
To boulster nor to bed :  
'Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,  
A single word he sed.'

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe, 45  
Nor when he came, nor youd :  
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,  
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,  
And did off his hose and shoone ; 50  
And cast the coller from off his necke :  
He was but a churles sonne.

\* This is elsewhere expressed 'twirled the pin' or 'twirled at the pin' [See B. II. S. VI. v. 3], and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.



Awake, awake, my deere master, The cock hath well-nigh crowen.		O then it was your lither foot-page, He hath beguiled mee.	
Awake, awake, my master deere, I hold it time to be gone.	55	Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe, That hanged by her knee:	80
For I have saddled your horsse, master, Well bridled I have your steede:		Sayes, there shall never noe churl's blood Within my bodye spring:	
And I have served you a good breakfast For thereof ye have need.	60	No churl's blood shall ever defile The daughter of a kinge.	
Up then rose good Glasgerion, And did on hose and shoone;		Home then went Glasgerion, And woo, good lord, was hee.	85
And cast a collar about his necke: For he was a kinge his sonne.		Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy, Come hither unto mee.	
And when he came to the ladyes chamber, He thrid upon the pinne:	66	If I had killed a man to night, Jack, I would tell it to thee:	90
The ladye was more than true of promise, And rose and let him inn.		But if I have not killed a man to-night, Jacke, thou hast killed thre.	
Saies, whether have you left with me Your bracelett or your glove?	70	And he puld out his bright browne sword, A dryed it on his sleeve,	
Or are you returned backe againe To know more of my love?		And he smote off that lither ladd's head, Who did his ladye grieve.	95
Glasgerion swore a full great othe, By onke, and ashe, and thorne;		He sett the swords poynt till his brest, The pummil untill a stone:	
Lady, I was never in your chambèr, Sith the time that I was borne.	75	Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd, These three lives werue all gone.	100

VIII.

Old Robin of Portingale.

FROM an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS., which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former Edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

LET never again see old a man  
Marrye see yonge a wife,  
As did old Robin of Portingale;  
Who may rue all the dayes of his life

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott, 5  
He chose her to his wife,  
And thought with her to have lived in love,  
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,  
And scarce was hee asleepe, 10  
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,  
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?  
Or be you not within?  
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles, 15  
Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,  
Sweete ladye, what is your will?  
I have unbethought me of a wile  
How my wed-lord weell spill. 20

Ver. 19, unbethought [properly onbethought], this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as bethought.

Twenty-four good knights, sheo sayes,  
That dwell about this towne,  
Even twenty-four of my next cozèns  
Will helpe to dinge him downe.

All that beheard his litle footpage,  
As he watered his masters steed;  
And for his masters sad perille  
His verrey heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore  
I sweare by the holy roode  
The teares he for his master wept  
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare master  
As he stood at his garden pale:  
Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,  
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge  
Any of thy fellowes here?  
Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
That thou shedst manye a teare?

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,  
Aggrieved he shal bee:  
For no man here within my howse,  
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,  
Nor none of his degree:  
But, on to-morrow ere it be noone  
All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head steward,  
And thank your gay ladie.  
If this be true, my litle foot-page,  
The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear master,  
No good death let me die.  
If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,  
A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,  
O call her downe to mee:  
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,  
And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,  
All clad in purple and pall:  
The rings that were on her fingers,  
Cast light thorow the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord? 65  
What is your will with mee?  
O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,  
And like to die I bee.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,  
See sore it grieveth me: 70  
But my five maydens and myselfe  
Will 'watch thy' bedde for thee.

And at the waking of your first sleepe,  
We will a hott drinke make:  
And at the waking of your 'next' sleepe, 75  
Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silk cote on his backe,  
And mail of manye a fold:  
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,  
Was gilt with good red gold. 80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
And another att his fete:  
"And twentye good knights he placed at hand,  
To watch him in his sleepe."

And about the middle time of the night, 85  
Came twentye-four traitours inn:  
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,  
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,  
Sir Gyles head soon did winn: 90  
And scant of all those twenty-four,  
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,  
Crept forth at a window of stone:  
And he had two armes when he came in, 95  
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye  
With torches burning bright:  
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a  
drinke,  
Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

Ver. 32, blent, MS. V. 47, or to-morrow, MS. V. 68,  
bee, MS.

Ver. 72, make the, MS. V. 75, first, MS.

The first thing that she stumbled on  
It was Sir Gyles his foote :  
Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee !  
Here lyes my sweete hart-roots.

The next thing that she stumbled on 105  
It was Sir Gyles his heade :  
Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me !  
Here lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,  
And did her body spille ; 110  
He cutt the cares beside her heade,  
And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-puge,  
And made him there his heyre ;  
And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes  
And countrye I forswear. 116

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,  
Of the white 'clothe' and the redde,\*  
And went into the holy land,  
Whereas Christe was quicke and dead. 120

\* \* \* In the foregoing piece, *Giles*, steward  
to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal,  
is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being  
a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having  
received an inferior order of priesthood.

## IX.

*Child Waters.*

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the "*Faerie Queen*:" and the son of a king is in the same poem called "*Child Tristram*." [B. 5, c. 11, st. 8, 13.—B. 6, c. 2, st. 36.—*Ibid.* c. 8, st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in "*Shakspeare's King Lear*," the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a "Prince." A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." [Vid. Warb. Shakesp.] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cniht* knight, signifies also a "Child." [See Upton's Gloss. to the F. Q.]

The Editor's folio MS., whence the following piece is taken (with some corrections), affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title; but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song entitled Gill Morrice, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word Child or Chield is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode  
And stroakt his milke white steede :  
To him a fayre yonge ladye came  
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters ;  
Sayes, Christ you save, and see : 6  
My girdle of gold that was too longe,  
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chylde of yours,  
I feele sturte att my side : 10  
My gowne of greene it is too straighte ;  
Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,  
Be mine as you tell mee ;  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
Take them your owne to bee. 16

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,  
Be mine, as you doe sweare :  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
And make that child your heyre. 20

Ver. 128, fleshe, MS. V. 13, be inne, MS.

\* Every person, who went on a *CRUSADE* to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [V. Spelman, Gloss.]

Shee saies, I had rather have one kisse, Child Waters, of thy mouth ; Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both, That lye by north and south.		But when shee came to the waters side, Shee sayled to the chinne : Except the Lord of heaven be my speed, Now must I learne to swimme.	65
And I had rather have one twinkling, 25 Childe Waters, of thine ee : Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both, To take them mine owne to bee.		The salt waters bare up her clothes ; Our Ladye bare upp her chinne : Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord, To see faire Ellen swimme.	
To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde Farr into the north countrie ; 30 The fairest lady that I can find, Ellen, must goe with mee.		And when shee over the water was, Shee then came to his knee : 70 He said, Come hither, thou faire Ellen, Loe yonder what I see.	
'Thoughe I am not that lady fayre, Yet let me goe with thee :' And ever I pray you, Child Waters, 35 Your foot-page let me bee.		Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ? Of redd gold shines the yate : Of twenty foure faire ladyes there, 75 The fairest is my mate.	
If you will my foot-page be, Ellen, As you doe tell to mee ; Then you must cut your gowne of greene, An inch above your knee : 40		Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ? Of redd gold shines the towre : There are twenty four faire ladyes there, The fairest is my paramoure. 80	
Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes, An inch above your ee : You must tell no man what is my name ; My foot-page then you shall bee.		I see the hall now, Child Waters, Of redd gold shines the yate : God give you good now of yourselfe, And of your worthy mate.	
Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, 45 Ran barefoote by his side ; Yett was he never soe courteous a knyghte, To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?		I see the hall now, Child Waters, 85 Of redd golde shines the towre : God give you good now of yourselfe, And of your paramoure.	
Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, Ran barefoote thorow the broome ; 50 Yett hee was never soe curteous a knyghte, To say, put on your shoone.		There twenty four fayre ladyes were A playing att the ball : 90 And Ellen the fairest ladye there, Must bring his steed to the stall.	
Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters, Why doe you ryde soe fast ? The childe, which is no mans but thine, 55 My bodye itt will brast.		There twenty four fayre ladyes were A playinge at the chesse ; 95 And Ellen the fayrest ladye there, Must bring his horse to gresse.	
Hee sayth, seest thou yonder water, Ellen, That flows from banke to brimme.— I trust to God, O Child Waters, You never will see* mee swimme. 60		And then bespake Childe Waters sister, These were the wordes said shee : You have the prettyest foot-page, brother, That ever I saw with mine ee. 100	
		But that his bellye it is soe bigg, His girdle goes wondrous hie : And let him, I pray you, Childe Waters, Goe into the chamber with mee.	

\* I. e. permit, suffer, &amp;c.

- It is not fit for a little foot-page, 105  
That has run through the mosse and myre,  
To go into the chamber with any ladye,  
That weares soe riche attyre.
- It is more meete for a little foot-page,  
That has run through the mosse and myre,  
To take his supper upon his knee, 111  
And sitt downe by the kitchen fyre.
- But when they had supped every one,  
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:  
He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,  
And hearken what I saye. 116
- Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And low into the street;  
The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,  
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe, 120  
And take her up in thine armes twaine  
For filinge\* of her feete.
- Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And low into the streete:  
The fairest ladye that shee cold find, 125  
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe:  
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,  
For filing of her feete.
- I pray you now, good Childe Waters,  
Let me lye at your bedds feete:  
For there is noe place about this house, 130  
Where I may 'saye† a sleepe.
- 'He gave her leave, and faire Ellen  
'Down at his beds feet lay:'  
This done the nighte drove on apace, 135  
And when it was neare the daye,
- Hee sayd, Rise up, my litle foot-page,  
Give my steede corne and haye;
- And soe doe thou the good black oats,  
To carry mee better awaye. 140
- Up then rose the faire Ellen,  
And gave his steede corne and hay;  
And soe shee did the good blacke oates,  
To carry him the better away.
- Shee leane her backe to the manger side,  
And grievously did groane: 146  
She leane her back to the manger side,  
And there shee made her moane.
- And that beheard his mother deere,  
Shee heard her there monand.\* 150  
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,  
I think thee a cursed man.
- For in thy stable is a ghost,  
That grievously doth grone:  
Or else some woman labours of childe, 155  
Shee is soe woe-begone.
- Up then rose Childe Waters soon,  
And did on his shirte of silke;  
And then he put on his other clothes,  
On his body as white as milke. 160
- And when he came to the stable dore,  
Full still there he did stand,  
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellen,  
Howe shee made her monand.
- Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child,  
Lullabye, dere child, dere; 166  
I wold thy father were a king,  
Thy mother layd on a biers.
- Peace now, hee said, good faire Ellen,  
Be of good cheere, I praye; 170  
And the bridal and the churching both  
Shall bee upon one day.

\* i. e. defiling. See Warton's *Observ.* vol. II. p. 168.

† i. e. essay, attempt.

\* Sic in MS. i. e. moaning, bemoaning, &amp;c.

## X.

## Phillida and Corydon.

THIS Sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the Muses Library, p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude, entitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love," 4to., and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' *Typog.*, and Osborne's *Harl. Catalog.*, &c.—He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his second part of "*Wit's Commonwealth*," 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Scornful Lady*," Act 2, and again in "*Wit without Money*," Act 3.—See Whalley's *Ben Jonson*, vol. III., p. 103.

The present Edition is improved by a copy in "*England's Helicon*," vol. III., edit. 1614, 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying:

When anon by a wood side, 5  
Where as Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not. 10  
She sayde, never man was trewe;  
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:  
She sayes, love should have no wronge. 15  
Corydon wold kisse her then:  
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never loved a truer youthe. 20

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
Yea and nay, and faith and trothe;

Suche as seelie shepperdes use  
When they will not love abuse;  
Lovè, that had bene long deluded, 25  
Was with kisses sweete concluded;  
And Phillida with garlands gaye  
Was made the lady of the Maye.

†† The foregoing little pastoral of "Phillida and Corydon" is one of the songs in "*The Honourable Entertainment given to the Quenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetam in Hampshire, by the R. II. the Earle of Hertford, 1591*," 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The thirde daies entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musitians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greete her with a pleasant song of 'Corydon and Phillida,' made in three parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"THE PLOWMAN'S SONG.

"In the merrie month of May, &c."

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetam, that at Killingworth, &c., &c., which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

\* \* Since the above was written, the Public hath been gratified with a most complete work on the foregoing subject, entitled "*The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, &c.*" By John Nichols, F. A. S., Edinb. and Perth, 1788," 2 vols., 4to.

## XI.

*Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.*

THIS ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 4to., 1613, Act 5. The *Varriette*, a comedy, 12mo., 1649, Act 4, &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, "The Witts," Act 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself:

"Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,  
And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near mee."

In the Pepys Collection, vol. III., p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in 33 stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's *Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*.

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,  
As many bee in the yeare,  
When yong men and maides together do goe,  
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5  
The priest was at the mass;  
But he had more mind of the fine women,  
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,  
And others were clad in pall; 10  
And then came in my Lord Barnardes wife,  
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave  
As bright as the summer sunne;  
O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15  
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,  
Full long and manye a daye.  
So have I loved you, ladye faire,  
Yet word I never durst saye. 20

I have a bower at Bucklesford-bury,\*  
Full daintilye bedight,  
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,  
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire, 25  
This kindness yee shew to mee;  
And whether it be to my weale or woe,  
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a litle foot-page,  
By his ladyes coach as he ranne: 30  
Quoth he, though I am my ladyes page,  
Yet lme my Lord Barnardes manue.

My Lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
Although I lose a limbe.  
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,  
He layd him downe to swimme. 35

Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life,  
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury  
Little Musgrave's in bed with thy wife. 40

If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury  
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page, 45  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury  
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,  
And saddle me my good steede; 50  
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury;  
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,  
And some did loudlye saye,  
Whenever Lord Barnardes hornie it blew,  
Awaye, Musgrave, awaye. 1

\* *Bucklesfeld-berry*, fol. MS.

Mothinkes I heare the throstle cooke,  
 Methinkes I heare the jay,  
 Methinkes I heare Lord Barnards horne;  
 I would I were awaye.

60

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,  
 And huggle me from the cold;  
 For it is but some shephardes boye  
 A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,  
 Thy horse eating corne and haye?  
 And thou a gay lady within thine armes:  
 And wouldst thou be awaye?

65

By this Lord Barnard was come to the dore,  
 And lighted upon a stone:  
 And he pulled out three silver keyes,  
 And opened the dores eche one.

70

He lifted up the coverlett,  
 He lifted up the sheete;  
 How now, how now, thou little Musgrave, 75  
 Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,  
 The more is my griefe and paine;  
 Ide gladye give three hundred poundes  
 That I were on yonder plaine.

80

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,  
 And put thy cloathes nowe on,  
 It shall never be said in my countree,  
 That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbarde,  
 Full deare they cost my purse;  
 And thou shalt have the best of them,  
 And I will have the worse.

85

The first stroke that little Musgrave struke,  
 He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
 The next stroke that Lord Barnard struke,  
 Little Musgrave never struke more.

90

With that bespake the ladye faire,  
 In bed whereas she laye,  
 Although thou art dead, my little Musgrave,  
 Yet for the I will praye:

96

And wishe well to thy soule will I,  
 So long as I have life;  
 So will I not do for thee, Barnard,  
 Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

100

He cut her pappes from off her brest;  
 Great pitye it was to see  
 The drops of this fair ladyes bloode  
 Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrie men all,  
 You never were borne for my goode: 106  
 Why did you not offer to stay my hande,  
 When you sawe me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,  
 That ever rode on a steede; 110  
 So have I done the fairest lady,  
 That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cryde,  
 To putt these lovers in;  
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande, 115  
 For shee comes o' the better kin.

†† That the more modern copy is to be  
 dated about the middle of the last century,  
 will be readily conceived from the tenor of  
 the concluding stanza, viz.

"This said Mischief by Lust was wrought;  
 Then let us call for Grace  
 That we may shun the wicked vice,  
 And fly from Sin a-pace."



## XII.

*The Cow-Bughts, Marion.*

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THIS sonnet appears to be ancient: that and its simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,

And wear in the sheip wi' mee?

The sun shines sweet, my Marion,

But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Mariou's a bonnie lass;

And the blyth blinks in her ee:

And fain wad I marrie Marion,

Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in zour garters, Marion;

And siller on zour white hauss-bane:\*

Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion

At eene quhan I cum hame.

Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,

Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee

At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;

Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,

A cow and a brawney quay;

Ise gie tham au to my Marion,

Just on her bridal day.

And zees get a grein sey apron,

And waistcote o' London broun;

And wow bot ze will be vapping

Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,

None dance lik mee on the greine;

And gin ze forsak me, Marion,

Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.

Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,

And kirtle oth' cramasie,

And sune as my chin has nae haire on,

I sall cum west, and see zee.

## XIII.

*The Knight, and Shepherd's Daughter.*

THIS ballad (given from an old black letter Copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig, Hist. Oxon, 1719, 8vo., vol. I., p. lxx." It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act 4, sc. 1.

THERE was a shepherds daughter

Came tripping on the way;

And there by chance a knights shee mett,

Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide, 5

These words pronounced hee:

O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,

If I've not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyd,

That you shold waxe so wode! 10

'But for all that shee could do or saye,

He wold not be withstood.'

Sith you have had your wille of mee,

And put me to open shame,

Now, if you are a courteous knichte, 15

Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,

And some do call mee Jille;

But when I come to the kings faire courte

They call me Wilfulle Wille. 20

\**Hauss-bane*, i. e. The neck-bone. Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an usual ornament in Scotland; where a sore throat is called "a sair hauss;" properly *halae*.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,  
And awaye then he did ride;  
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,  
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water, 25  
She sett her brest and swamme;  
And when she was got out againe,  
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knyghte,  
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride? 30  
And she was ever too loving a maide  
To saye, sir knyghte abide.

When she came to the kings faire courte,  
She knocked at the ring;  
So readye was the king himself 35  
To lett this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,  
Now Christ you save and see,  
You have a knyghte within your courte  
This daye hath robbed mee. 40

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?  
Of purple or of pall?  
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring  
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige, 45  
Of purple nor of pall:  
But he hath gotten my maiden head,  
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,  
His bodye He give to thee; 50  
But if he be a married man,  
High hanged he shall bee.

He called downe his merrie men all,  
By one, by two, by three;  
Sir William used to bee the first, 55  
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,  
Tyed up withinne a glove:  
Faire maide, He give the same to thee;  
Go, seeke thee another love. 60

Ver. 50, His bodye He give to thee.] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: the lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespeare's "All's well that ends well."

O He have none of your gold, she sayde,  
Nor He have none of your fee;  
But your faire bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then 65  
Five hundred pound in golde,  
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,  
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,  
These words then answered shee, 70  
But your own bodye I must have,  
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,  
When I did drinke the wine,  
Rather than any shepherds brat 75  
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,  
When I did drink the ale,  
Rather than ever a shepherds brat  
Shold tell me such a tale! 80

A shepherds brat even as I was,  
You mote have let me bee,  
I never had come othe kings faire courte,  
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede, 85  
And himself upon a graye;  
He hung a bugle about his necke,  
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,  
Where marriage-rites were done, 90  
She proved herself a dukes daughter,  
And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,  
Your pleasure shall be free:  
If you make me ladye of one good towne,  
He make you lord of three. 96

Ah! curst bee the gold, he sayd,  
If thou hadst not been trewe,  
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,  
And have changed her for a newe. 100

And now their hearts being linked fast,  
They joynd hand in hande:  
Thus he had both purse, and person too,  
And all at his commanue.

## XIV.

*The Shepherd's Address to his Muse.*

THIS Poem, originally printed from the small MS. volume mentioned above in No. X., has been improved by a more perfect copy in "England's Illeicon," where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe  
With some sweete harmony:  
This wearie eyes is not to kepe  
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,  
Thou seest my heavines:  
Beautie is borne but to beguyle  
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flooke,  
That lovde to feede on highe,  
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,  
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,  
That were so freshe and greene,  
Doe all their deintie colors loese,  
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushbe,  
That made the woodes to ringe,

With all the rest, are now at hushe,  
And not a note they singe. 20

Swete Philomele, the birde  
That hath the heavenly throte,  
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde  
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost, 25  
The herbs have loste their savoure;  
And Phillida the faire hath lost  
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights  
So kill me in conceit: 30  
That now to hope upon delights,  
It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete muse,  
That knowest what helpe is best,  
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use  
To sett my harte at rest: 35

And in a dreame bewraie  
What fate shal be my frende;  
Whether my life shall still decaye,  
Or when my sorrowes endc. 40

## XV.

*Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor,*

—Is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black-letter, in the Pepys collection, entitled "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl."—In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrestèr,  
And a chaser of the kings deere;  
Faïre Ellinor was a fine womàn,  
And Lord Thomas he loved his deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd,  
And riddle us both as one; 6  
Whether I shall marrye with faïre Ellinòr,  
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,  
Fair Ellinor she has got none, 10  
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,  
As many there are beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to faïre Ellinòr, 15  
That should have been her bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower, He knocked there at the ring, And who was so ready as faire Ellinor, To lett Lord Thomas withinn. 20	And who was so readye as Lord Thomas, To lett faire Ellinor in.
What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas, she sayd ? What newes dost thou bring to mee? I am come to bid thee to my wedding, And that is bad news for thee.	Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd ? Methinks she looks wonderous browne ; 50 Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn, As ever trode on the grounde.
O God forbid, Lord Thomas, she sayd, 25 That such a thing should be done ; I thought to have been the bride my selfe, And thou to have been the bridegrome.	Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd, Despise her not unto mee ; For better I love thy little finger, 55 Than all her whole bodée.
Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd, And riddle it all in one ; 30 Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wedding, Or whether shall tarry at home ?	This browne bride had a little penknife, That was both long and sharpe, And betwixt the short ribs and the long, She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte. 60
There are manye that are your friendes, daughter, And manye a one your foe, Therefore I charge you on my blessing, 35 To Lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.	O Christ thee save, Lord Thomas hee sayd, Methinkst thou lookst wondrous wan ; Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour, As ever the sun shone on.
There are manye that are my friendes, mo- thèr ; But were every one my foe, Betide me life, betide me death, To Lord Thomas his wedding I'd goe. 40	Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas ? she sayd, Or canst thou not very well see ? 65 Oh ! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode Run trickling down my knee.
She cloathed herself in gallant attire, And her merrye men all in greene ; And as they rid through every towne, They took her to be some queene.	Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side ; As he walked about the halle, 70 He cut off his brides head from her shoul- ders, And threwe it against the walle.
But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate, She knocked there at the ring ; 46	He set the hilt against the grounde, And the point against his harte. There never three lovers together did meete, That sooner againe did parte. 75

Ver. 20, It should probably be *Reade me, read, &c, i. e.*  
Advise me, advise.

\* \* The reader will find a Scottish song  
on a similar subject to this, towards the end  
of this volume, entitled "Lord Thomas and  
Lady Annet."

## XVI.

*Cupid and Campaspe.*

THIS elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play, entitled "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591: but this copy is given from a later edition.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd  
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;

Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lippe, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),  
With these, the crystal of his browe,  
And then the dimple of his chinne;  
All these did my Campaspe winne.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of mee?

## XVII.

*The Lady turned Serving-Man.*

—Is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones), upon the popular ballad, entitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men; or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,  
An ancient barons only heire,  
And when my good old father died,  
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower; 10  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Than my true love did build for mee.

And there I livde a lady gay,  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;  
For there came foes so fierce a band, 15  
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,  
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;

And trembling hid in mans array,  
I scant with life escaped away. 20

In the midst of this extremitie,  
My servants all did from me flee:  
Thus was I left myself alone,  
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care, 25  
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,  
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name  
From fair Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,  
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare; 30  
And in my beaver, hose and band,  
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,  
I sate me down to rest awhile;  
My heart it was so fill'd with woe, 35  
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place  
With all his lords a hunting was,  
And seeing me weepe, upon the same 40  
Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye, I am a poore and friendlesse boye, Though nobly borne, nowe fore'd to bee A serving-man of lowe degree.		" And I myself a ladye gay Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array; The happiest lady in the land Had not more pleasure at command.	85
Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd, For thee a service I'll provyde; But tell me first what thou canst do; Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.	45	" I had my musieke every day Harmonious lessons for to play; I had my virgins fair and free Continually to wait on mee.	90
Wilt thou be usher of my hall, To wait upon my nobles all? Or wilt be taster of my wine, To 'tend on me when I shall dine?	50	" But now, alas! my husband's dead, And all my friends are from me fled, My former days are past and gone, And I am now a serving-man."	95
Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine, About my person to remaine? Or wilt thou be one of my guard, And I will give thee great reward?	55	And fetching many a tender sigh, As thinking no one then was nigh, In pensive mood I laid me lowe, My heart was full, the tears did flowe.	100
Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place. Then I reply'd, If it please your grace, To shew such favour unto mee, Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.	60	The king, who had a huntinge gone, Grew weary of his sport anone, And leaving all his gallant traine, Turn'd on the sudden home againe:	
The king then smiling gave consent, And straitwaye to his court I went; Where I behavde so faithfullie, That hee great favour shewd to mee.		And when he reach'd his statelye tower, Hearing one sing within his bower, He stopt to listen, and to see Who sung there so melodiouslie.	105
Now marke what fortune did provide; The king he would a hunting ride With all his lords and noble traine, Sweet William must at home remaine.	65	Thus heard he everye word I sed, And saw the pearlye teares I shed, And found to his amazement there, Sweete William was a ladye faire.	110
Thus being left alone behind, My former state came in my mind: I wept to see my mans array; No longer now a ladye gay.	70	Then stepping in, Faire ladye rise, And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes, For I have heard thy mournful tale, The which shall turn to thy avails.	115
And meeting with a ladies vest, Within the same myself I drest; With silken robes and jewels rare, I deckt me, as a ladye faire:	75	A crimson dye my face orespred, I blusht for shame, and hung my head, To find my sex and story knowne, When as I thought I was alone.	120
And taking up a lute straitwaye, Upon the same I strove to play; And sweetly to the same did sing, As made both hall and chamber ring.	80	But to be briefe, his royall grace Grew so enamour'd of my face, The richest gifts he proffered mee, His mistress if that I would bee.	
" My father was as brave a lord, As ever Europe might afford; My mother was a lady bright; My husband was a valiant knight:		Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd, I'll rather in my grave be layd, And though your grace hath won my heart, I ne'er will act soe base a part.	125

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,  
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,  
And since it is soe fairly tryde,  
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

130

Then strait to end his amorous strife,  
He tooke sweet William to his wife.  
The like before was never scene, 135  
A serving-man became a queene.

\* \*

## XVIII.

## Gil Morrice.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THE following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from verse 109 to verse 121, and from verse 124 to verse 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision.

N. B. The Editor's MS., instead of "Lord Barnard," has "John Stewart;" and instead of "Gil Morrice," "Child Maurice," which last is probably the original title. See above, p. 337.

GIL MORRICE was an erl's son,  
His name it waxed wide;  
It was nae fur his great richès,  
Nor zet his mickle pride;

Bot it was for a lady gay, 5  
That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon;  
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',  
And bid his lady cum? 10  
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie;  
And ze may rin wi' pride;  
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,  
On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no! oh no! my master dear! 15  
I dare nae for my life;  
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,  
For to triest furth his wife.  
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;  
My dear Willie, he sayd: 20  
How can ze strive against the stream?  
For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,  
In grene wod ze're zour lain;  
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede, 25  
For fear ze should be tain.  
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid hir cum here wi speid:  
If ze refuse my heigh command,  
Ill gar zour body bleid. 30

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,  
"Tis a' gowd hot the hem;  
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,  
And bring nane bot hir lain:  
And there it is, a silken sarke, 35  
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;  
And bid hir cum to Gill Morrice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Ver. 11. something seems wanting here. V. 32, and 68, perhaps, 'bout the hem.

- Yes, I will gae zour black errand,  
Though it be to zour cost; 40  
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ze sall find frost.  
The baron he is a man of might,  
He neir could bide to taunt,  
As ze will see before its nicht, 45  
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.
- And sen I maun zour errand rin  
Sae sair against my will;  
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,  
It sall be done for ill. 50  
And quhen he came to broken brigue,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And quhen he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.
- And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55  
Would neither chap nor ca':  
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,  
And lichtly lap the wa'.  
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stude at the gait; 60  
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,  
Quhair they were set at meit.
- Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
My message winna waite;  
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod 65  
Before that it be late.  
Ze're hidden tak this gay mantel,  
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:  
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
Ev'n by your sel alane. 70
- And there it is, a silken sarke,  
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;  
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice:  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.  
The lady stamped wi' hir foot, 75  
And winked wi' hir ee;  
Bot a' that she coud say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae bee.
- Its surely to my how'r-woman;  
It neir could be to me. 80  
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;  
I trow that ze he she.  
Then up and spack the wylie nursè,  
(The bairn upon hir knee)  
If it be cum frae Gil Morice, 85  
It's deir welcome to mee.
- Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,  
Sae loud I heird ze lee;  
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;  
I trow ze be nae shee. 90  
Then up and spack the bauld baròn,  
An angry man was hee;  
He's tain the table wi' his foot,  
Sae has he wi' his knee;  
Till siller cup and 'mazer'\* dish 95  
In flinders he gard flee.
- Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,  
That hings upon the pin;  
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
And speik wi' zour lemmàn. 100  
O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,  
I warde ze bide at hame;  
Neir wyte a man for violence,  
That neir wate ze wi' nane.
- Gil Morice state in gude grene wode, 105  
He whistled and he sang:  
O what mean a' the folk coming,  
My mother tarries lang.  
His hair was like the threeds of gold,  
Drawne frae Minerva's loome: 110  
His lipps like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was a' perfume.
- His brow was like the mountain snae  
Gilt by the morning beam:  
His cheeks like living roses glow: 115  
His een like azure stream.  
The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
Sweete as the infant spring:  
And like the mavis on the bush,  
He gart the vallies ring. 120
- The baron came to the grene wode,  
Wi' mickle dule and care,  
And there he first spied Gill Morice  
Kameing his zellow hair:  
That sweetly wafd around his face, 125  
That face beyond compare:  
He sang sae sweet it might dispel  
A' rage but fell despair.

V. 88 Perhaps, loud say I heire.

Ver. 128. So Milton,

Vernal delight and joy: able to drive

All sadness but despair.

B. iv. v. 165.

Ver. 58, Could this be the wall of the castle?

\*1. e. a drinking cup of maple: other edit. read *car*.



Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
 My lady loed thee weel, 130  
 The fairest part of my bodie  
 Is blacker than thy heel.  
 Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
 For a' thy great beautie,  
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born; 135  
 That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
 And slaited on the strae;  
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body  
 He's gar could iron gae. 140  
 And he has tain Gill Morice' head  
 And set it on a speir;  
 The meanest man in a' his train  
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up, 145  
 Laid him across his steid,  
 And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
 And laid him on a bed.  
 The lady sat on castil wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and down; 150  
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head  
 Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
 Both and that zellow hair,  
 Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands, 155  
 As they lig here and thair.  
 And she has tain her Gill Morice,  
 And kissd baith mouth and chin:  
 I was once as fow of Gill Morice,  
 As the hip is o' the stean. 160

I got ze in my father's house,  
 Wi' mickle sin and shame;  
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,  
 Under the heavy rain.  
 Oft have I by thy cradle sitten, 165  
 And fondly seen thee sleip;  
 But now I gae about thy grave,  
 The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,  
 And syne his bluidy chin: 170  
 O better I loe my Gill Morice  
 That a' my kith and kin!  
 Away, away, ze ill woman,  
 And an il deith mait ze dee:  
 Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son, 175  
 He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!  
 Obraid me not for shame!  
 Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart;  
 And put me out o' pain. 180  
 Since nothing bot Gill Morice head  
 Thy jelous rage could quell,  
 Let that saim hand now tak hir life,  
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights 185  
 Will eir be saft or kind;  
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
 And greet till I am blind.  
 Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,  
 Seek not zour death frae mee; 190  
 I rather loured it had been my sel  
 Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wao I hear zour plaint;  
 Sair, sair I rew the deid,  
 That eir this cursed hand of mine 195  
 Had gard his body bleid.  
 Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,  
 Ze neir can heal the wound;  
 Ze see his head upon the speir,  
 His heart's blude on the ground. 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,  
 The heart that thoct the ill;  
 The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,  
 The comely zouth to kill.  
 I'll ay lament for Gill Morice, 205  
 As gln he were mine ain;  
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
 On which the zouth was slain.

\*.\* This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of "Child Maurice," pronounced by the common people *Cheid* or *Cheild*; which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention, that other copies read ver. 110 thus:

"Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver. 116 as follows:

"His een like azure sheene."

## SERIES THE THIRD.

## BOOK II.

## I.

*The Legend of Sir Guy*

—CONTAINS a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly entitled "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry achieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525; and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time (viz.),

"Men spoken of romances of price,  
Of Horne childe and Ippotis,  
Of Bevis, and Sir Guy, &c." (R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 4to., 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, "Imprynted at London—for William Copland," in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garriek's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad:

"A messenger came to the king,  
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,

For bad tydinges I bring you,  
In Northumberlande there is no man,  
But that they be slayne everychone:  
For there dare no man route,  
By twenty myle rounde aboute,  
For doubt of a fowle dragon,  
That sleath men and beastes downe.  
He is blacke as any cole  
Rugged as a rough fole;  
His bodye from the navill upwarde  
No man may it pierce it is so harde;  
His neck is great as any summere;  
He renneth as swifte as any distrere;  
Pawes he hath as a lyon:  
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
Great winges he hath to flight,  
That is no man that bare him might.  
There may no man fight him agayne,  
But that he sleath him certayne:  
For a fowler beast then is he,  
Ywis of none never heard ye."

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, *etat.* Guy 67. See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad V. Book I., but which is the original, and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94, 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act 2, sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake Soe tost in love, as I Sir Guy For Phelis fayre, that lady bright As ever man beheld with eye?		I went into the souldans hoast, Being thither on embassage sent, And brought his head awaye with mee; I having slaine him in his tent.	45
She gave me leave myself to try, The valiant knight with sheeld and speare, Ere that her love she wold grant me; Which made mee venture far and neare.	5	There was a dragon in that land Most fiercely mett me by the waye As hee a lyon did pursue, Which I myself did alsoe slay.	50
Then proved I a baron bold, In dedes of armes the doughtyest knight That in those dayes in England was, With sworde and speare in field to fight.	11	Then soon I past the seas from Greece, And came to Paye land aright: Where I the duke of Paye killed, His hainous treason to requite.	55
An English man I was by birthe: In faith of Christ a christyan true: The wicked laws of infidells I sought by prowesse to subdue.	15	To England then I came with speede, To wedd faire Phelis lady bright: For love of whome I travelled farr To try my manhood and my might.	60
'Nine' hundred twenty yoere and odde After our Saviour Christ his birth, When King Athelstone wore the crowne, I lived heere upon the earth.	20	But when I had espoused her, I stayd with her but fortye dayes, Ere that I left this ladye faire, And went from her beyond the seas.	
Sometime I was of Warwicke erlo, And, as I sayd, of very truth A ladyes love did me constraine To seeke strange ventures in my youth.		All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort, My voyage from her I did take Unto the blessed Holy-land, For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.	65
To win me fame by feates of armes In strange and sundry heathen lands; Where I ntchieved for her sake Right dangerous conquests with my hands.	25	Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme, And all his sonnes, which were fifteene, Who with the cruell Sarazens In prison for long time had beene.	70
For first I sayled to Normandye, And there I stoutlye wan in fight The emperours daughter of Almaine, From manye a vallyant worthy knight.	30	I slew the gyant Amarant In battel fiercely hand to hand: And doughty Barknard killed I, A treacherous knight of Paye land.	75
Then passed I the seas to Greece To helpe the emperour in his right; Against the mighty souldans hoaste Of puissant Persians for to fight.	35	Then I to England came againe, And here with Colbronde fell I fought: An ugly gyant, which the Danes Had for tifeir champion hither brought.	80
Where I did slay of Sarazens, And heathen pagans, manye a man; And slew the souldans cozen decre, Who had to name doughtye Coldran.	40	I overcame him in the feild, And slew him soone right valiantlye; Wherebye this land I did redeeme From Danish tribute utterlye.	
Eskeldered a famous knight To death likewise I did pursue: And Elmayne King of Tyre alsoe, Most terrible in fight to viewe.		And afterwards I offered upp The use of weapons solemnlye At Winchester, whereas I fought, In sight of manye farr and nye.	85

<p>'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye  A bore of passing might and strength; 90  Whose like in England never was  For hugeness both in bredth and length.</p>	<p>Where with my hands I hewed a house  Out of a craggy rocke of stone;  And lived like a palmer poore 115  Within that cave myself alone:</p>
<p>Some of his bones in Warwicke yett  Within the castle there doe lye;  One of his sheeld-bones to this day 95  Hangs in the citey of Coventrye.</p>	<p>And daylye came to begg my bread,  Of Phelis att my castle gate;  Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,  Who dailye mourned for her mate. 120</p>
<p>On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe  A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;  Which manye people had opprest. 100</p>	<p>Till att the last I fell sore sick,  Yea sick soe sore that I must dyo;  I sent to her a ring of golde,  By which she knew me presentlye.</p>
<p>Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  Still for a monument doe lye,  And there exposed to lookers viewe  As wondrous strange, they may espye.</p>	<p>Then shee repairing to the cave 125  Before that I gave up the ghost;  Herself closed up my dying eyes:  My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.</p>
<p>A dragon in Northumberland 105  I alsoe did in fight destroye,  Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  And all the cuntrye sore annoye.</p>	<p>Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  To bring my corpes unto the grave; 130  And like a palmer dyed I,  Wherby I sought my soule to save.</p>
<p>At length to Warwicke I did come,  Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;  And there I lived a hermits life 111  A mile and more out of the towne.</p>	<p>My body that endured this toyle,  Though now it be consumed to mold;  My statue fair engraven in stone, 135  In Warwicke still you may behold.</p>

## II.

## Guy and Amarant.

THE Editor found this Poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of Sir Guy: for, upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo., we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it

is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctified ground,

Whereas the Jewes fayre citey sometime stood,

Wherein our Saviours sacred head was crown'd,

And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:

To see the sepulcher was his intent,  
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his weareye feet,  
 And passed desart places full of danger,  
 At last with a most woefull wight<sup>\*</sup> did meet,  
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger:  
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all  
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall. 12

A gyant called Amarant detain'd them,  
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his  
 strength:  
 Who in a castle, which he held, had chain'd  
 them: 15  
 Guy questions, where? and understands at  
 length  
 The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword,  
 quoth hee,  
 He lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,  
 Like one that sayes, I must, and will come  
 in: 20  
 The gyant never was soe rowz'd before:  
 For noe such knocking at his gate had bin:  
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh  
 out,  
 Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra, quoth hee, what business hast thou  
 heere? 25  
 Art come to feast the crows about my  
 walls?  
 Didst never heare, noe ransome can him  
 cleere,  
 That in the compasse of my furye falls:  
 For making me to take a porters paines,  
 With this same clubb I will dash out thy  
 braines. 30

Gyant, quoth Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,  
 Choller and you seem very neere of kin:  
 Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee;  
 I have bin better armd, though nowe goe  
 thin: 34  
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,  
 Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right.  
 Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the  
 same  
 About the head, the shoulders, and the  
 side:  
 Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,  
 Standing with huge Colossus' spacious  
 stride, 40

Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,  
 That like a furnace he did smoke extream.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in  
 vaine,  
 For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,  
 And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe, 45  
 Did brush his plated coat against his will:  
 Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,  
 To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble growe,  
 And sayd to Guy, As thou'rt of humane  
 race, 50  
 Shew itt in this, give natures wants their  
 dewe,

Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:  
 Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,  
 Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.

I graunt thee leave, quoth Guye, goe drink  
 thy last, 55  
 Goe pledge the dragon, and the salvage  
 bore:~

Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,  
 But never thinke to taste cold water more:  
 Drinke deepe to death and unto him carouse:  
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house. 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his  
 thirst;  
 Takeing the water in extremely like  
 Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,  
 Whose forced hulke against the stone does  
 stryke;  
 Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands,  
 That Guy admiring to behold it stands. 66

Come on, quoth Guy, let us to worke againe,  
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;  
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,  
 Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them  
 wrong: 70  
 But I will see their satisfaction made,  
 With gyants blood they must, and shall be  
 payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee  
 streight;  
 Thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence:

Ver. 84, bulke, MS. and PCC.

\* Which Guy had slain before.

\* Erie Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

This clubb, which is about some hundred  
weight, 75  
Is deathes commission to dispatch thee  
hence:  
Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes;  
And breake thy bones, as they were made of  
reedes.

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,  
Which worthy Guy cold ill endure to  
heare, 80  
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,  
Which like two pillars did his body beare:  
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes  
And desperately att Guy his clubb he  
throwes:

Which did directly on his body light, 85  
See violent, and weighty there-withall,  
That downe to ground on sudden came the  
knight;  
And, ere he cold recover from the fall,  
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist, 89  
And aimed a stroke that wonderfullie mist.

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,  
This coward act to intercept my bloode.  
Sayes Amarant, Ile murder any way,  
With enemyes all vantages are good:  
O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95  
Besure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts ap-  
peare,  
Within that beastlye hulke where devills  
dwell;  
Which are thy tenants while thou livest  
heare,  
But will be landlords when thou comest in  
hell: 100  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,  
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, while I goe  
drinke,  
For flaming Phœbus with his fyery eye  
Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke  
My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean  
drye: 106  
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.  
Quoth Amarant, 'Thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more  
witt,  
How I shold use such enemyes as thou;

By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt, 111  
To understand that thirst constraines thee  
now;

For all the treasure, that the world containes,  
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Relieve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans  
part: 115

Refresh an adversarye to my wrong!  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:  
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too  
long

To be soe simple: now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.

And with these words heaving aloft his  
clubb 121

Into the ayre, he swings the same about:  
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples  
rubb,

And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth  
strout:

Sirra, sayes hee, I have you at a lift, 125  
Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee  
A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much  
good;

Take noe more care for drinke before I end  
thee,

And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood;  
Here's at thee with a butcher's downright  
blow, 131

To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,  
That seemst a lump of crueltye from hell;

Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny  
The thing to mee wherein I used thee well:  
With more revenge, than ere my sword did  
make, 139

On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,  
Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapen  
proof: 140

Farewell my thirst; I doe disdaine to drinke;  
Streames keepe your waters to your owne  
behoof;

Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;  
With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will,  
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout: 146

You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill ;  
 . It is not that same clubb will beare you  
 out ;  
 And take this payment on thy shaggye  
 crowne—  
 A blowe that brought him with a vengeance  
 downe. 150

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,  
 And from his shoulders did his head divide ;  
 Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, un-  
 blest ;  
 Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide  
 To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155  
 Then Guy tooke keyes, and to the castle  
 went,

Where manye woefull captives he did find,  
 Which had beene tyred with extremityes ;  
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,  
 And reasoned with them of their miseryes ;  
 Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and  
 cryes, 161  
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,  
 That were surprised in the desart wood,  
 And had noe other dyett everye day, 165  
 But flesh of humane creatures for their  
 food :  
 Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,  
 And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
 To enlarge the wronged brethren from their  
 woes : 170  
 And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours  
 heare,  
 By which sad sound's direction on he goes,  
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,  
 Arm'd strongly over all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears  
 The strangest object that he ever saw : 176  
 Men that with famishment of many yeares,  
 Were like deathes picture, which the  
 painters draw ;  
 Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe ;  
 Others head-downward : by the middle some.

With diligence he takes them from the walle,  
 With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint :

Then the perplexed knight their father calls,  
 And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though  
 poore and faint : 184  
 I promisid you their lives, accept of that ;  
 But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,  
 Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell :  
 Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease, 189  
 For pittyes sake, use wronged women well :  
 Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do ;  
 But poore weake women have not strength  
 thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,  
 Fell on the ground, and wold have kist  
 Guys secte : 194  
 Father, quoth he, refraine soe base a kiss,  
 For age to honor youth I hold unmeete :  
 Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,  
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

\* \* The foregoing poem on "Guy and Ama-  
 rant" has been discovered to be a fragment of  
 "The famous historie of Guy earle of War-  
 wicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed  
 by J. Bell, 1649," 4to., in xii. cantos, begin-  
 ning thus :

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first  
 is not known, but the author Sam. Rowlands  
 was one of the minor poets who lived in the  
 reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and  
 perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly  
 of the religious kind, which makes it proba-  
 ble that the history of Guy was one of his  
 earliest performances.—There are extant of  
 his (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in  
 dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on  
 the crosse, with other poems on the passion,  
 &c., 1598, 4to." [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) A  
 Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond.  
 printed for A. Johnson, 1605," 4to. (Penes  
 editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects  
 chiefly taken from the Old Testament. (3.)  
 "Memory of Christ's Miracles, in verse,  
 Lond. 1618, 4to." (4.) "Heaven's glory,  
 earth's vanity, and hell's horror." Lond.  
 1638, 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem  
 has been much ir- ed from the printed  
 copy.

## III.

*The Auld Good-Man.*

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

I HAVE not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, &c., which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went  
A little before the sun gade down,  
And there I chanc't, by accident,  
To light on a battle new begun:  
A man and his wife wer slain in a strife, 5  
I canna weel tell ye how it began;  
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
Cryeng, Ewir alake, mine auld goodman!

## HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
The country kens where he was born, 10  
Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:  
For he did spend and make an end  
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan;  
He gart the poor stand frae the door: 15  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

## SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,  
Whan I think on my winsome John,  
His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,  
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone;  
Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair, 21  
And skin as white as ony swan,

He was large and tall, and comely withall;  
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

## HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintain; 25  
For meal and mawt thou disna want;  
But thy wild bees I canna please,  
Now whan our gear gins to grow scant.  
Of household stuff thou hast enough;  
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan; 30  
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;  
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

## SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,  
To think on those blyth days I had,  
Whan I and he together ley 35  
In arnes into a well-made bed:  
But now I sigh and may be sad,  
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep;  
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark, 41  
And gane was a' the light of day:  
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
And therefore wad nae longer stay:  
Theu up he gat, and ran his way, 45  
I trowe, the wife the day she wan;  
And aye the owreword of the fray  
Was, Ewir alake! mine auld goodman.

## IV.

*Fair Margaret and Sweet William.*

THIS seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "*Knight of the Burning Pestle*," Acts 2d and 3d; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a mo-

dern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, "*Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers.*"—

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,



"You are no love for me, Margaret,  
I am no love for you."

And the following stanza,

"When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at Williams feet.

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language. See the song entitled "Margaret's Ghost," at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret, 5  
And you see none by mee;  
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window, 10  
Combing her yellow hair;  
There she spied sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe, .  
And braided her hair in twain:  
She went alive out of her bower, 15  
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret, 20  
And stood at Williams feet.

Are you awake, sweet William? shee said;  
Or, sweet William, are you asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone, 25  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
My dear, I have cause to weep.  
46

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,  
Such dreames are never good: 30  
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'  
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,  
They never do prove good:  
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,' .  
And thy bride-bed full of blood. 36

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,  
By the leave of my ladle. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower  
He knocked at the ring;  
And who so ready as her seven breth'ren  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet, 45  
Pray let me see the dead:  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin; 50  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven breth'ren,  
Making most piteous mone:  
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride, 55  
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right;  
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
By day, nor yet by night. 60

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
Deal on your cake and your wine: \*  
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65  
Sweet William dyed the morrow:  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancell,  
And William in the higher: 70  
Out of her brest there sprang a rose.  
And out of his a briar.

Ver. 31, 35, swine, PCC.

\* Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

They grew till they grew unto the church top, And then they could grow no higher ; And there they tyed in a true lovers knot, Which made all the people admire.	76	Then came the clerk of the parish, As you the truth shall hear, And by misfortune cut them down, Or they had now been there.
--	----	---

## V.

## Barbara Allen's Cruelty.

GIVEN, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy, entitled, "Barbary Allen's cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy."

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,  
 There was a faire maid dwellin,  
 Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May, 5  
 When greene buds they were swellin,  
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the towne where shee was dwellin; 10  
 You must come to my master deare,  
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,  
 And ore his hart is stealin :  
 Then haste away to comfort him, 15  
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,  
 And ore his harte is stealin,  
 Yet little better shall he bee  
 For boany Barbara Allen. 20

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
 And slowly she came nye him ;  
 And all she sayd, when there she came,  
 Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turned his face unto her strait, 25  
 With deadlye sorrow sighing ;  
 O lovely maide, come pity mee,  
 Lme on my dath-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,  
 What needs the tale you are tellin; 30

I cannot keep you from your death;  
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,  
 As deadlye pangs he fell in :  
 Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all, 35  
 Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,  
 She heard the bell a knellin ;  
 And every stroke did seem to saye,  
 Unworthy Barbara Allen. 40

She turnd her bodeye round about,  
 And spied the corps a coming :  
 Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,  
 That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe, 45  
 Her cheeke with laughter swollin :  
 Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine ;  
 Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe, 50  
 O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,  
 Who loved me so dearye :  
 O that I had beene more kind to him, 55  
 When he was alive and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,  
 Beg'd to be buried by him ;  
 And sore repented of the daye,  
 That she did ere denye him. 60

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in :  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

## VI.

## Sweet William's Ghost.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

FROM Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
With many a grievous grone,  
And ay he tirl'd at the pin;  
But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip? 5  
Or is't my brother John?  
Or is't my true love Willie  
From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip;  
Nor yet thy brother John: 10  
But 'tis thy true love Willie  
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!  
I pray thee speak to mee:  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15  
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,  
'Of me shalt nevir win,'  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss my cheek and chin. 20

If I should come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man:  
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,  
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25  
I pray thee speak to mee:  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,  
'Of me shalt nevir win,' 30

Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,  
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35  
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,  
As for to do her best:  
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,  
God send your soul good rest. 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,  
A piece below her knee:  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corps followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie, 45  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willie,  
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,  
There's nae room at my feet, 50  
There's no room at my side, Margret,  
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
And up then crew the gray:  
Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret, 55  
That 'I' were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous grone,  
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone. 60

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
The constant Margret cried:  
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,  
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

## VII.

*Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan.*

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PRINTED, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the greene leaves wer a fallan;  
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,  
Fell in luv wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne, 5  
To the plaice where she was dwellan:  
O haste and cum to my maister deare,  
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly raise she up,  
To the plaice wher he was lyan; 10  
And whan she drew the curtain by,  
Young man I think ye're dyan.\*

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And its a' for Barbara Allen.  
O the better for me ye'se never be, 15  
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,  
Whan ye the cups wer fillan:  
How ye made the healths gae round and  
round, 20  
And slighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealan;  
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',  
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly raise she up, 25  
And hooly, hooly left him;  
And sighan said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan; 30  
And everye jow the deid-bell gied,  
Cried, Wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
O mak it saft and narrow:  
Since my love died for me to day, 35  
Ise die for him to morrowe.

\* \* \*

## VIII.

*The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.*

FROM an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited: Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington."

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

\* An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes Dyand and Ly- and ought to be transposed: as the taunt, Young man, I think ye're lyand, would be very characteristic.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,  
And he was a squires son:  
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,  
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe 5  
That he did love her soe,  
Noe nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand  
His fond and foolish minde, 10  
They sent him up to faire London  
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares, And never his love could see:		Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart, Praye tell me where you were borne.	
Many a teare have I shed for her sake, When she little thought of mee.	15	At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee, Where I have had many a scorne.	35
Then all the maids of Islington Went forth to sport and playe, All but the bayliffes daughter deare:		I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee, O tell me, whether you knowe The bayliffes daughter of Islington.	
She secretly stole awaye.	20	She is dead, sir, long agoe.	40
She pulled off her gowne of greene, And put on ragged attire, And to faire London she would go Her true love to enquire.		If she be dead, then take my horse, My saddle and bridle also; For I will into some furr cuntrye, Where noe man shall me knowe.	
And as she went along the high road, The weather being hot and drye, She sat her downe upon a green bank, And her true love came riding bye.	25	O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe, She standeth by thy side; She is here alive, she is not dead, And readye to be thy bride.	45
She started up, with a colour soe redd, Catching hold of his bridle-reine;	30	O farewell grieffe, and welcome joye, Ten thousand times therefore;	50
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd, Will ease me of much paine.		For nowe I have founde mine owne true love, Whom I thought I should never see more.	

## IX.

*The Willow Tree.*

## A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter collection, entitled "The Golden Garland of princely Delights," collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?  
Why that willowe in thy hat?  
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe  
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I;  
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:  
Phillis hath forsaken mee,  
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?  
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong? 10

Shee that lov'd thee long and best,  
Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,  
She hath robb'd my heart of rest:  
For she a new love loves, not mee; 15  
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,  
Since thy happ is like to mine:  
For the maid I thought most true  
Mee hath also bid adieu. 20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,  
Companye doth sorrowe ease:  
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,  
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.		CUDDY.
Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,	25	Hierdsman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree:		There lyes grief and willowe-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,		Henceforth I will do as they,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.		And love a new love every day.

## X.

*The Lady's Fall,*

—Is given (with corrections) from the editor's ancient folio MS., collated with two printed copies in black-letter: one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall." To the tune of "In Pescod Time, &c."—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the "Muses Library," 8vo., p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, entitled "The Shepherd's Slumber," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.:		Shee kept it from her parents sight As close as close might bee, And soe put on her silken gowne None might her swelling see.		
"In pescod time when hound to horn Gives eare till buck be kil'd, And little lads with pipes of corne Sate keeping beasts a-field.		Unto her lover secretly Her greefe shee did bewray, And, walking with him hand in hand, These words to him did say; Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse By love brought to thy bowe, Behold I goe with childe by thee, Tho none thereof doth knowe.		25
"I went to gather strawberries By woods and groves full fair, &c."		The litle babe springs in my wombe To heare its fathers voyce, Lett it not be a bastard called, Sith I made thee my choyce: Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe And wed me out of hand; O leave me not in this extreme Of grieve, alas! to stand.		35
MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale, You loyall lovers all, And heedfully beare in your breast A gallant ladies fall.		Think on thy former promises, Thy oathes and vowes eche one; Remember with what bitter teares To mee thou madest thy moane. Convey mee to some secrett place, And marye me with speede; Or with thy rapyer end my life, Ere further shame proceede.		40
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne, 5 To lead a wedded life, But folly wrought her overthrowe Before shee was a wife.		Alacke! my beauteous love, quoth hee, My joye, and only dear; Which way can I convey thee hence, When dangers are so near? Thy friends are all of hie degree, And I of mean estate: Full hard it is to gett thee forthe Out of thy fathers gate.		50
Too soone, alas! shee gave consent And yeelded to his will, Though he protested to be true, And faithfull to her still.				
Shee felt her body altered quite, Her bright hue waxed pale, Her lovely cheeks chang'd color white, Her strength began to fayle.				
See that with many a sorrowful sigh, This beauteous ladye milde, With greeved hart, perceived herselfe To have conceived with childe.				55

- Dread not thy life to save my fame,  
For if thou taken bee,  
My selfe will stop betweene the swords,  
And take the harme on mee: 60  
Soe shall I scape dishonour quite;  
And if I should be slaine,  
What could they say, but that true love  
Had wrought a ladyes bane.
- But feare not any further harme;  
My selfe will soe devise,  
That I will ryde away with thee  
Unknown of mortall eyes:  
Disguised like some pretty page  
He meete thee in the darke, 70  
And all alone He come to thee  
Hard by my fathers parke.
- And there, quoth hee, He meete my deare  
If God so lend me life,  
On this day month without all fayle  
I will make thee my wife.  
Then with a sweet and loving kisse,  
They parted presentlye,  
And att their partinge brinish teares  
Stood in eche others eye. 80
- Att length the wished day was come,  
On which this beauteous mayd,  
With longing eyes, and strange attire,  
For her true lover stayd.  
When any person shee espyed  
Come ryding ore the plaine, 85  
She hop'd it was her owne true love:  
But all her hopes were vaine.
- Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle  
Her most unhappy fate; 90  
Then did shee speake these woefull words,  
As succourless she sate;  
O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,  
Disloyall in thy love,  
Hast thou forgott thy promise past,  
And wilt thou perjured prove? 95
- And hast thou now forsaken mee  
In this my great distresse,  
To end my days in open shame,  
Which thou mightst well redresse? 100  
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd  
That flattering tongue of thine:  
Wold God that I had never seene  
The teares of thy false cyne.
- And thus with many a sorrowful sigh, 105  
Homewards shee went againe:  
Noe rest came to her waterye eyes,  
She felt such pryve paine.  
In travail strong shee fell that night,  
With many a bitter throwe; 110  
What woefull paines shee then did feel,  
Doth eche good woman knowe.
- Shee called up her waiting mayd,  
That lay at her hedds feete,  
Who musing at her mistress woe, 115  
Began full fasto to weepe.  
Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the doores,  
And windowes round about,  
Let none bewray my wretched state,  
But keepe all persons out. 120
- O mistress, call your mother deare,  
Of women you have neede,  
And of some skilfull midwives helpe,  
That better may you speed.  
Call not my mother for thy life, 125  
Nor fetch no woman here;  
The midwives helpe comes all too late,  
My death I doe not feare.
- With that the babe sprang from her wombe,  
No creature being nye, 130  
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,  
This gentle dame did dye.  
The lovely litle infant younge,  
The mother being dead, 135  
Resigned its new received breath  
To him that had it made.
- Next morning came her own true love,  
Affrighted at the newes,  
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,  
Whom eche one did accuse. 140  
The mother with her new borne babe,  
Were laide both in one grave;  
Their parents overworne with woe,  
No joy thenceforth cold have.
- Take heed, you daynty damsell all, 145  
Of flattering words beware,  
And to the honour of your name  
Have an especial care.  
Too true, alas! this story is,  
As many one can tell: 150  
By others harmes learn to be wise,  
And you shall do full well.

## XI.

*Waly, Waly, Love be Bonny.*

## A SCOTTISH SONG.

THIS is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed :

"Whan cockle shells turn siller bells,  
And muscles grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw',  
Than sall my love prove true to me."  
See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.

Arthur's-seat, mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh ; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

O *WALY* waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,  
And waly waly yon burn side,  
Where I and my love wer went to gae.  
I leant my back unto an aik, 5  
I thought it was a trusty tree !  
But first it how'd and syne it brak,  
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,  
A little time while it is new ; 10  
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherfore shuld I busk my head?  
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook, 15  
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me :  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me. 20  
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?  
For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell, 25  
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie ;  
'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,  
But my loves heart grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgowe town,  
We were a comely sight to see, 30  
My love was clad in black velvet,  
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,  
That love had been sae ill to win ;  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd, 35  
And pinnd it with a siller pin.  
And, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurses knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane !  
For a maid again Ise never be. 40

## XII.

*The Bride's Burial.*

FROM two ancient copies in black-letter :  
one in the Pepys Collection ; the other in the  
British Museum.

To the tune of "The Lady's Fall."

Come mourne, come mourne with mee,  
You loyall lovers all ;  
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,  
Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine, 5  
Cut by the gardener's knife,  
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,  
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost, 10  
My turtle dove is slaine,  
And I am left, unhappy man,  
To spend my dayes in paine.



Her beauty late so bright, Like roses in their prime, Is wasted like the mountain snowe,      15 Before warme Phebus' shine.	When with a grievous groane, And voice both hoarse and drye, Farewell, quoth she, my loving friend, For I this daye must dye;      60
Her faire red colour'd cheeks Now pale and wan; her eyes That late did shine like crystal stars, Alas, their light it dies:      20	The messenger of God With golden trumpe I see, With manye other angels more, Which sound and call for me.
Her prettye lilly hands, With fingers long and small, In colour like the earthly claye, Yea, cold and stiff withall.	Instead of musicke sweet,      65 Go toll my passing-bell; And with sweet flowers strow my grave, That in my chamber smell.
When as the morning-star      25 Her golden gates had spred, And that the glittering sun arose, Forth from fair Thetis' bed;	Strip off my bride's arraye, My cork shoes from my feet;      70 And, gentle mother, be not coy To bring my winding-sheet.
Then did my love awake, Most like a lilly-flower,      30 And as the lovely queene of heaven, So shone shee in her bower.	My wedding-dinner drest, Bestowe upon the poor, And on the hungry, needy, maimde,      75 Now craving at the door.
Attired was shee then Like Flora in her pride, Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,      35 So look'd my loving bride.	Instead of virgins yong, My bride-bed for to see, Go cause some cunning carpenter, To make a chest for mee.      80
And as fair Helens face Did Grecian dames besmirche, So did my dear exceed in sight All virgins in the church.      40	My bride laces of silk Bestow'd, for maidens meet, May fitly serve, when I am dead, To tye my hands and feet.
When we had knitt the knott Of holy wedlock-band, Like alabaster joyn'd to jett, So stood we hand in hand.	And thou, my lover true,      85 My husband and my friend, Let me intreat thee here to staye, Until my life doth end.
Then lo! a chilling cold      45 Strucke every vital part, And griping griefe, like pangs of death, Seiz'd on my true love's heart.	Now leave to talk of love, And humblye on your knee,      90 Direct your prayers unto God: But mourn no more for me.
Down in a swoon she fell, As cold as any stone;      50 Like Venus picture lacking like, So was my love brought home.	In love as we have livde, In love let us depart;      95 And I, in token of my love, Do kiss thee with my heart.
At length her rosy red, Throughout her comely face, As Phoebus beames with watry cloudes      55 Was cover'd for a space.	O staunch those bootless teares, Thy weeping tis in vaine; I am not lost, for wee in heaven Shall one daye meet againe.      100

With that shee turn'd aside,  
As one dispos'd to sleep,  
And like a lamb departed life :  
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this, 105  
Did fetch a grievous groane,  
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,  
And thus he made his moane.

O darke and dismal daye,  
A daye of grief and care, 110  
That hath bereft the sun so bright,  
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world,  
And all that therein dwell,  
O that I were with thee in heaven, 115  
For here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives  
A discontented life,  
Whose bride was brought unto the grave  
A maiden and a wife. 120

A garland fresh and faire  
Of lillies there was made,  
In sign of her virginitye,  
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white, 125  
Did beare her to the ground :  
The bells did ring in solemn sort,  
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,  
For hungrye wormes a preye ; 130  
So shall the fairest face alive  
At length be brought to claye.

## XIII.

*Dulcina.*

GIVEN from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in "Walton's Compleat Angler," chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of "Robin Good-Fellow" printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcinea rested  
In her sweete and shady bower,  
Came a shepherd, and requested  
In her lapp to sleepe an hour.  
But from her lookes 5  
A wounde he tooke  
Soe deepe, that for a further boone  
The nymph he prayes.  
Wherto shee sayes,  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone. 10

But in vayne shee did conjure him  
To depart her preience soe :  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
And but one to bid him goe :  
Where lipps invite, 15  
And eyes delight,  
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,  
Persuade delay ;  
What boots, she say,  
Forgoe me now, come to me soone? 20

He demands what time for pleasure  
Can there be more fit than now :  
Shee sayes, night gives love that leysure,  
Which the day can not allow.

He sayes, the sight 25  
'Improves delight.

Which she denies : Nights mirkie noone  
In Venus' playes  
Makes bold, shee sayes ;

Forgoe me now, come to mee soone. 30

But what promise or profession  
From his hands could purchase scope?  
Who would sell the sweet possession  
Of suche beautye for a hope?

Or for the sight 35  
Of lingering night

Foregoe the present joyes of noone?

Though ne'er soe faire

Her speeches were,

Forgoe me now, come to mee soone. 40

How, at last, agreed these lovers?

Shee was fayre, and he was young :

The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers ;  
Joyes unscene are never sung.

Did shee consent, 45

Or he relent ;

Accepts he night, or grants shee noone ;

Left he her a mayd,

Or not ; she sayd

Forgoe me now, come to me soone. 50

## XIV.

*The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

THIS ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, II. 263, folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of, The Lady's Fall." To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, entitled, "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble traine  
Of gentry by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine, 5  
To see both sport and playe;  
His ladye went, as she did feigne,  
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare, 10  
Whose beauty shone so bright,  
She was belov'd, both far and neare,  
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature faire was shee;  
She was her fathers only joye; 15  
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envye her so much,  
That daye by daye she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such. 20

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
To take her life awaye:  
And taking of her daughters book,  
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye, 25  
Go hasten presentlie;  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner streight  
That faire and milk-white doe, 30  
That in the parke doth shine so bright,  
There's none so faire to shewe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,  
Obey'd her mothers will;  
And presentlie she hasted home, 35  
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell. 40

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,  
Do that which I thee tell:  
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,  
Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands, 45  
He on the ladye layd;  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he sayd;

Thou art the doe that I must dresse;  
See here, behold my knife; 50  
For it is pointed presently  
To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,  
As loud as loud might bee;  
O save her life, good master-cook, 55  
And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye  
My ladye with your knife;  
You know shee is her father's joye,  
For Christes sake save her life. 60

I will not save her life, he sayd,  
Nor make my pyes of thee;  
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home 65  
For to sitt down and eat;  
He called for his daughter deare,  
To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd, O sit you downe to meat; Into some nunnery she is gone; Your daughter deare forget.	70	All caused by her step-mothèr, Who did her death desire.	
Then solemnye he made a vowe, Before the companie: That he would neither eat nor drinke, Until he did her see.	75	And cursed bee the master-cook, O cursed may he bee! I proffered him my own heart's blood, From death to set her free.	85
O then bespake the scullion-boye, With a loud voice so hye; If now you will your daughter see, My lord cut up that pye:	80	Then all in blacke this lord did mourne; And for his daughters sake, He judg'd her cruell step-mothèr To be burnt at a stake.	90
Wherein her fleshe is minced small, And parched with the fire;		Likewise he judg'd the master-cook In boiling lead to stand; And made the simple scullion-boye The heire of all his land.	95

## XV.

## A Hue and Cry after Cupid.

THIS song is a kind of Translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fuggitivo*, generally printed with his "Aminta," and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of Lord Viscount Radington, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1608. One stanza, full of dry mythology, is here omitted, as it had been dropped in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'Amour. Lond. 1660," 8vo.

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blinde;  
Cruel now, and then as kinde?  
If he be amongst yee, say;  
He is Venus' run away.

Shee, that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kisse,  
How and where herselfe would wish:  
But who brings her to his mother  
Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie;  
You may know him among twentie:  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire:

Which, being shot, like lightning, in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
He will leape from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart;  
Yet not stay in any part.  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himselfe in kisses  
He doth beare a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrowes, which outbrave  
Dian's shafts; where, if he have  
Any head more sharpe than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell;  
Lovers hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest blond:  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,  
Seldome with his heart doe meet:  
All his practice is deceit;  
Everie gift is but a bait:

Not a kisse but poyson beares;  
And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;  
Then the straggler makes his game,  
By presenting maides with toyes  
And would have yee thinke them joyes;  
'Tis the ambition of the elfe  
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him. 50  
Though yee had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, yee'l not abide him,  
Since yee heare this falser's play,  
And that he is Venus' run-away.

## XVI.

*The King of France's Daughter.*

THE story of this Ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph King of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France: whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the King of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme; an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,  
When faire France did flourish,  
Storyes plaine have told,  
Lovers felt annoye.  
The queene a daughter bare, 5  
Whom beautye's queene did nourish:  
She was lovelye faire  
She was her fathers joye.  
A prince of England came,  
Whose deeds did merit fame, 10  
But he was exil'd, and outcast:  
Love his soul did fire,  
Shee granted his desire,  
Their hearts in one were linked fast.

Which when her father proved, 15  
Sorelye he was moved,  
And tormented in his minde.  
He sought for to prevent them;  
And, to discontent them,  
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde. 20

When these princes twaine  
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,  
Through the kinges disdain,  
Which their joyes withstoode:  
The lady soon prepar'd 25  
Her jewells and her treasure:  
Having no regard  
For state and royall bloode;  
In homelye poore array  
She went from court away, 30  
To meet her joye and hearts delight;  
Who in a Forrest great  
Had taken up his seat,  
To wayt her coming in the night.  
But, lo! what sudden danger 35  
To this princely stranger  
Chanced, as he sate alone!  
By outlawes he was robbed,  
And with ponyards stabbed,  
Uttering many a dying grone. 40

The princess, arm'd by love,  
And by chaste desire,  
All the night did rove  
Without dread at all:  
Still unknowne she past 45  
In her strange attire;  
Coming at the last  
Within echoes call,—  
You faire woods, quoth shee,  
Honoured may you bee, 50  
Harbouring my hearts delight;

Which encompass here My joye and only deare, My trustye friend, and comelye knight. Sweete, I come unto thee, 55 Sweete, I come to woo thee; That thou mayst not angry bee For my long delaying; For thy curteous staying Soone amends Ilo make to thee. 60	And his face did wash With her trickling teares: Every gaping wound 105 Tenderlye she pressed, And did wipe it round With her golden haire. Speake, faire love, quoth shee, Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110 One sweete word of comfort give: Lift up thy deure eyes, Listen to my cryes, Thinke in what sad griefe I live. All in vain she sued, 115 All in vain she wooed, The prince's life was fled and gone. There stood she still mourning, Till the suns retourning, And bright day was coming on. 120
Passing thus alone Through the silent forest, Many a grievous grone Sounded in her cars: She heard one complayne 65 And lament the sorest, Seeming all in payne, Shedding deadly teares. Farewell, my deure, quoth hee, Whom I must never see; 70 For why my life is att an end, Through villaines crueltye: For thy sweet sake I dye, To show I am a faithfull friend. Here I lye a bleeding, 75 While my thoughts are feeding On the rarest beautye found. O hard happ, that may be! Little knowes my ladye My heartes blood lyes on the ground. 80	In this great distresse Weeping, wayling ever, Oft shee cried, alas! What will become of mee? To my fathers court 125 I retourne will never: But in lowlye sort I will a servant bee, While thus she made her mone, Weeping all alone 130 In this deepe and deadlye feare: A for'ster all in greene, Most comelye to be seene, Ranging the woods did find her there. Moved with her sorrowe, 135 Mild, quoth hee, good morrowe, What hard happ has brought thee here? Harder happ did never Two kinde hearts dissever: Here lyes slaine my brother deare. 140
With that a grone he sends Which did burst in sunder All the tender bands Of his gentlo heart. She, who knewe his voice, 85 At his wordes did wonder; All her former joyes Did to griefe convert. Strait she ran to see, Who this man shold bee, 90 That soe like her love did seeme: Her lovely lord she found Lye slaine upon the ground, Smear'd with gore a ghastlye strome. Which his lady spying, 95 Shrieking, fainting, crying, Her sorrows could not uttered bee: Fate, she cryed, too cruell: For thee—my dearest jewell, Would God! that I had dyed for thee. 100	Where may I remaine, Gentle for'ster, shew me, 'Till I can obtaine A service in my neede? Paines I will not spare: 145 This kinde favour doe me, It will ease my care; Heaven shall be thy meede. The for'ster all amazed, On her beautye gazed, 150 Till his heart was set on fire. If, faire maid, quoth hee, You will goe with mee, You shall have your hearts desire.
His pale lippes, alas! Twentye times she kissed,	

He brought her to his mother,	155	Where the royall king	
And above all other		Must of force come bye;	
He sett forth this maidens praise.		Their mothers riche array,	185
Long was his heart inflamed,		Was of crimson velvet:	
At length her love he gained,		Their fathers all of gray,	
And fortune crown'd his future dayes.		Seemelye to the eye.	
		Then this famous king,	190
Thus unknowne he wedde	161	Noting every thing,	
With a kings faire daughter:		Askt how he durst be so bold	
Children seven they had,		To let his wife see weare,	
Ere she told her birth.		And deeke his children there	
Which when once he knew,	165	In costly robes of pearl and gold.	
Hamblye he besought her,		The forrester replying,	195
He to the world might shew		And the cause deserying.*	
Her rank and princelye worth.		To the king these words did say,	
He clouth'd his children then,		Well may they, by their mother,	
(Not like other men)	170	Weare rich clothes with other,	
In partye-colours strange to see:		Being by birth a princesse gay.	200
The right side cloth of gold,			
The left side to behold,		The king aroused thus,	
Of woollen cloth still framed hee.*		More heedfullye beheld them,	
Men thereatt did wonder;	175	Till a crimson blush	
Golden fame did thunder		His remembrance crost.	
This strange deede in every place:		The more I fix my mind	205
The King of France came thither,		On thy wife and children,	
It being pleasant weather,		The more methinks I find	
In those woods the hart to chase.	180	The daughter which I lost.	
		Falling on her knee,	
The children then they bring,		I am that child, quoth shee;	210
So their mother will'd it,		Pardon mee, my sovaine liege.	
		The king perceiving this,	
		His daughter deare did kiss,	
		While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.	
		With his traine he tourned,	215
		And with them sojourned.	
		Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;	
		Then made him Erle of Flanders,	
		And chiefe of his commanders:	219
		Thus were their sorrowes put to flight.	
		* * *	

\* This will remind the reader of the livery and device of *Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII.* At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half sleaze, with the following motto:

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise,  
Tho' thou art match with Cloth of Frize,  
Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,  
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's *Misc.* vol. III. p. 350.

\* I. e. describing. See Gloss.

## XVII.

*The Sweet Neglect.*

THIS little madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act 1, sc. 1, first acted in 1609) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning "*Semper munditias, semper Basilissa decoras, &c.*" See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. II., p. 420.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast:

Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:  
Lady it is to be presum'd,  
Though art's hid causes are not found, 5  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
That makes simplicitie a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10  
Than all th' adulteries of art,  
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

## XVIII.

*The Children in the Wood.*

THE subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the *Spectator*, No. 85) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled "*Two lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Boech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to.*" Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his wards, under pretence of sending them to school: their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies he gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the

language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. Its title at large is, "*The Children in the Wood: or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: to the tune of Rogero, &c.*"

Now ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes, which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light. 5  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.  
Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save; 10  
His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
And both possesst one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde,  
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed, 15  
And left too babes behinde:



The one a fine and pretty boy, Not passing three yeares olde ; The other a girl more young than he, And fram'd in beautyes molde. 20 The father left his little son, As plainlye doth appeare, When he to perfect age should come, Three hundred poundes a yeare.	The parents being dead and gone, 65 The children home he takes, And brings them strait unto his house, Where much of them he makes. He had not kept these pretty babes A twelvemonth and a daye, 70 But, for their wealth, he did devise To make them both awaye.
And to his little daughter Jane 25 Five hundred poundes in gold, To be paid downe on marriage-day, Which might not be controll'd : But if the children chance to dye, Ere they to age should come, 30 Their uncle should possesse their wealth ; For so the wille did run.	He bargain'd with two ruffians strong, Which were of furious mood, That they should take these children young, And slaye them in a wood. 76 He told his wife an artful tale, He would the children send To be brought up in faire London, With one that was his friend. 80
Now, brother, said the dying man, Look to my children deare ; Be good unto my boy and girl, 35 No friendes else have they here : To God and you I recommend My children deare this daye ; But little while be sure we have Within this world to staye. 40	Away then went those pretty babes, Rejoycing at that tide, Rejoycing with a merry minde, They should on cock-horse ride. They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85 As they rode on the waye, To those that should their butchers be, And work their lives decaye :
You must be father and mother both, And uncle all in one ; God knowes what will become of them, When I am dead and gone. With that bespake their mother deare, 45 O brother kinde, quoth shee, You are the man must bring our babes To wealth or miserie :	So that the pretty speeche they had, Made Murder's heart relent: 90 And they that undertooke the deed, Full sore did now repent. Yet one of them more hard of heart, Did vowe to do his charge, Because the wretch, that hired him, 95 Had paid him very large.
And if you keep them carefully, Then God will you reward ; 50 But if you otherwise should deal, God will your deedes regard. With lippes as cold as any stone, They kist their children small : God bless you both, my children deare ; With that the teares did fall. 56	The other won't agree thereto, So here they fall to strife ; With one another they did fight, About the childrens life : 100 And he that was of mildest mood, Did slaye the other there, Within an unfrequented wood ; The babes did quake for feare !
These speeches then their brother spake To this sickle couple there, The keeping of your little ones Sweet sister, do not feare : 60 God never prosper me nor mine, Nor aught else that I have, If I do wrong your children deare, When you are layd in grave.	He took the children by the band, 105 Tenres standing in their eye, And bad them straitwaye follow him, And look they did not crye : And two long miles he led them on, While they for food complaine : 110 Stays here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread, When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and downe;  
 But never more could see the man 115  
 Approaching from the towne:  
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,  
 Were all besmeared and dyed,  
 And when they sawe the darksome night,  
 They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
 Till deathe did end their grief,  
 In one anothers armes they dyed,  
 As wanting due relief:  
 No burial 'this' pretty 'pair' 125  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till Robin-red-breast piously  
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
 Upon their uncle fell; 130  
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt an hell;  
 His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,  
 His landes were barren made,  
 His cattle dyed within the field, 135  
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal  
 Two of his sonnes did dye;  
 And to conclude, himselfe was brought  
 To want and miserye: 140  
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
 Ere seven years came about.  
 And now at length this wicked act  
 Did by this meannes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand 145  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,  
 Such was God's blessed will:  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 As here hath been display'd: 150  
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that exccutors be made,  
 And overseers eke 155  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek;  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God with such like miserye  
 Your wicked minds requite.

## XIX.

*A Lover of Late.*

Printed with a few slight corrections, from  
 the Editor's folio MS.

A LOVER of late was I,  
 For Cupid would have it soe,  
 The boy that hath never an eye,  
 As every man doth know:  
 I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!  
 For her that laught, and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe,  
 When I saw itt was in vaine  
 A lady soe coy to wooe,  
 Who gave me the asse soe plaine: 10

Yet would I her asse freelye bee,  
 Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shee,  
 Or shee were as kind as I,  
 What payre cold have made, as wee, 15  
 Soe prettye a sympathye:  
 I was as kind as shee was faire,  
 But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,  
 With her I will never paire; 20  
 That cunningly can be coy,  
 For being a little faire.  
 The asse Ile leave to her disdaine;  
 And now I am myselfe againe.

## XX.

*The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have *King Henry and the Soldier*; *King James I. and the Tinker*; *King William III. and the Forester*, &c. Of the latter sort, are *King Alfred and the Shepherd*; *King Edward IV. and the Tanner*; *King Henry VIII. and the Cobler*, &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled, "*John the Reeve*," which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between *King Edward Longshanks* and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of *Edward IV.*, and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS., but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "*A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield*, &c."

## PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;  
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does  
tripping;

Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:  
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things  
prepar'd

For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,

With all his princes and nobles eche one;  
Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gulantlye,

Till the dark evening fore'd all to turn home.

Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and  
downe,

With a rude miller he mett at the last;  
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;

Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,  
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our  
king merrily,

Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe?  
Good faith sayd the miller, I mean not to  
flatter thee,

I guess thee to bee but some gentleman  
thiefe;

Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not  
adowne,

Lest that I presentlye crack thy knaves  
crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king,  
saying thus;

I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.  
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in  
thy purse;

All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe.

\*I have gold to discharge all that I call;  
If it be forty pence I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,  
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all  
night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I  
ever.

Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be  
a sprite.

\*The king says this.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will  
shake; 35  
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers  
house:

Where they were seething of puddings and  
souse:

The miller first enter'd in, after him went  
the king;

Never came hee in soe smoky a house. 40

Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you  
are.

Quoth the king, looke your fill, and doe not  
spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an ho-  
nest face:

With my son Richard this night thou shalt  
lye.

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome  
youth, 45

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell?  
Show me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe cour-  
tesye, 49

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say;

I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtier, rode out of my way:

And for your kindness here offered to mee,

I will requite you in everie degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secret-  
lye, 55

Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good  
kin,

Both by his apparel, and eke by his man-  
ners;

To turn him out certainlye, were a great  
sin.

Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some  
grace

When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're  
welcome here; 61

And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:

Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so  
brave,

And good brown hempen sheets likewise,  
quoth shee.

Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is  
done, 65

Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own  
sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell  
me true,

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay  
hose?

Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are  
those? 70

Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:

If thou beest, surely thou lyst not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh  
most heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his  
eyes. 74

Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-  
pyes;

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke  
to thee,

And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee.

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke  
thee heartilye 81

For my good welcome in everie degree:

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy  
sonne.

Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it  
come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth light-  
foote, 85

And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.

A fair ven'son pastye brought she out pre-  
sentlye,

Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no  
waste.

Here's dainty lightfoote? In faith, sayd the  
king,

I never before eat so daintye a thing. 90

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,  
For we doe eate of it everie day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought  
like to this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;  
Now and then we make bold with our kings  
deer. 96

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is veni-  
son.

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may  
know that:

Never are wee without two or thres in the  
roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat: 100  
But, prythee, say nothing whereever thou goe;  
We would not, for two pence, the king should  
it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist  
seeresye;

The king shall never know more on't for  
mee.

A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him  
then, 105

And to their bedds they past presentlie.  
The nobles, next morning, went all up and  
down,

For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott,' soone they es-  
py'd him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede;  
To whom they came presently, falling down  
on their knee; 111

Which made the millers heart wofully  
bleede;

Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the  
rood. 114

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:  
The miller downe did fall, crying before them  
all,

Doubting the king would have cut off his  
head.

But he his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a  
knight. 120

## PART THE SECONDE.

WHEN as our royall king came home from  
Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay;  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had  
taken,

In 'his late progress along on the way; 4

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,  
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am  
determined

Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,

With his son Richard, shall here be my  
guest: 10

For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire  
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young  
squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges  
pleasantness,

They were right joyfull and glad in their  
hearts:

A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the  
business, 15

The which had often-times been in those  
parts.

When he came to the place, where they did  
dwell,

His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the mes-  
senger,

And grant your ladye her own hearts de-  
sire; 20

And to your sonne Richard good fortune and  
happiness;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young  
squire.

Our king greets you well, and thus he doth  
say,

You must come to the court on St. George's  
day; 24

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:  
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe  
afraid.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at  
the least.

Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake:  
Our king he provides a great feast for your  
sake. 30

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messen-  
ger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy  
gentleness,

For these happy tydings, which thou dost  
tell. 34

Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,  
We'll wayt on his mastership in everye  
thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,  
And making many leggs, tooke their re-  
ward;  
And his leave taking with great humilitie  
To the kings court againe he repaired; 40  
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,  
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller  
say,  
Here come expences and charges indeed;  
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend  
all we have; 45  
For of new garments we have great need:  
Of horses and serving-men we must have  
store,  
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things  
more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should  
you frett, or frowne? 49  
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;  
For I will turne and trim up my old russet  
gowne,  
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;  
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,  
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall pro-  
vide.

In this most stately sort, rode they unto the  
court, 55  
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of  
all;  
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in  
his cap,  
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;  
The merry old miller with hands on his side;  
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at  
that tide. 60

The king and his nobles that heard of their  
coming,  
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave  
train;

Y<sup>e</sup> 57, for good hap: i. e. for good luck, they were go-  
ing on a hazardous expedition. V. 60, Maid Marian in the  
Merry dance, was represented by a man in woman's  
clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain  
the female character.

Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your  
gay lady:

Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome  
again:

And so is the squire of courage soe free. 65  
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forget  
thee?

That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I  
wot.

Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same  
token,

Thou with thy farting didst make the bed  
hot. 70

Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth  
the knight,

Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh\*\*\*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this  
heartily,

While the king taketh them both by the  
hand;

With the court-dames, and maids, like to the  
queen of spades 75

The millers wife did soe orderly stand.

A milk-maids courtesye at every word;

And downe all the folkes were set to the  
board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,  
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;

When they had eaten well, then he to jesting  
fell, 81

And in a bowle of wine dranke to the  
knight:

Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;

Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pot-  
tle, 85

Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:

But then said our king, now I think of a  
thing;

Some of your lightfoote I would we had  
here.

Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say  
it, 89

'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it

Why art thou angry? quoth our king mer-  
rilye;

In faith, I take it now very unkind:

<p>I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.          Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd: 94          You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;          Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.</p> <p>Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,          Could a man get but one here for to eate.          With that Dicke strait arose, and pluckt one from his hose, 99          Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.          The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—          'Tis meat for your master: good sir you must stay.</p> <p>Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;          And then the ladyes prepared to dance.          Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105          Unto their places the king did advance.</p>	<p>Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,          The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.</p> <p>Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,          Asking young Richard then, if he would wed; 110          Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?          Quoth he Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:          She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;          She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.</p> <p>Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115          And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer;          And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye:          Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:          And once a quarter let's here have your view;          And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.</p>
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## XXI.

*The Shepherd's Resolution.*

THIS beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift, as a term of contempt. "Dryden and Wither" are coupled by him like the "Bavius and Mævius" of Virgil. Dryden however has had justice done him by posterity: and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer: and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his lifetime: so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not

inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I., he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals: and had the fleeing of the county of Surrey: but, surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power, and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2d of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither

was a continual publisher; having generally for opponent, Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. II. His most popular satire is entitled "Abuses whipt and stript," 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, entitled, "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1615, 8vo., and others printed at the end of Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, entitled "The Mistress of Philarete," 1622, 8vo., which is said in the preface to be one of the Author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,  
Dye because a woman's faire?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosie are?  
Be shee fairer then the day, 5  
Or the flowry meads in may;  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd  
'Cause I see a woman kind? 10  
Or a well-disposed nature  
Joyned with a lovely feature?

*See list given by Wood.*

Be shee meeker, kinder, than  
The turtle-dove or pelican:  
If shee be not so to me, 15  
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or, her well-deservings knowne,  
Make me quite forget mine owne? 20  
Be shee with that goodnesse blest,  
Which may merit name of Best;  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortune seems too high, 25  
Shall I play the foole and dye?  
Those that beare a noble minde,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Thinke what with them they would doe,  
That without them dare to woe; 30  
And, unlesse that minde I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,  
I will no'er the more dispaire:  
If she love me, this beleve; 35  
I will die ere she shall grieve.  
If she slight me when I woee,  
I can scorne and let her goe:  
If shee be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be? 40

## XXII.

## Queen Dido.

SUCH is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, "Æneas wandering Prince of Troy." It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter, in the Pepys Collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeeres  
'past,'  
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,  
Then did their foes encrease soe fast,  
That to resist none could suffice:  
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good, 5  
And corne now growes where Troy towne  
stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,  
When he for land long time had sought,  
At length arriving with great joy,  
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;  
Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast, 11  
Did entertaine that wandering guest.



And, as in hall at meate they sate,  
The queene, desirous newes to heare,  
Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate' 15  
Declare to me thou Trojan deare:  
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,  
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,  
With words demure, as he cold well, 20  
Of his unhappy ten yeares 'fight,'  
Soe true a tale began to tell,  
With wordes soe sweete, and sighs soe deepe,  
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25  
And every sigh brought teares amaine;  
That where he sate the place was wett,  
As though he had seene those warrs  
again:  
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,  
Said, Worthy prince, enough, no more. 30

And then the darksome night drew on,  
And twinkling starres the skye bespred;  
When he his dolefull tale had done,  
And every one was layd in bedd:  
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest, 35  
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,  
But in her chamber, all alone,  
As one unhappye, alwayes wept,  
And to the walls shee made her mone;  
That she shold still desire in vaine 41  
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,  
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,  
And Phoebus, with his glistening light, 45  
Through misty cloudes appeared red;  
Then tidings came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan shippes were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife  
Did arme her hart as hard as stone, 50  
Yet, something loth to loose her life,  
In woefull wise she made her mone;  
And, rowling on her carefull bed,  
With sighes and sobls, these words she sayd:

O wretched Dido queene! quoth shee, 55  
I see thy end approacheth neare;  
For hee is fled away from thee,  
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:  
What is he gone, and passed by?  
O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye. 60

49

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbear,  
And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;  
Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,  
Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke. 64  
Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart!—  
And with those words shee peeced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart  
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene;  
Whose bloody knife did end the smart,  
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene;  
Æneas being shipt and gone, 71  
Whose flattery caused all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,  
And all things finisht mournfullye;  
Her body fine in mold was laid, 75  
Where itt consumed speedilyo:  
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrowde;  
Her subjects grieffe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile  
In Greecy, where he stayd long space 80  
Whereas her sister in short while  
Writt to him to his vile disgrace;  
In speeches bitter to his mind  
Shee told him plaine he was unkind. 84

False-harted wretch, quoth shee, thou art;  
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid  
Unto thy lure a gentle hart,  
Which unto thee much welcome made;  
My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,  
Whose folly bred her decre annoy. 90

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,  
Shee prayd for thy prosperitie,  
Beseeching god, that every day  
Might breed thy great felicitye:  
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend; 95  
Heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
Perused had, and wayed them right,  
His lofty courage then did fall;  
And straight appeared in his sight 100  
Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale:  
Which made this valliant souldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,  
My whole delight when I did live,  
Thee of all men I loved most; 105  
My fancy and my will did give;  
For entertainment I thee gave,  
Unthankfully thou didst me grave.

Therefore prepare thy fitting soule  
To wander with me in the aire: 110  
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,  
Because of me thou tookest no care:  
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,  
Thy date is past, thy life is done.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite, 115  
Be not soe hasty to conway  
My soule into eternall night,  
Where itt shall ne're behold bright day:  
O doe not frowne; thy angry looks  
Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.' 120

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,  
And bootless is my dismall crye;  
Time will not be recalled againe,  
Nor thou surcease before I dye.

O lett me live, and make amends 125  
To some of thy most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,  
And wilt no pittye on me show,  
Because from thee I did depart,  
And left unpaid what I did owe: 130  
I must content myselfe to take  
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,  
A multitude of uglye feinds  
About this woffull prince did dance; 135  
He had no helpe of any friends:  
His body then they tooke away,  
And no man knew his dying day.

## XXIII.

*The Witches' Song.*

—FROM BEN JONSON'S *Masque of Queens*,  
presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wisacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to King James I., whose weakness on this head is well known: and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

Ver. 120, MS. Hath made my breathe my life forsooke.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretence for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

## 1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter:  
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the  
south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

## 2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haire, 5  
The madd dogges foames, and adders cares;  
The spurging of a deadmans eyes:  
And all since the evening starre did rise.

## 3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone 9  
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;  
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

## 4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull  
 From charnell houses that were full;  
 From private grots, and publike pits; 15  
 And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

## 5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe  
 By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe  
 At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose, 19  
 And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

## 6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?  
 Killed an infant to have his fat.  
 A piper it got at a church-ale.  
 I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

## 7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;  
 The sunne and the wind had shrunke his  
 veins: 26  
 I hit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;  
 I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the  
 ayre.

## 8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers  
 blacke,  
 The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his  
 backe 30

I have been getting; and made of his skin  
 A purset, to keepe Sir Cranion in.

## 9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
 Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,  
 Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane; 35  
 And twice by the dogges was like to be tane.

## 10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch  
 Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the  
 ditch:  
 Yet went I back to the house againe, 39  
 Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

## 11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,  
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call;  
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;  
 I tore the batts wing: what would you have  
 more?

## DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45  
 Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,  
 The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,  
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,  
 The basiliskes blood, and the vipers  
 skin:  
 And now our orgies let's begin.

## XXIV.

## Robin Goodfellow,

—ALIAS PUCKE, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the  
 creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of  
 merry sprite, whose character and achieve-  
 ments are recorded in this ballad, and in those  
 well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which  
 the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to  
 it:

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweet  
 To earn his creame-bowle duly set:  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,

And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple  
 ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to  
 a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps  
 more consistent, than many parts of classic  
 mythology: a proof of the extensive influence  
 and vast antiquity of these superstitions.  
 Mankind, and especially the common people,  
 could not everywhere have been so unani-

mously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song, which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson (though it is not found among his works) is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

This ballad is entitled, in the old black-letter copies, "The merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of Dulcina," &c. (See No. XIII. above.)

FROM OBERON, in fairye land,

The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,

Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.

What revell rout

Is kept about,

In every corner where I go,

I will o'ersee,

And merry bee,

And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho! 10

More swift than lightening can I flye

About this aery welkin soone,

And, in a minutes space, descrye

Each thing that's done belowe the moone,

There's not a hag

Or ghost shall wag,

Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;

But Robin I

Their seates will spy,

And send them home, with ho, ho, ho! 20

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,

As from their night-sports they trudge  
home;

With counterfeiting voice I greete,

And call them on, with mee to roame

Thro' woods, thro' lakes,

Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;

Or else, unscene, with them I go,

All in the nicke

To play some trick

And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho! 30

Sometimes I meete them like a man;

Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;

And to a horse I turn me can;

To trip and trot about them round.

But if, to ride,

My backe they stride,

More swift than winde away I go,

Ore hedge and lands,

Thro' pools and ponds

I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 40

When lads and lasses merry be,

With possets and with juncates fine;

Unscene of all the company,

I eat their cakes and sip their wine;

And, to make sport,

I fart and snort;

And out the candles I do blow:

The maids I kiss;

They shriek—Who's this?

I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,

At midnight I card up their wooll;

And while they sleepe, and take their ease,

With wheel to threads their flax I pull.

I grind at mill

Their malt up still;

I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.

If any 'wake,

And would me take,

I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 60

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,

I pinch the maidens black and blue;

The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I

And lay them naked all to view.

'Twixt sleepe and wake,

I do them take,

And on the key-cold floor them throw.

If out they cry,

Then forth I fly,

And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho! 70

When any need to borrowe ought,

We lend them what they do require:

And for the use demand we nought;

Our owne is all we do desire.

If to repay,

They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go,

And night by night,

I them affright

With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho! 75

When lazie queans have nought to do, But study how to cog and lye; To make debate and mischief too, 'Twixt one another secretlye: I marke their gloze, 85 And it disclose, To them whom they have wronged so; When I have done, I get me gone, And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho! 90	By wells and rills, in meadowes greene, We nightly dance our hey-day guise; And to our fairye king and queene We chant our moon-light minstrelsies. When larks gin sing, 105 Away we fling; And babes new borne steal as we go, And elfe in bed We leave instead, And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho! 110
When men do traps and engins set In loope holes, where the vermine creepe, Who from their foldes and houses, get Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe: I spy the gin, 95 And enter in, And seeme a vermine taken so; But when they there Approach me neare, , I leane out laughing, ho, ho, ho! 100	From hag-bred Merlin's time have I Thus nightly revell'd to and fro: And for my pranks men call me hy The name of Robin Good-fellow. Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115 Who haunt the nightes, The hags and goblins do me know; And beldames old My fentes have told; So <i>Vale, Vale</i> ; ho, ho, ho! 120

## XXV.

*The Fairy Queen.*

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *Duergar* or *Dwarfs*, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. *Hervarer Saga* Olaf Verelj. 1675. *Hickes Thesaur. &c.*

This Song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book entitled "*The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c.*" Lond. 1648. 8vo.

Come, follow, follow me,  
You, fairye elves that be:  
Which circle on the greene,  
Come follow Mab your queene.  
Hand in hand let's dance around, 5  
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest;  
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,  
Through key-holes we do glide; 10  
Over tables, stools and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairye elves.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep, 15  
And find the sluts asleep:  
There we pinch their armes and thighs;  
None escapes, nor none spies.

But if the house be swept, And from uncleanness kept, We praise the household maid, And duly she is paid: For we use before we goe To drop a tester in her shoe.	20	Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice 3 <sup>t</sup> Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.
Upon a mushroomes head Our table-cloth we spread; A grain of rye, or wheat, Is manchet, which we eat; Pearly drops of dew we drink In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.	25	The grasshopper, gnat, and fly, Serve for our minstrelsie; Grace said, we dance a while, And so the time beguile: 40 And if the moon doth hide her head, The glee-worm lights us home to bed.
The brains of nightingales, With unctuous fat of snailles, Between two cockles stew'd, Is meat that's easily chew'd;	30	On tops of dewie grasse So nimble do we passe, The young and tender stalk 45 Ne'er bends when we do walk: Yet in the morning may be seen Where we the night before have been.

## XXVI.

*The Fairies Farewell.*

THIS humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards Bishop of Norwich, &c.), and is printed from his *Poetica Stomatia*, 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672). It is there called "A proper new Ballad, entitled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his "Wife of Bath's Tale."

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,  
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,  
A<sup>n</sup> was this lond fulfilled of faerie;  
The elf-queene, with hire joly compaignie  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.  
This was the old opinion as I rede;  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see non elves mo,  
For now the grete charites and prayeres  
Of limitoures and other holy freres,  
That serchen every land and every streme,  
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,

Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and  
boures,  
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,  
Thropes and bernies, shepenes and dairies,  
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:  
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,  
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,  
In undermeles and in morweninges,  
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,  
As he goth in his limitatioun.  
Women may now go safely up and down,  
In every bush, and under every tree,  
Ther is non other incubus but he,  
And he ne will don hem no dishonour."

Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, I. p. 255.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1635, ætat 52.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies!  
Good housewives now may say;  
For now foule sluts in dairies,  
Doe fare as well as they:  
And though they sweepe their hearths no les  
Than mayds were wont to doe,  
Yet who of late for cleanness  
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
 The fairies lost command; 10  
 They did but change priests babies,  
 But some have chang'd your land;  
 And all your children stoln from thence  
 Are now growne Puritanes,  
 Who live as changelings ever since, 15  
 For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both  
 You merry were and glad,  
 So little care of sleeps and sloth,  
 These prettie ladies had. 20  
 When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Ciss to milking rose,  
 Then merrily went their tabour,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays 25  
 Of theirs, which yet remaine;  
 Were footed in Queene Maries dayes  
 On many a grassy playne.  
 But since of late Elizabeth 30  
 And later James came in;  
 They never danc'd on any heath,  
 As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies  
 Were of the old profession:  
 Their songs were *Ave Maries*, 35  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or farther for religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease. 40

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure;  
 And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punish'd sure: 45  
 It was a just and Christian deed  
 To pinch such blacke and blue:  
 O how the common-wealth doth need  
 Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;  
 A Register they have, 50  
 Who can preserve their charters;  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks,  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store; con twenty thanks 55  
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meale can mend your cheare  
 With tales both old and true: 60  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray yee for his noddle:  
 For all the fairies evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle.

\* \* After these songs on the fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's collection of MSS. at Oxford [Num. 8259, 1-406, 2,] are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his great work of transmuting metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted; but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," will find that these imposters, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies: and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a crystal glass appears from that extraordinary book, "The Relation of Dr. John Dee's action with Spirits, 1650," folio.

"An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margaret Barrance; but this will obtaine any one that is not allready bownd.)

"First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the blood of a white henne, three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take three hazle sticks, or wands of an ycare groth; pill them fayre and white; and make 'them' soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, three times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her: and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight or three or ten of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane

life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

"An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eyelids eveninge and morninge: but especially when you call; or find your sight not perfect.

"R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold-water: the flowers 'to' be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the buds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thyme, the buds of young hazle: and the thyme must be gathered neare the side of a hill where Fayries use to be: and 'take' the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to dissolve

three dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra."

After this receipt for the unguent follows a Form of Incantation, wherein the Alchymist conjures a Fairy, named Elaby Gathon, to appear to him in that chrystall glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them: and that they strike with blindness such as, having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal a-propos.

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the "Witch Hazle," which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

## SERIES THE THIRD.

### BOOK III.

#### I.

### The Birth of St. George.

THE incidents in this, and the other ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall, in his satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,"

among the most popular stories of his time; and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it;\* though I much doubt whether this popu-

lar romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications; viz.—"The nine worthies of London: 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields: 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c.: 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln," 4to., is also by R. J., who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong

\* Mr. Wharton. Vid. Observations on the Faery Queen, 2 vol. 1762, 12mo. *passim*.



Gothic painting; which seems for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Sir Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag. 352], and is so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions, two of which are in black-letter, 4to., "imprinted by Wylliam Copland," without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

"—Whan the dragon, that foule is,  
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,  
He cast up a loude cry,  
As it had thondred in the sky;  
He turned his bely towarde the son;  
It was greater than any tonne:  
His scales was bryghter then the glas,  
And harder they were than any bras:  
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,  
Was forty fote withoute fayle.  
He waltred out of his denne,  
And Bevis pricked his stede then,  
And to hym a spere he thraste  
That all to shyvers he it braste:  
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,  
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle:  
Then downe went horse and man,  
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

"Hit him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge,  
There he was tender without scale,  
And Bevis thought to be his bale.  
He smote after, as I you saye,  
With his good sword Morglaye.  
Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;  
To the ground fell the dragon,  
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.  
Under the scales al on hight:  
He smote off his head forth right,  
And put it on a spere: &c." Sign K. iv.

50

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap. III., viz.—"The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistening as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: wherewith the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.—At length . . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood.—Then St. George cut off the dragon's head, and pitch it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "*Le Roman de Beuves of Hantoune*" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to., *Let. Gothique*.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire: but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on *Poly-Olbion*, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself, whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story), is the subject of "*An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, &c.*" By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A., 1792, 8vo."

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "*A Dissertation on the Original*"

life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

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among the most popular stories of his time; and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it;\* though I much doubt whether this popu-

lar romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications; viz.—"The nine worthies of London: 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields: 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c.: 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln," 4to., is also by R. J., who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong

\* Mr. Wharton. *Vid.* Observations on the Faery Queen, 2 vol. 1702, 12mo. *passim*.

Gothic painting; which seems for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Sir Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag. 352], and is so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions, two of which are in black-letter, 4to., "imprinted by Wyllyam Copland," without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

"— Whan the dragon, that foule is,  
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,  
He cast up a loude cry,  
As it had thondred in the sky;  
He turned his bely towarde the son;  
It was greater than any tonne:  
His scales was bryghter then the glas,  
And harder they were than any bras:  
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,  
Was forty fote withoute fayle.  
He waltred out of his denne,  
And Bevis pricked his stede then,  
And to hym a spere he thraste  
That all to shyvers he it braste:  
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,  
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle:  
Then downe went horse and man,  
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

"Hit him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge,  
There he was tender without scale,  
And Bevis thought to be his bale.  
He smote after, as I you saye,  
With his good sword Morglaye.  
Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;  
To the ground fell the dragon,  
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.  
Under the scales al on hight:  
He smote off his head forth right,  
And put it on a spere: &c." Sign K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap. III., viz.—"The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: wherent the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.—At length . . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalan with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood.—Then St. George cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantoune" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to., Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duneton in Wiltshire: but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself, whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story), is the subject of "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, &c." By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A., 1792, 8vo."

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "A Dissertation on the Original

of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753," 4to. This learned and curious work the author of the Historical and Critical Inquiry would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern : for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,  
I sing the wonderous birth  
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm,  
Rid monsters from the earth :

Distressed ladies to relieve 5  
He travell'd many a day ;  
In honour of the Christian faith,  
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell 10  
A knight of worthy fame,  
High steward of this noble realme ;  
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,  
Whose beauty did excell. 15  
This virtuous lady, being with child,  
In sudden sadness fell :

For thirty nights no sooner sleep  
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,  
But lo ! a foul and fearful dream  
Her fancy would surprize : 20

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell  
Conceiv'd within her womb ;  
Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she ; 25  
She nourisht constant woe :  
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove ; her tender lord,  
Who watch'd her slightest look, 30  
Discover'd soon her secret pain,  
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
She weeping did impart,  
With kindest speech he strove to heal 35  
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,  
Those pearly drops refrain ;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll try to ease thy pain. 40

And for this foul and fearful dream,  
That causeth all thy woe,  
Trust me I'll travel far away  
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace, 45  
And shedding many a teare,  
To the weïrd lady of the woods,  
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,  
Full long and many a day, 50  
Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough  
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
With dismal yews o'erhung ;  
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,  
And pois'nous nightshade sprung. 56

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,  
He hears no chearful sound ;  
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,  
And serpents hissing round. 60

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts  
Ran howling thro' his ear :  
A chilling horror froze his heart,  
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way, 65  
And pierce those sickly dews :  
Three times to bear his trembling corso  
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast  
He signs the holy crosse ; 70  
And, rouzing up his wonted might,  
He treads th' unhallowed mosse.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliff,  
All vaulted like a grave, 75  
And opening in the solid rock,  
He found the enchanted cave.

- An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,  
All hideous and forlorne;  
And, fasten'd by a silver chaine,  
Near hung a brazed horne. 80
- Then offering up a secret prayer,  
Three times he blowes amaine:  
Three times a deepe and hollow sound  
Did answer him againe.
- "Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85  
Who, like a dragon bright,  
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,  
And terrible in fight.
- "His name advanc'd in future times  
On banners shall be worn: 90  
But lo! thy lady's life must passe  
Before he can be born."
- All sore opprest with fear and doubt  
Long time Lord Albert stood;  
At length he winds his doubtful way 95  
Back thro' the dreary wood.
- Eager to clasp his lovely dame  
Then fast he travels back:  
But when he reach'd his castle gate,  
His gate was hung in black. 100
- In every court and hall he found  
A sullen silence reigne;  
Save where, amid the lonely towers,  
He heard her maidens 'plaine;
- And bitterlye lament and weep, 105  
With many a grievous grone:  
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,  
His lady's life was gone.
- With faltering step he enters in,  
Yet half affraid to goe; 110  
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,  
Yet fears the cause to knowe.
- "Three times the sun hath rose and set;"  
They said, then stopt to weep:  
Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115  
In death's eternal sleep.
- "For, ah! in travel sore she fell  
So sore that she must dye;  
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech  
Could ease her presentlye. 120
- "But when a cunning leech was fet,  
Too soon declared he,  
She, or the babe must lose its life;  
Both saved could not be.
- "Now take my life, thy lady said, 125  
My little infant save:  
And O commend me to my lord,  
When I am laid in grave.
- "O tell him how that precious babe  
Cost him a tender wife: 130  
And teach my son to lisp her name,  
Who died to save his life.
- "Then calling still upon thy name,  
And praying still for thee;  
Without repining or complaint, 135  
Her gentle soul did flee."
- What tongue can paint Lord Albret's woe,  
The bitter tears he shed,  
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,  
To find his lady dead? 140
- He beat his breast: he tore his hair;  
And shedding many a tear,  
At length he askt to see his son;  
The son that cost so dear.
- New sorrowe seiz'd the damsell all: 145  
At length they faltering say:  
"Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?  
Thy son is stoln away.
- "Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,  
Such was his infant mien: 150  
And on his little body stampt  
Three wonderous marks were seen:
- "A blood-red cross was on his arm;  
A dragon on his breast:  
A little garter all of gold 155  
Was round his leg exprest.
- "Three carefull nurses we provide  
Our little lord to keep:  
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,  
And one did lull to sleep. 160
- "But lo! all in the dead of night,  
We heard a fearful sound:  
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;  
And lightning flasht around.

<p>"Dead with affright at first we lay ; 165          But rousing up anon,          We ran to see our little lord :          Our little lord was gone !</p> <p>"But how or where we could not tell ;          For lying on the ground, 170          In deep and magic slumbers laid,          The nurses there we found."</p> <p>O grief on grief ! Lord Albret said :          No more his tongue could say,          When falling in a deadly swoone, 175          Long time he lifeless lay.</p> <p>At length restor'd to life and sense          He nourisht endless woe,          No future joy his heart could taste,          No future comfort know. 180</p> <p>So withers on the mountain top          A fair and stately oake,</p>	<p>Whose vigorous arms are torne away          By some rude thunder-stroke.</p> <p>At length his castle irksome grew, 185          He loathes his wonted home ;          His native country he forsakes,          In foreign lands to roame.</p> <p>There up and downe he wandered far,          Glad in a palmer's gown : 190          Till his brown locks grew white as wool,          His beard as thistle down.</p> <p>At length, all wearied, down in death          He laid his reverend head.          Meantime amid the lonely wilds 195          His little son was bred.</p> <p>There the weird lady of the woods          Had borne him far away,          And train'd him up in feates of armes,          And every martial play. 200</p>
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## II.

## St. George and the Dragon.

<p>THE following ballad is given (with some          corrections) from two ancient black-letter co-          pies in the Pepys Collection : one of which is          in 12mo., the other in folio.</p> <p>Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing ;          And of the sack of stately Troy,          What griefs fair Helena did bring,          Which was Sir Paris' only joy :          And by my pen I will recite          St. George's deeds, an English knight.</p> <p>Against the Sarazens so rude          Fought he full long and many a day ;          Where many gyaunts he subdu'd,          In honour of the Christian way : 10          And after many adventures past          To Egypt land he came at last.</p> <p>Now as the story plain doth tell,          Within that country there did rest          A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,          Whereby they were full sore oppress :          Who by his poisonous breath each day          Did many of the city slay.</p>	<p>The grief whereof did grow so great          Throughout the limits of the land, 20          That they were wise men did intreat          To shew their cunning out of hand ;          What way they might this fiend destroy,          That did the country thus annoy.</p> <p>The wise men all before the king, 25          This answer fram'd incontinent ;          The dragon none to death might bring          By any means they could invent :          His skin more hard than brass was found,          That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.</p> <p>When this the people understood, 31          They cryed out most piteouslye,          The dragon's breath infects their blood,          That every day in heaps they dye :          Among them such a plague is bred, 35          The living scarce could bury the dead.</p> <p>No means there were, as they could hear,          For to appease the dragon's rage,          But to present some virgin clear,          Whose blood his fury might asswage ; 40</p>
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Each daye he would a maiden eat,  
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,  
Which truly must observed be;  
Wherefore throughout the city round  
A virgin pure of good degree  
Was by the king's commission still  
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day  
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,  
Till all the maids were worn away,  
And none were left him to devour:  
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,  
That heavy message to declare,  
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;  
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:  
O let us all be poisoned here,  
Ere she should die, that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,  
And to the king in rage they went;  
They said his daughter dear should dye,  
The dragon's fury to prevent:  
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,  
And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,  
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;  
And now in sooth it is but fair,  
For us thy daughter so sould die.  
O save my daughter said the king;  
And let me feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,  
And to her father dear did say,  
O father, strive not thus for me,  
But let me be the dragon's prey;  
It may be for my sake alone  
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,  
Than all your subjects perish quite;  
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
For my offence to work his spite:  
And after he hath suckt my gore,  
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,  
For to deserve this heavy scourge?

It is my fault, as may appear,  
Which makes the gods our state to purge;  
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
And to preserve thy happy life. 90

45 Like mad-men, all the people cried,  
Thy death to us can do no good;  
Our safety only doth abide  
In making her the dragon's food.  
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she, 95  
Therefore do what you will with me.

50 Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,  
And as thou art a virgin bright,  
That hast for vertue famous been,  
So let me cloath thee all in white; 100  
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,  
According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then did she go;  
To which her tender limbs they bind: 105  
And being bound to stake a thrall,  
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,  
And my sweet mother meek and mild; 110  
Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
For you may have another child:  
Sinces for my country's good I dye,  
Death I receive most willingly.

70 The king and queen and all their train 115  
With weeping eyes went then their way,  
And let their daughter there remain,  
To be the hungry dragon's prey:  
But as she did there weeping lye,  
Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright  
So rudely tyed unto a stake,  
As well became a valiant knight,  
He straight to her his way did take:  
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he, 125  
What entif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,  
Which here is figured on my breast,  
I will revenge it on his brow,  
And break my lance upon his chest: 130  
And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
The dragon issued from the wood.

<p>The lady that did first espy  The dreadful dragon coming so,  Unto St. George aloud did cry, 135  And willed him away to go ;  Here comes that cursed fiend quoth she,  That soon will make an end of me.</p>	<p>Thus they for good did him reward  With evil, and most subtilly  By such vile meanes they had regard  To work his death most cruelly; 185  Who, as through Persia land he rode,  With zeal destroy'd each idol god.</p>
<p>St. George then looking round about,  The fiery dragon soon espy'd, 140  And like a knight of courage stout,  Against him did most fiercely ride ;  And with such blows he did him greet,  He fell beneath his horse's feet.</p>	<p>For which offence he straight was thrown  Into a dungeon dark and deep ;  Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,  He bitterly did wail and weep: 191  Yet like a knight of courage stout,  At length his way he digged out.</p>
<p>For with his lance that was so strong, 145  As he came gaping in his face,  In at his mouth he thrust along ;  For he could pierce no other place :  And thus within the lady's view  This mighty dragon straight he slew. 150</p>	<p>Three grooms of the King of Persia  By night this valiant champion slew, 195  Though he had fasted many a day ;  And then away from thence he flew  On the best steed the sophy had ;  Which when he knew he was full mad.</p>
<p>The savour of his poisoned breath  Could do this holy knight no harm.  Thus he the lady sav'd from death,  And home he led her by the arm ;  Which when King Ptolemy did see, 155  There was great mirth and melody.</p>	<p>Towards Christendom he made his flight, 200  But met a gyant by the way,  With whom in combat he did fight  Most valiantly a summers day :  Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  Was forc'd the sting of death to feel. 205</p>
<p>When as that valiant champion there  Had slain the dragon in the field,  To court he brought the lady fair,  Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 161  He in the court of Egypt staid  Till he most falsely was betray'd.</p>	<p>Back o'er the seas with many bands  Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  Vowing upon those heathen lands  To work revenge ; which at the last,  Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,  He wrought unto his heart's content. 211</p>
<p>That lady dearly lov'd the knight,  He counted her his only joy ; 165  But when their love was brought to light,  It turn'd unto their great annoy :  Th' Morocco king was in the court,  Who to the orchard did resort,</p>	<p>Save onely Egypt land he spar'd  For Sabra bright her only sake,  And, ere for her he had regard,  He meant a tryal kind to make: 215  Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,  Unto saint George did quickly yield.</p>
<p>Dayly to take the pleasant air, 170  For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,  Under a wall he oft did hear  St. George with Lady Sabra talk :  Their love he shew'd unto the king,  Which to St. George grent woe did bring.</p>	<p>Then straight Morocco's king he slew,  And took fair Sabra to his wife,  But meant to try if she were true 220  Ere with her he would lead his life ;  And, tho' he had her in his train,  She did a virgin pure remain.</p>
<p>Those kings together did devise 176  To make the Christian knight away,  With letters him in courteous wise  They straightway sent to Persia :  But wrote to the sophy him to kill, 180  And treacherously his blood to spill.</p>	<p>Toward England then that lovely dame  The brave St. George conducted strait, 225  An eunuch also with them came,  Who did upon the lady wait ;  These three from Egypt went alone.  Now mark St. George's valour shown.</p>



When as they in a forest were, The lady did desire to rest: Mean while St. George to kill a deer, For their repast did think it best: Leaving her with the cunuch there, Whilst he did go to kill the deer.	230	Their rage did him no whit dismay, Who, like a stout and valiant knight, Did both the hungry lyons slay Within the Lady Sabra' sight: Who all this while sad and demure, There stood most like a virgin pure.	250
But lo! all in his absence came Two hungry lyons fierce and fell, And tore the cunuch on the same In pieces small, the truth to tell; Down by the lady then they laid, Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid.	235	Now when St. George did surely know This lady was a virgin true, His heart was glad, that erst was woe, And all his love did soon renew: He set her on a palfrey steed, And towards England came with speed.	255
But when he came from hunting back, And did behold this heavy chance, Then for his lovely virgin's sake His courage strait he did advance, And came into the lions sight, Who ran at him with all their might.	240	Where being in short space arriv'd Unto his native dwelling place; Therein with his dear love he liv'd, And fortune did his nuptials grace: They many years of joy did see, And led their lives at Coventry.	260
	245		265

III.

Love will find out the Way.

THIS excellent song is ancient: but we could only give it from a modern copy.		But if she, whom love doth honour, Be conceal'd from the day, Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find out the way.	
Over the mountains, And over the waves; Under the fountains, And under the graves; Under floods that are deepest, Which Neptune obey; Over rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.	5	Some think to lose him, By having him confin'd; And some do suppose him, Poor thing, to be blind; But if ne'er so close ye wall him, Do the best that you may, Blind love, if so ye call him, Will find out his way.	25
Where there is no place For the glow-worm to lye; Where there is no space For receipt of a fly; Where the midge dares not venture, Lest herself fast she lay; If love come he will enter, And soon find out his way.	10		30
You may esteem him A child for his might; Or you may deem him A coward from his flight:	15	You may train the eagle To stoop to your fist; Or you may inveigle The phenix of the east; The lioness, ye may move her To give o'er her prey: But you'll ne'er stop a lover, He will find out his way.	35
	20		40

## IV.

## Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—SEEMS to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See book I. ballad XV., and book II. ballad IV.—If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill;

Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,

They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

Fair Annet took it ill:

A'! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,

A wife wull neir wed yee.

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,

A gude rede gie to mee:

O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,

And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,

Fair Annet she has gat nane;

And the little beauty fair Annet has,

O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:

Now, brother, rede ye mee;

A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,

The nut-browne bride has kye;

I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,

And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dyo i' the house, Bille,

And her kye into the byre;

And I sall hae nothing to my sell,

Bot a fat fudge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:

Now, sister, rede ye mee;

O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

And set fair Annet free?

Iso rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne bride alane;

Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!

What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,

And marrie me owt o' hand;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride;

Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father

Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower,

Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,

Put on your silken shoene;

Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,

And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,

And dress to me my hair;

Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,

See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,

And dress to me my smock;

The one half is o' the holland fine,

The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon

He amblit like the wind,

Wi' siller he was shod before,

W' burning gowd behind.

Four and twantye siller bells Wer a' tyed till his mane, And yae tift o' the norland wind, They tinkled ane by ane.	65	O I did gat the rose-water Whair ye wull neir get nane, For I did gat that very rose-water Into my mithers wame.	95
Four and twantye gay gude knights Rade by fair Annets side, And four and twanty fair ladies, As gin she had bin a bride.	70	The bride she drew a long bodkin, Frae out her gay head-gear, And strake fair Annet unto the heart, That word she nevir spak mair.	100
And whan she cam to Maries kirk, She sat on Maries stean: The cleading that fair Annet had on It skinkled in their cen.	75	Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale, And marvelit what mote bee: But whan he saw her dear hearts blude, A' wood-wroth waxed hee.	
And whan she cam into the kirk, She shimmer'd like the sun; The belt that was about her waist, Was a' wi' pearles bedone.	80	He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp, 105 That was sae sharp and meet, And drave into the nut-browne bride, That fell deid at his feit.	
She sat her by the nut-browne bride, And her een they wer sae clear, Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride, Whan fair Annet she drew near.		Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed, Now stay, my dear, he cry'd; Then strake the dagger untill his heart, And fell deid by her side.	110
He had a rose into his hand, And he gave it kisses three, And reaching by the nut-browne bride, Laid it on fair Annets knee.	85	Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa, Fair Annet within the quiere; And o' the tane thair grew a birk, The other a bonny briere.	115
Up than spak the nut-browne bride, She spak wi' meikle spite; And whair gat ye that rose-water, That does mak yee sae white?	90	And ay they grew, and ay they threw, As they wad faine be neare; And by this ye may ken right weil, They were twa lovers deare.	120

V.

Unfading Beauty.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq., one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

51

Hee, that loves a rosie cheek,  
Or a corall lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke  
Fuell to maintaine his fires,  
As old time makes these decay, 5  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires: 10  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

\* \* \* \*

## VI.

## George Barnwell.

THE subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black-letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus entitled, "An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow." The tune is "The Merchant."

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

## THE FIRST PART.

ALL youth of fair England  
That dwell both far and near,  
Regard my story that I tell,  
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was, 5  
A merchant's prentice bound;  
My name George Barnwell; that did spend  
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then, 10  
And their enticing trains;  
For by that means I have been brought  
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day, 15  
Was walking through the street  
About my master's business,  
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame 20  
And sumptuous in attire;  
With smiling look she greeted me,  
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,  
She gave me then a kiss,  
And said, if I would come to her  
I should have more than this,

Fair mistress, then quoth I, 25  
If I the place may know,  
This evening I will be with you,  
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in, 30  
That are my master's due:  
And ere that I do home return  
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she, 35  
Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,  
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth, 40  
If thou keep touch with me,  
My dearest friend, as my own heart  
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,  
And home I passed right;  
Then went abroad, and gathered in,  
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one: 45  
With bag under my arm  
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,  
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door, 50  
Straightway herself came down;  
Rustling in most brave attire,  
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright, 55  
So gloriously did shine,  
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,  
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand, And with a modest grace, Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she, Unto this homely place. 60	Call me no mistress now, But Sarah, thy true friend, Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee, Until her life hath end.
And since I have thee found As good as thy word to be: A homely supper, ere we part, Thou shalt take here with me.	If thou wouldst here alledge, 105 Thou art in years a boy; So was Adonis, yet was he Fair Venus' only joy.
O pardon me, quoth I, 65 Fair mistress, I you pray; For why, out of my master's house, So long I dare not stay.	Thus I, who ne'er before Of woman found such grace, 110 But seeing now so fair a dame Give me a kind embrace
Alas, good sir, she said, Are you so strictly ty'd, 70 You may not with your dearest friend One hour or two abide?	I slept with her that night, With joys that did abound; And for the same paid presently, 115 In money twice three pound.
Faith, then the case is hard; If it be so, quoth she, I would I were a prentice bound, 75 To live along with thee:	An hundred kisses then, For my farewell she gave; Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I Again thy company have? 120
Therefore, my dearest George, List well what I shall say, And do not blame a woman much, Her fancy to bewray. 80	O stay not hence too long. Sweet George, have me in mind. Her words bewicht my childishness, She uttered them so kind:
Let not affection's force Be counted lowd desire; Nor think it not immodesty, I should thy love require.	So that I made a vow, 125 Next Sunday without fail, With my sweet Sarah once again To tell some pleasant tale.
With that she turn'd aside, 85 And with a blushing red, A mournful motion she bewray'd By hanging down her head.	When she heard me say so, The tears fell from her eye; 130 O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail, Thy Sarah sure will dye.
A handkerchief she had All wrought with silk and gold: 90 Which she to stay her trickling tears Before her eyes did hold.	Though long, yet loe! at last, The appointed day was come, That I must with my Sarah meet; 135 Having a mighty sum
This thing unto my sight Was wondrous rare and strange; And in my soul and inward thought 95 It wrought a sudden change:	Of money in my hand,* Unto her house went I, Whereas my love upon her bed In saddest sort did lye. 140
That I so hardly grew, To take her by the hand: Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you So dull and pensive stand? 100	

\* The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c., shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to change of manners at that period

What ails my heart's delight,  
My Sarah dear? quoth I;  
Let not my love lament and grieve,  
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend, 145  
What may thy woes amend,  
And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,  
And sickly thus did say, 150  
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;  
And God he knows, quoth she,  
I have it not. Tush, rise I said, 155  
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,  
Shall make my love decay,  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pound straightway. 160

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go;  
She proffered me to lye with her,  
And said it should be so.

And after that same time, 165  
I gave her store of coyn,  
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;  
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;  
Until my master then 170  
Did call to have his reckoning in  
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,  
I knew not what to say:  
For well I knew that I was out 175  
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight  
I ran in secret sort;  
And unto Sarah Millwood there  
My case I did report. 180

"But how she us'd this youth,  
In this his care and woe,  
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,  
The SECOND PART may shewe."

## THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,  
Sweet Sarah, my delight;  
I am undone unless thou stand  
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts 5  
Hath just occasion found;  
And I am caught behind the hand  
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,  
My love, I fly to thee, 10  
Hoping some time I may remaine,  
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,  
And looking all aquoy,  
Quoth she, What should I have to do 15  
With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd  
Your master's goods away,  
The case is bad, and therefore here  
You shall no longer stay. 20

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,  
How all which I could get,  
I gave it, and did spend it all  
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave, 25  
To charge me in this sort,  
Being a woman of credit fair,  
And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,  
Be packing with good speed; 30  
I do defe thee from my heart,  
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that  
You did to me protest?  
Is this the great affection, which 35  
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!  
The best is, I may speed  
To get a lodging any where  
For money in my need. 40

False woman, now farewell,  
Whilst twenty pound doth last,  
My anchor in some other haven  
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this, I had store of money there, Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick: Why, man, I did but jeer.	45	Ere I will live in lack, And have no coyn for thee; I'll rob his house, and murder him. Why should you not? quoth she:	90
Dost think for all my speech, That I would let thee go? Faith, no, said she, my love to thee I wiss is more than so.	50	Was I a man, ere I Would live in poor estate: On father, friends, and all my kin, I would my talons grate.	95
You scorne a prentice boy I heard you just now swear, Wherefore I will not trouble you.— —Nay, George, hark in thine ear;	55	For without money, George, A man is but a beast: But bringing money, thou shalt be Always my welcome guest.	100
Thou shalt not go to-night, What chance soc're befall: But man we'll have a bed for thee, Or else the devil take all.	60	For shouldst thou be pursued With twenty hues and cryes, And with a warrant searched for With Argus' hundred eyes,	
So I by wiles bewitcht And snar'd with fancy still, Had then no power to 'get' away, Or to withstand her will.		Yet here thou shalt be safe; Such privy wayes there be, That if they sought an hundred years, They could not find out thee.	105
For wine on wine I call'd, And cheer upon good cheer; And nothing in the world I thought For Sarah's love too dear.	65	And so carousing both Their pleasures to content: George Barnwell had in little space His money wholly spent.	110
Whilst in her company, I had such merriment; All, all too little I did think, That I upon her spent.	70	Which done, to Ludlow straight He did provide to go, To rob his wealthy uncle there; His minion would it so.	115
A fig for care and thought! When all my gold is gone, In faith, my girl, we will have more, Whoever I light upon.	75	And once he thought to take His father by the way, But that he fear'd his master had Took order for his stay.*	120
My father's rich, why then Should I want store of gold? Nay with a father sure, quoth she, A son may well make bold.	80	Unto his uncle then He rode with might and main, Who with a welcome and good cheer Did Barnwell entertain	
I've a sister richly wed, I'll rob her ere I'll want. Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well Consider of you scant.		One fortnight's space he stayed Until it chanced so, His uncle with his cattle did Unto a market go.	125
Nay, I an uncle have: At Ludlow he doth dwell: He is a grazier, which in wealth Doth all the rest excell.	85	His kinsman rode with him, Where he did see right plain, Great store of money he had took: When coming home again,	130

\* I. e. for stopping and apprehending him at his father's.

Sudden within a wood, He struck his uncle down, And beat his brains out of his head ; 135 So sore he crackt his crown.	To the constable she sent, To have him apprehended ; And shewed how far, in each degree, He had the laws offended. 160
Then seizing fourscore pound, To London straight he hyed, And unto Sarah Millwood all The cruell fact descryed. 140	When Barnwell saw her drift, To sea he got straightway ; Where fear and sting of conscience Continually on him lay.
Tush, 'tis no matter, George, So we the money have To have good cheer in jolly sort, And deck us fine and brave.	Unto the lord mayor then, 165 He did a letter write ; In which his own and Sarah's fault He did at large recite.
Thus lived in filthy sort, 145 Until their store was gone : When means to get them any more, I wis, poor George had none.	Whereby she seized was And then to Ludlow sent : 170 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd, For murder incontinent.
Therefore in railing sort, She thrust him out of door : 150 Which is the just reward of those, Who spend upon a whore.	There dyed this gallant quean, Such was her greatest gains : For murder in Polonia, 175 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.
O ! do me not disgrace In this my need, quoth he. She called him thief and murderer, 155 With all the spight might be :	Lo ! here's the end of youth, That after harlots haunt ; Who in the spoil of other men, About the streets do flaunt. 180

## VII.

## The Stedfast Shepherd.

THESE beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the former part of this volume : see the song entitled "The Shepherd's Resolution," Book II. Song XXI. In the first edition of this work only a small fragment of this Sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and entire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, entitled, "The Mistress of Philarete," of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1620, 8vo.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,  
Pish ! unclaspe these wanton armes ;  
Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,  
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes).  
Fie, fie, forbear ; 5  
No common snare  
Can ever my affection chaine :  
Thy painted baits,  
And poore deceits,  
Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 10

I'me no slave to such, as you be ;  
Neither shall that snowy brest  
Rowling eye, and lip of ruby  
Ever robb me of my rest.



Goe, goe, display Thy beauty's ray To some more-soone enamour'd swaine: Those common wiles Of sighs and smiles Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.	15	Shall I haunt the thronged vallies, Whilst ther's noble hills to climbe? No, no, though clownes Are scar'd with frownes, I know the best can but disdain: And these Ile prove: So will thy love Be all bestowed on me in vaine.	45
I have elsewhere vowed a dutie; Turne away thy tempting eye: Shew not me a painted beautie; These impostures I delie: My spirit lothes Where gawdy clothes And fained othes may love obtaine: I love her so, Whose looke swears No; That all your labours will be vaine.	20	I doe scorn to vow a dutie, Where each lustfull lad may wooe: Give me her, whose sun-like beautie Buzzards dare not scare unto: Shee, shee it is Affords that blisse For which I would refuse no paine: But such as you, Fond fooles, adieu; You seeke to captive me in vaine.	50
Can he prize the tainted posies, Which on every brest are worne; That may plucke the virgin roses From their never-touched thorne? I can goe rest On her sweet brest, That is the pride of Cynthia's traine: Then stay thy tongue; Thy mermaid song Is all bestowed on me in vaine.	25	Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me; Seeke no more to worke my harmes: Craftie wiles cannot deceive me, Who am proove against your charmes: You labour may To lead astray The heart, that constant shall remaine: And I the while Will sit and smile To hear you spend your time in vaine.	55
Hee's a foole, that basely dallies, Where each peasant mates with him:	30		60
	35		65
	40		70

## VIII.

*The Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy.*

THE subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, entitled, "The theatre of God's judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642." Pt. 2, p. 89. —The text is given (with corrections) from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden:

"Oh jealousy! thou art nurst in hell:  
Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

All tender hearts, that ake to hear  
Of those that suffer wrong;  
All you, that never shed a tear,  
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy  
My tale doth far exceed:  
Alas, that so much cruelty  
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,  
Who was of high degree;  
Whose wayward temper did create  
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so filled her head With many a vain surmise, She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed, And did her love despise. 16	There never light of chearful day Dispers'd the hideous gloom; But dank and noisome vapours play Around the wretched room: 60
A gentlewoman passing fair Did on this lady wait; With bravest dames she might compare; Her beauty was compleat. 20	And adders, snakes, and toads therein, As afterwards was known, Long in this loathsome vault had bin, And were to monsters grown.
Her lady cast a jealous eye Upon this gentle maid; And taxt her with disloyaltye: And did her oft upbraid.	Into this foul and fearful place, 65 The fair one innocent Was cast, before her lady's face; Her malice to content.
In silence still this maiden meek 25 Her bitter taunts would bear, While oft adown her lovely cheek Would steal the falling tear.	This maid no sooner enter'd is, But strait, alas! she hears 70 The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss: Then grievously she fears.
In vain in humble sort she strove Her fury to disarm; 30 As well the meekness of the dove The bloody hawke might charm.	Soon from their holes the vipers creep, And fiercely her assail: Which makes the damsel sorely weep, 75 And her sad fate bewail.
Her lord, of humour light and gay, And innocent the while, As oft as she came in his way, 35 Would on the damsell smile.	With her fair hands she strives in vain Her body to defend: With shrieks and cries she doth complain, But all is to no end. 80
And oft before his lady's face, As thinking her her friend, He would the maiden's modest grace And comeliness commend. 40	A servant listning near the door, Struck with her doleful noise, Strait ran his lady to implore; But she'll not hear his voice.
All which incens'd his lady so, She burnt with wrath extreame; At length the fire that long did glow, Burst forth into a flame.	With bleeding heart he goes agen 85 To mark the maiden's groans; And plainly hears, within the den, How she herself bemoans.
For on a day it so befell, 45 When he was gone from home, The lady all with rage did swell, And to the damsell come.	Again he to his lady hies With all the haste he may: 90 She into furious passion flies, And orders him away.
And charging her with great offence And many a grievous fault; 50 She bade her servants drag her thence, Into a dismal vault,	Still back again does he return To hear her tender cries; The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn; 95 Which fill'd him with surprize.
That lay beneath the common-shore: A dungeon dark and deep: Where they were wont, in days of yore, 55 Offenders great to keep.	In grief, and horror, and affright, He listens at the walls; But finding all was silent quite, He to his lady calls. 100

<p>Too sure, O lady, now quoth he, Your cruelty hath sped; Make hast, for shame, and come and see; I fear the virgin's dead.</p> <p>She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105 And does with torches run: But all her haste was now too late, For death his worst had done.</p> <p>The door being open'd, strait they found The virgin stretch'd along: 110 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round, Which her to death had stung.</p> <p>One round her legs, her thighs, her wast, Had twin'd his fatal wreath:</p>	<p>The other close her neck embrac'd, 115 And stopt her gentle breath.</p> <p>The snakes, being from her body thrust, Their bellies were so fill'd, That with excess of blood they burst, Thus with their prey were kill'd. 120</p> <p>The wicked lady, at this sight, With horror strait ran mad; So raving dy'd, as was most right, 'Cause she no pity had.</p> <p>Let me advise you, ladies all, 125 Of jealousy beware: It causeth many a one to fall, And is the devil's snare.</p>
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IX.

*Jealousy, Tyrant of the Mind.*

*This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his Tragi-Comedy of "Love Triumphant," &c.—On account of the subject, it is inserted here.*

WHAT state of life can be so blest,  
As love that warms the gentle brest;  
Two souls in one; the same desire  
o grant the bliss, and to require?  
If in this heaven a hell we find, 5  
Tis all from thee,  
O Jealousie!  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,  
Serve to refine and perfect love: 10

In absence, or unkind disdain,  
Sweet hope relieves the lovers pain:  
But, oh, no cure but death we find  
To sett us free  
From jealousy, 15  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,  
Some sett too near, and some too far;  
Thou art the fire of endless night,  
The fire that burns, and gives no light. 20  
All torments of the damn'd we find  
In only thee,  
O Jealousie!  
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

## X.

*Constant Penelope.*

THE ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys Collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is entitled "A Looking-glass for Ladies, or a Mirrour for Married Women. Tune, Queen Dido, or Troy town."

When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,  
And lords in armour bright were seen;  
When many a gallant lost his life  
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;  
Ulysses, general so free, 5  
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,  
That he would to the wars of Troy;  
For grief she shed full many a tear,  
At parting from her only joy: 10  
Her ladies all about her came,  
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,  
Unto her then did mildly say,  
The time is come that we must part; 15  
My honour calls me hence away;  
Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,  
Then to my lord I true remain; 20  
My honour shall not be betray'd  
Until I see my love again;  
For I will ever constant prove,  
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear, 25  
And to the ships his way he took;  
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;  
Still casting many a longing look:  
She saw him on the surges glide,  
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd: 30

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,  
And rulest in the ocean main,  
My loving lord in safety keep  
Till he return to me again:  
That I his person may behold, 35  
To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails  
Were all convey'd out of her sight:  
Her cruel fate she then bewails,  
Since she had lost her hearts delight. 40  
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,  
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,  
My charity I will extend;  
Since for my woe there is no cure, 45  
The helpless now I will befriend:  
The widow and the fatherless  
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year  
In doing good to every one; 50  
Her fame was noised every where,  
To young and old the same was known,  
That she no company would mind,  
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55  
Mongst Trojans hazarding his life:  
Young gallants, hearing of her name,  
Come flocking for to tempt his wife:  
For she was lovely, young, and fair,  
No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
They did endeavour her to win;  
With banquets and the choicest wine,  
For to allure her unto sin:  
Most persons were of high degree, 65  
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace  
Their wanton suits she did deny:  
No tempting charms could e'er deface  
Her dearest husband's memory: 70  
But constant she would still remain,  
Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,  
And that she often did peruse;  
She seldom looked in her glass; 75  
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.  
I wish all ladies were as free  
From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,  
And likewise in her spinning-wheel; 80  
Her maids about her every night  
Did use the distaff and the reel:  
The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss 85  
And absence of her dearest love:  
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,  
Her fortune on the waves to prove.  
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,  
He stays so from Penelope. 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy  
Did end; in flames the city burned;  
And to the Grecians was great joy,

To see the towers to ashes turn'd;  
Then came Ulysses home to see 95  
His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,  
When she her lord again had seen.  
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,  
A long time absent thou hast been: 100  
The wars shall never more deprive  
Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all, example take;  
And hence a worthy lesson learn, 105  
All youthful follies to forsake,  
And vice from virtue to discern;  
And let all women strive to be  
As constant as Penelope.

XI.

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars.

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems, entitled "Lucasta, Lond., 1649," 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde  
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase, 5  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore; 10  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Lov'd I not honour more.

XII.

Valentine and Ursine.

THE old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "La Bibliotheque de Romans, &c."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original are,

"Over the dyke a bridge there lay,  
That man and beast might passe away;  
Under the bridge where sixty belles;  
Right as the Romans telles;  
That there might no man passe in,  
But all they rang with a gyn."  
Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio MS., was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state,

inworthy the press: from which were taken  
such particulars as could be adopted.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields  
With colours fresh and fine,  
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing  
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair 5  
He would a hunting ride:  
To Artois forest prancing forth  
In all his princelye pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train 10  
Of gallant peers attend;  
And with their loud and cheerful cryes  
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,  
Through woods and thickets wild;  
When down within a lonely dell 15  
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd  
Of silk so fine and thin:  
A golden mantle wrapt him round,  
Pinn'd with a silver pin. 20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;  
The courtiers gather'd round;  
They look, they call, the mother seek;  
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near, 25  
And as he gazing stands,  
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,  
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, King Pepin says,  
This child is passing fair: 30  
I wot he is of gentle blood;  
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court  
With all the care ye may:  
Let him be christen'd Valentine, 35  
In honour of this day:

And look me out some cunning nurse;  
Well nurtur'd let him bee;  
Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
A bairn of high degree. 40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;  
And nurtur'd well was he;  
Nor ought was wanting that became  
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grew the little Valentine, 45  
Belov'd of king and peers;  
And shew'd in all he spake or did  
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms  
He did himself advance, 50  
That ere he grew to man's estate  
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began  
To shade his youthful chin;  
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, 55  
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,  
I beg a boon of thee!  
The first adventure that befalls,  
May be reserv'd for mee. 60

The first adventure shall be thine;  
The king did smiling say.  
Nor many days, when lo! there came  
Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd;  
And knelt, as it was meet: 66  
From Artoys forest we be come,  
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods  
There wends a savage boy; 70  
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield  
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;  
He lurks within their den:  
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,  
And drinks the blood of men. 76

To more than savage strength he joins  
A more than human skill:  
For arms, ne cunning may suffice  
His cruel rage to still: 80

Up then rose Sir Valentine,  
And claim'd that arduous deed,  
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,  
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed, 85	Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;	
His armour white as snow;	His eye-ball flash'd with fire;	130
As well bescem'd a virgin knight,	Each hairy limb with fury shook;	
Who ne'er had fought a foe:	And all his heart was ire.	
To Artoys forest he repairs	Then closing fast with furious gripe	
With all the haste he may;	He clasp'd the champion round,	
And soon he spies the savage youth 90	And with a strong and sudden twist	135
A rending of his prey.	He laid him on the ground.	
His unkempt hair all matted hung	But soon the knight with active spring,	
His shaggy shoulders round:	O'erturn'd his hairy foe:	
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:	And now between their sturdy fists	
His face with fury frown'd. 95	Past many a bruising blow.	140
Like eagles' talons grew his nails:	They roll'd and grappled on the ground,	
His limbs were thick and strong;	And there they struggled long:	
And dreadful was the knotted oak	Skillful and active was the knight;	
He bare with him along. 100	The savage he was strong.	
Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,	But brutal force and savage strength 145	
He starts with sudden spring;	To art and skill must yield:	
And yelling forth a hideous howl,	Sir Valentine at length prevail'd	
He made the forests ring.	And won the well-fought field.	
As when a tyger fierce and fell 105	Then binding strait his conquer'd foe	
Hath spyed a passing roe,	Fast with an iron chain,	150
And leaps at once upon his throat;	He tyes him to his horse's tail,	
So sprung the savage foe;	And leads him o'er the plain.	
So lightly leap'd with furious force	To court his hairy captive soon	
The gentle knight to seize: 110	Sir Valentine doth bring;	
But met his tall uplifted spear,	And kneeling down upon his knee,	155
Which sunk him on his knees.	Presents him to the king.	
A second stroke so stiff and stern	With loss of blood and loss of strength	
Had laid the savage low;	The savage tamer grew;	
But springing up, he rais'd his club, 115	And to Sir Valentine became	
And aim'd a dreadful blow.	A servant try'd and true. 160	
The watchful warrior bent his head,	And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,	
And shun'd the coming stroke;	Ursine they call his name;	
Upon his taper spear it fell,	A name which unto future times	
And all to shivers broke. 120	The Muses shall proclaim.	
Then lighting nimbly from his steed,	PART THE SECOND.	
He drew his burnisht brand:	In high renown with prince and peers	
The savage quick as lightning flew	Now liv'd Sir Valentine:	
To wrest it from his hand.	His high renown with prince and peers	
Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt; 125	Made envious hearts repine.	
Three times he felt the blade;	It chane'd the king upon a day 5	
Three times it fell with furious force;	Prepar'd a sumptuous feast:	
Three ghastly wounds it made.	And there came lords, and dainty dames,	
	And many a noble guest.	

Amid their cups, that freely flowed, Their revelry and mirth, A youthful knight tax'd Valentine Of base and doubtful birth.	10	Mad and outrageous with the pain, He whirl'd his mace of steel; The very wind of such a blow Had made the champion reel.	55
The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd, His generous heart did wound : And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest Till he his parents found.	15	It haply mist; and now the knight His glittering sword display'd, And riding round with whirlwind speed Oft made him feel the blade.	60
Then bidding king and peers adieu, Early one summer's day, With faithful Ursine by his side, From court he took his way.	20	As when a large and monstrous oak Unceasing axes hew : So fast around the gyant's limbs The blows quick-darting flew.	
O'er hill and valley, moss and moor, For many a day they pass ; At length, upon a moated lake, They found a bridge of brass.		As when the boughs with hideous fall Some hapless woodman crush : With such a force the enormous foe Did on the champion rush.	65
Beyond it rose a castle fair, Y-built of marble stone : The battlements were gilt with gold, And glittred in the sun.	25	A fearful blow, alas ! there came, Both horse and knight it took, And laid them senseless in the dust ; So fatal was the stroke.	70
Beneath the bridge, with strange device, A hundred bells were hung ; That man, nor beast, might pass thereon, But strait their larum rung	30	Then smiling forth a hideous grin, The gyant strides in haste, And, stooping, aims a second stroke : " Now caytiff breathe thy last ! "	75
This quickly found the youthful pair, Who boldly crossing o'er, The jangling sound bedeaft their ears, And rung from shore to shore.	35	But ere it fell, two thundering blows Upon his skull descend : From Ursine's knotty club they came, Who ran to save his friend.	80
Quick at the sound the castle gates Unlock'd and opened wide, And strait a gyant huge and grim Stalk'd forth with stately pride.	40	Down sunk the gyant gaping wide, And rolling his grim eyes : The hairy youth repeats his blows : He gasps, he groans, he dies.	
Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will ; He cried with hideous roar ; Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh, And ravens drink your gore.		Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd With Ursine's timely care : And now to search the castle walls The venturous youths repair.	85
Vain boaster, said the youthful knight, I scorn thy threats and thee : I trust to force thy brazen gates, And set thy captives free.	45	The blood and bones of murder'd knights They found where'er they came : At length within a lonely cell They saw a mournful dame.	90
Then putting spurs unto his steed, He aim'd a dreadful thrust : The spear against the gyant glanc'd, And caus'd the blood to burst.	50	Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ; Her cheeks were pale with woe : And long Sir Valentine besought Her doleful tale to know.	95



"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,  
 Condole my wretched fate;  
 A childless mother here you see;  
 A wife without a mate. 100

"These twenty winters here forlorn  
 I've drawn my hated breath;  
 Sole witness of a monster's crimes,  
 And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king, 105  
 And in my early years  
 Was married to a mighty prince,  
 The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly liv'd in love  
 A twelvemonth and a day: 110  
 When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest  
 Y-wrought our loves' decay.

"His seeming goodness wan him pow'r;  
 He had his master's ear:  
 And long to me and all the world 115  
 He did a saint appear.

"One day, when we were all alone,  
 He proffer'd odious love:  
 The wretch with horror I repuls'd,  
 And from my presence drove. 120

"He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd  
 His crime I'd not reveal:  
 Which, for his seeming penitence,  
 I promis'd to conceal.

"With treason, villainy, and wrong, 125  
 My goodness he repay'd:  
 With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,  
 And me to woe betray'd.

"He hid a slave within my bed,  
 Then rais'd a bitter cry. 130  
 My lord, possess'd with rage, condemn'd  
 Me, all unheard, to dye.

"But, 'cause I then was great with child,  
 At length my life he spar'd:  
 But had me instant quit the realme, 135  
 One trusty knight my guard.

"Forth on my journey I depart,  
 Opprest with grief and woe;  
 And towards my brother's distant court,  
 With breaking heart, I goe. 140

"Long time thro' sundry foreign lands  
 We slowly pace along:  
 At length, within a forest wild,  
 I fell in labour strong:

"And while the knight for succour sought  
 And left me there forlorn, 146  
 My childbed pains so fast increast  
 Two lovely boys were born.

"The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow  
 That tips the mountain hoar: 150  
 The younger's little body rough  
 With hairs was cover'd o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:  
 While tender care I took  
 To shield my eldest from the cold 155  
 And wrap him in my cloak;

"A prowling bear burst from the wood,  
 And seiz'd my younger son:  
 Affection lent my weakness wings,  
 And after them I run. 160

"But all forewearied, weak and spent,  
 I quickly swoon'd away;  
 And there beneath the greenwood shade  
 Long time I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought me relief,  
 And rais'd me from the ground: 166  
 But neither of my pretty babes  
 Could ever more be found.

"And while in search we wander'd far,  
 We met that gyant grim: 170  
 Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,  
 And bare me off with him.

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,  
 He offer'd me no wrong;  
 Save that within these lonely walls 175  
 I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,  
 You are Lady Bellisance,  
 Wife to the Grecian emperor:  
 Your brother's King of France. 180

For in your royal brother's court  
 Myself my breeding had;  
 Where oft the story of your woes  
 Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,	185	The bear devour'd my youngest son, Or sure that son were he.
And dying own'd his crime;		
And long your lord hath sought you out Thro' every foreign clime.		
And when no tidings he could learn Of his much-wronged wife,	190	Madam, this youth with bears was bred, And rear'd within their den.
He vow'd thenceforth within his court To lead a hermit's life.		But recollect ye any mark 215 To know your son agen?
Now heaven is kind! the lady said; And dropt a joyful tear:		Upon his little side, quoth she, Was stamp't a bloody rose.
Shall I once more behold my lord?	195	Here, lady, see the crimson mark Upon his body grows! 220
That lord I love so dear?		
But, madam, said Sir Valentine, And knelt upon his knee;		Then clasping both her new-found sons She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe, If you the same should see?	200	And soon towards her brothers court Her joyful course she steers.
And pulling forth the cloth of gold In which himself was found;		What pen can paint King Pepin's joy, 225 His sister thus restor'd!
The lady gave a sudden shriek And fainted on the ground.		And soon a messenger was sent To chear her dropping lord:
But by his pious care reviv'd,	205	Who came in haste with all his peers, To fetch her home to Greece; 230
His tale she heard anon;		Where many happy years they reign'd In perfect love and peace.
And soon by other tokens found, He was indeed her son.		To them Sir Ursine did succeed, And long the sceptre bare.
But who's this hairy youth, she said;		Sir Valentine he stay'd in France, 235 And was his uncle's heir. * *
He much resembles thee:	210	

## XIII.

*The Dragon of Wantley.*

This humorous song (as a former Editor\* has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although

we have been fortunate enough to learn the general subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon\*—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in choosing his armour—his being dressed for

\* Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vols. 1727.

\* See above, p. 352, and p. 390.

fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the barlesque turn given to them), are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of Sir Bevis. There a Dragon is attacked from a well in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad :

There was a well, so have I wyne,  
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.

\* \* \* \*

Than was he glad without fayle,  
And rested a whyle for his avayle ;  
And dranke of that water his fyll ;  
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,  
And with Morglay his brande  
He assayled the dragon, I understande :  
On the dragon he smote so faste,  
Where that he hit the scales braste :  
The dragon then faynted sore,  
And cast a galon and more  
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,  
And on Syr Bevis he it floug :  
It was venomous y-wis.

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110. As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c., seems evidently to allude to the following :

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forthe yode,  
And lepte out with haste full good ;  
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is ;  
And the dragon also to Bevis.  
Longe and harde was that fyght  
Betwene the dragon and that knyght ;  
But ever whan Syr Bevis was hurt sore,  
He went to the well, and washed him thore ;  
He was as hole as any man,  
Ever freshe as whan he began.  
The dragon sawe it might not avayle  
Besyde the well to hold batayle ;  
He thought he would, wyth some wyle,  
Out of that place Bevis begyle ;  
He woulde have flouen then awaye,  
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,  
And hyt him under the wynges,  
As he was in his flyenge, &c.

Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his "Faery Queen." At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c., seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I., Canto 11, where the Dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with stings—his cruel rending clawes—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad ; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the last century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

. Old stories tell how Hercules

A dragon slew at Lerna,

With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,

To see and well discern—a :

But he had a club this dragon to drub, 5

Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye :

But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,  
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,

Each one upon each shoulder ; 10

With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,

Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws

Four and forty teeth of iron ;

With a hide as tough as any buff, 15

Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse

Held seventy men in his belly ?

This dragon was not quite so big,

But very near, I'll tell ye. 20

Devoured he poor children three,

That could not with him grapple ;

And at one sup he eat them up,

As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat, 25

Some say he ate up trees,

And that the forests sure he would

Devour up by degrees :

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;		Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow, With blushes her cheeks adorning;	70
He ate all, and left none behind,	30	To annoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight, And to dress me in the morning.	
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,			
Which on the hills you will find.		This being done, he did engage To hew the dragon down;	
In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham, The place I know it well;		But first he went, new armour to	75
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, I vow I cannot tell;	36	Bespeak at Sheffield town;	
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge, And Matthew's house hard by it;		With spikes all about, not within but without, Of steel so sharp and strong;	
O there and then was this dragon's den, You could not chuse but spy it.	40	Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,	
		Some five or six inches long.	80
Some say, this dragon was a witch;		Had you but seen him in this dress, How fierce he look'd and how big,	
Some say, he was a devil,		You would have thought him for to be Some Egyptian porcupig:	
For from his nose a smoke arose, And with it burning snivel;		He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,	85
Which he cast off, when he did cough,	45	Each cow, each horse, and each hog:	
In a well that he did stand by;		For fear they did flee, for they took him to be Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.	
Which made it look just like a brook Running with burning brandy.			
Hard by a furious knight there dwelt, Of whom all towns did ring,	50	To see this fight, all people then Got up on trees and houses,	90
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,		On churches some, and chimneys too;	
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:		But these put on their trowses, Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,	
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain		To make him strong and mighty,	
He swung a horse till he was dead;		He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,	95
And that which is stranger, he for very anger Eat him all up but his head.	50	And a quart of aqua-vitæ.	
These children, as I told, being eat;		It is not strength that always wins, For wit doth strength excell;	
Men, women, girls, and boys, Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,		Which made our cunning champion Creep down into a well;	100
And made a hideous noise:	60	Where he did think, this dragon would drink, And so he did in truth;	
O save us all, More of More-hall, Thou peerless knight of these woods;		And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh!	
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,		And hit him in the mouth.	
We'll give thee all our goods.			
Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want;	65	Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,	105
But I want, I want, in sooth, A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,		Thou disturb'st me in my drink: And then he turn'd, and s... at him;	
With smiles about the mouth;		Good lack how he did stink:	
		Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul, Thy dung smells not like balsam;	110
		Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore, Sure thy diet is unwholesome.	

Our politick knight, on the other side,  
 Crept out upon the brink,  
 And gave the dragon such a douse, 115  
 He knew not what to think :  
 By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see ?  
 And then at him he let fly  
 With hand and with foot, and so they went  
 to 't ;  
 And the word it was, Hey boys, hey ! 120

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't under-  
 stand ;  
 Then to it they fell at all,  
 Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may  
 Compare great things with small.  
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did  
 fight 125  
 Our champion on the ground ;  
 Though their strength it was great, their  
 skill it was neat,  
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,  
 The dragon gave him a knock, 130  
 Which made him to reel, and straitway he  
 thought,  
 To lift him as high as a rock,  
 And thence let him fall. But More of More-  
 hall,  
 Like a valiant son of Mars,  
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him  
 about, 135  
 And hit him a kick on the a . . .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,  
 And turn'd six times together,  
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing  
 Out of his throat of-leather ;  
 More of More-hall ! O thou rascal ! 140  
 Would I had seen thee never ;  
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd  
 my a . . . gut,  
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd, 145  
 Alack, alack, for grief :  
 Had you but mist that place, you could  
 Have done me no mischief.  
 Then his head he shook, trembled and  
 quaked,  
 And down he laid and cry'd ; 150  
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,  
 So groan'd, kickt, s . . . and dy'd.

\* \* A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relator :

" In Yorkshire, six miles from Rotherham, is a village, called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a Lodge, named Warncliffe Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley : here lies the scene of the song. I was there above forty years ago ; and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of cave ; then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end, says, Here lay the Dragon killed by Moor of Moor-Hall : here lay his head ; here lay his tail ; and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack ; and you white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-Hall. I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song : in the house is the picture of the Dragon and Moor of Moor-Hall, and near it a well, which, says he, is the one described in the ballad.

†† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following " Key to the Satire," hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire ; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Warncliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster ; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family : who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more : for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the *modus* in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was

part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq., from Queen Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, 3d son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit carried on concerning this claim of tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:" which are tithenble things, the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack." The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's

house hard by it." The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor Court at Oxspring, and pays a rose a year. "More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley." He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect, nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. "The poor children three," &c., cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been coheireses, had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo. Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N. B. The "two days and a night," mentioned in ver. 125, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

#### XIV.

### St. George for England.

#### THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here

for the sake of connecting it with the Second Part.

WHY doe you boast of Arthur and his  
knights,  
Knowing 'well' how many men have en-  
dured fightes?  
For besides King Arthur, and Lancelot du  
lake,  
Or Sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for  
ladies sake;

Read in old histories, and there you shall  
see  
How St. George, St. George the dragon  
made to flee.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he  
rescued Lot

Onely with his household, what conquest  
there he got:

David was elected a prophet and a king,  
He slew the great Goliath, with a stone  
within a sling:

Yet these were not knightes of the table  
round;

Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon  
did confound.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to  
fight,

They conquered the Amorites, and put them  
all to flight;

Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines  
of Basse;

And Sampson slew a thousand with the  
jawbone of an asse,

And eke he threw a temple downe, and did  
a mighty spoyle:

But St. George, St. George he did the dra-  
gon foyle.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too  
long to tell,

And likewise of the Romans, how farre  
they did excell;

Hanniball and Scipio in many a felde did  
fighte:

Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knight:  
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome  
did builde:

But St. George, St. George the dragon made  
to yelde.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish  
king,

The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles  
in did bring:\*

He had a troupe of mighty knightes, when  
first he did begin,

Which sought adventures farre and neare,  
that conquest they might win;

The ranks of the Pagans he often put to  
flight:

But St. George, St. George did with the  
dragon fight.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knightes' have fought with proud  
Tamberlaine:

Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did main-  
taine:

Rowland of Beame, and good 'Sir' Oli-  
vere

In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and  
beare:

Besides that noble Hollander, 'Sir' Goward  
with the hill:

But St. George, St. George the dragon's  
blood did spill.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of King Pepin's  
blood:

Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes  
and good:

The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd  
Charlemaine:

Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of  
Bullaine:

These were all French knightes that lived  
in that age:

But St. George, St. George the dragon did  
assuage.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

\* This probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knight-  
hood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Al-  
phonso, King of Spain, . . . to wear a red ribband of three  
fingers breadth;" &c See Ames' Typog. p. 327.

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare, And then he crost beyond the seas to com- bat with the moore:	Besides his famous actos done in the holy lande:
Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes most bold;	But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told:	St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
There were many English knights that Pagans did convert:	Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>
But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.	Henry the fifth he conquered all France, And quarter'd their arms, his honour to advance;
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;	He their cities razed, and threw their cas- tles downe,
Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
The noble Earl of Warwick, that was call'd Sir Guy,	He thumped the French-men, and after home he came;
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;	But St. George, St. George he did the dra- gon tame.
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death	St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Of that most ghastly dun cove, the divell of Dunsmore heath;	Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas:	St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.	St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;	St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:
Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,	For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine:
He the lion gored with his naked hand:*	But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
The false Duke of Austria nothing did he feare;	St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;	Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>

## XV

## St. George for England,

## THE SECOND PART,

—Was written by John Grubb, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university

\* Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this king in the old romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to the Third Series.

had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of George; their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's day. Our Author solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condi-



tion, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.\*

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript; at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

EXPOSTULATIUNCULA, sive QUERIMONIUNCULA ad ANTONIUM [ATHERTON] ob Poema JOHANNIS GRUBB

Viri σου ωανν ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum edit.

TONY! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,

Τουνομα σου shall last, Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες αει,

Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a Efficit heroas, dignamque heroæ puellam.

Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit ale-a Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris Quem vocitant Homines, Brandy, Superi Cherry-brandy,

Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small-cut flare Tobacco Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si generosior herba (Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum) Mundungus desit, tum non funeare recusant Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod fit arundine bed-mat.

Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascedere sedes!

Ast ego quo rapiar? quo me feret entheus ardor,

Grubbe tui memorem? Divinum expande poema.

Quæ mora? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser

Virgili, Flaccique simul canat inter olores?

\* To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies in which the stanzas are arranged alike: he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them: they are here printed with many improvements.

At length the impertunity of his friends prevailed, and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford under the following title:

THE BRITISH HEROES,  
A New Poem in honour of St. George,  
By Mr. JOHN GRUBB,  
School-master of Christ-Church.  
OXON. 1688.

*Parete lingua: carmina non prius  
Audita, musarum sacerdos*

*Canto.*— *IIOR.*  
Sold by Henry Clements. Oxon.

THE story of King Arthur old  
Is very memorable,  
The number of his valiant knights,  
And roundness of his table:  
The knights around his table in 5  
A circle sate, d'ye see:  
And altogether made up one  
Large hoop of chivalry.  
He had a sword, both broad and sharp,  
Y-cleped Caliburn, 10  
Would cut a flint more easily  
Than pen-knife cuts a corn;  
As case-knife does a capon carve,  
So would it carve a rock  
And split a man at single slash, 15  
From noddle down to neck.  
As Roman Augur's steel of yore  
Dissected Tarquin's riddle,  
So this would cut both conjurer  
And whetstone thro' the middle. 20  
He was the cream of Brecknock,  
And flower of all the Welsh:  
But George he did the dragon fell,  
And gave him a plaguy squelsh  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France; 25  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,  
Was fed with milk of goat;  
And like him made a noble shield  
Of she-goat's shaggy coat: 30  
On top of burnisht helmet he  
Did wear a crest of leeks;  
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod  
Drew tears down hostile cheeks.  
Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,  
And very prone to ire; 36  
If 'was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,  
And would as soon take fire,

As brimstone he took inwardly When scurf gave him occasion, His postern puff of wind was a Sulphureous exhalation. The Briton never tergivers'd, But was for adverse drubbing, And never turn'd his back to aught, But to a post for scrubbing. His sword would serve for battle, or For dinner, if you please; When it had slain a Cheshire man, 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese. He wounded, and, in their own blood, Did anabaptize Pagans: But George he made the dragon an Example to all dragons. St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	40       45    50    55
Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time, Challeng'd a gyant savage; And stroight came out the unwieldy lout Brim-full of wrath and cabbage: He had a phiz of latitude, And was full thick i' th' middle; The cheeks of puffed trumpeter, And paunch of squire Beadle.* But the knight fell'd him like an oak, And did upon his back tread; The valiant knight his weazon cut, And Atropos his packthread. Besides he fought with a dun cow, As say the poets witty, A dreadful dun, and horned too, Like dun of Oxford city: The fervent dog-days made her mad, By causing heat of weather, Syrius and Procyon baited her, As bull-dogs did her father: Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast E'er of her frolick hindred; John Dossett† she'd knock down as flat, As John knocks down her kindred: Her heels would lay ye all along, And kick into a swoon; Frewin's‡ cow-heels keep up your corpse, But hers would beat you down.	60       65       70    75    80
She vanquisht many a sturdy wight, And proud was of the honour; Was puff'd by mauling butchers so, As if themselves had blown her. At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy, But all that would not fright him; Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn, As if he'd gone to knight him. He let her blood, frenzy to cure, And eke he did her gall rip; His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit, Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib: He rear'd up the vast crooked rib, Instead of arch triumphal: But George hit th' dragon such a pelt, As made him on his bum fall. St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	85     90    96    100  St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>
Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow, The Turkish squadrons slew; And fetch'd the pagan crescent down, With half-moon made of yew: His trusty bow proud Turks did gall With showers of arrows thick, And bow-strings, without strangling, sent Grand-Visiers to old Nick: Much turbants, and much Pagan pates He made to humble in dust; And heads of Saracens he fixt On spear, as on a sign-post: He coop'd in cage Bajazet the prop Of Mahomet's religion, As if't had been the whispering bird, That prompted him, the pigeon. In Turkey-leather scabbard, he Did sheath his blade so trenchant: But George he swing'd the dragon's tail, And cut off every inch on't. St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	105       110  115     120    St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>
The amazon Thalestris was Both beautiful and bold; She sear'd her breasts with iron hot, And bang'd her foes with cold. Her hand was like the tool, wherewith Jove keeps proud mortals under: It shone just like his lightning, And batter'd like his thunder. Her eye darts lightning, that would blast The proudest he that swagger'd.	125    130

\* Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

† A butcher that then served the college.

‡ A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-hoof and tripe.

- And melt the rapier of his soul, 135  
In its corporeal scabbard.  
Her beauty, and her drum to foes  
Did cause amazement double;  
As timorous larks amazed are  
With light and with a low-bell: 140  
With beauty, and that lapland charm,\*  
Poor men she did bewitch all;  
Still a blind whining lover had,  
As Pallas had her serich-owl.  
She kept the chastness of a nun 145  
In armour, as in cloyster:  
But George undid the dragon just  
As you'd undo an oister.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France;  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 150  
Stout Hercules was offspring of  
Great Jove and fair Alcmena:  
One part of him celestial was,  
One part of him terrene.  
To scale the hero's cradle walls 155  
Two fiery snakes combin'd,  
And, curling into swaddling cloaths,  
About the infant twin'd;  
But he put out these dragons' fires,  
And did their hissing stop; 160  
As red-hot iron with hissing noise  
Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.  
He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down  
The horses of new-comers;  
And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame 165  
As Tom Wrench† does cucumbers.  
He made a river help him through;  
Alpheus was under-groom;  
The stream, disgust at office mean,  
Ran murmuring thro' the room: 170  
This liquid ostler to prevent  
Being tired with that long work,  
His father Neptune's trident took,  
Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.  
This Hercules, as soldier, and 175  
As spinster, could take pains;  
His club would sometimes spin ye flax,  
And sometimes knock out brains:  
If' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift  
By Juno's wrath and her-spice; 180  
Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,  
As cook whips barking turn-spit.  
From man, or churn, he well knew how  
To get him lasting fame:
- He'd pound a giant, till the blood, 185  
And milk till butter came,  
Often he fought with huge battoon,  
And oftentimes he boxed;  
Tapt a fresh monster once a month,  
As Hervey‡ doth fresh hog'shead. 190  
He gave Anteus such a hug,  
As wrestlers give in Cornwall:  
But George he did the dragon kill,  
As dead as any door-nail.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis  
was for France; 195  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*  
The Gemini, sprung from an egg,  
Were put into a cradle:  
Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,  
Were often-times full addle: 200  
And, scarcely hatched, these sons of him,  
That hurls the bolt trisulcate,  
With helmet-shell on tender head,  
Did tattle with red-ey'd pole-cat,  
Castor a horseman, Pollux tho' 205  
A boxer was, I wist:  
The one was fam'd for iron heel:  
Th' other for leaden fist.  
Pollux to shew he was a god,  
When he was in a passion 210  
With fist made noses fall down flat  
By way of adoration:  
This fist, as sure as French disease,  
Demolish'd noses' ridges:  
He, like a certain lord† was fam'd 215  
For breaking down of bridges.  
Castor the flame of fiery steed  
With well-spur'd hoofs took down;  
As men, with leathern buckets, quench  
A fire in country town. 220  
His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,  
Is sung on oaten quill;  
By bards' immortal provender  
The nag surviveth still.  
This shelly brood on none but knaves 225  
Employ'd their brisk artillery:  
And flew as naturally at rogues,  
As eggs at thief in pillory.‡

\* A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

† Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges at and out Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102. Lond. 1713.

‡ It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that this was a popular subject at that time:

Not cur'd Dawd, or Dan de Foe,  
In wooden Ruffere bluster'd so.

Smith's Poems, p. 117

\* The drum.

† Who kept Paradise Gardens at Oxford.

Much sweat they spent in furious fight, Much blood they did effund: 230 Their whites they vented thro' the pores; Their yolks thro' gaping wound; Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust To make a heavenly sign; The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd, And then hung up to shine; 236 Such were the heavenly double-Dicks The sons of Jove and Tyndar: But George he cut the dragon up, As he had bin duck or windar. 240 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	Prickt but the wem, and out there came 275 Heroic guts and garbidge. Legs were secur'd by iron boots No more than peas by peascods: Brass helmets, with inclos'd skulls, Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts. His tawny hairs erected were 281 By rage, that was resistless; And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax, Did stiffen his rising bristles. His tusks lay'd dogs so dead asleep, 285 Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'am: It made them vent both their last blood, And their last album-green. But the knight gor'd him with his spear, To make of him a tame one, 290 And arrows thick, instead of cloves, He stuck in monster's gammon. For monumental pillar, that His victory might be known, He raised up, in cylindric form, 295 A collar of the brawn. He sent his shade to shades below, In Stygian mud to wallow; And eke the stout St. George eftsoon, He made the dragon follow. 300 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>
Gorgon a twisted adder wore For knot upon her shoulder: She kemb'd her hissing periwig, 245 And curling snakes did powder. These snakes they made stiff changelings Of all the folks they hist on; They turned barbars into hones, And masons into free-stone: 250 Sworded magnetic Amazon Her shield to load-stone changes; Then amorous sword by magic belt Clung fast unto her haunches. This shield long village did protect, 255 And kept the army from town, And chang'd the bullies into rocks, That came t' invade Long-Compton.* She post-diluvian stores unmans, And Pyrrha's work unravels; 260 And stares Deucalion's hardy boys Into their primitive pebbles. Red noses she to rubies turns, And noddles into bricks: But George mado dragon laxative; 265 And gave him a bloody fliz. St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, <i>Honi soit qui mal y pense.</i>	Achilles of old Chiron learnt The great horse for to ride; H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part, 305 The hinnible to bestride. Bright silver feet, and shining face Had that stout hero's mother; As rapier's silver'd at one end, And wounds you at the other. 310 Her feet were bright, his fact were swift, As hawk pursuing sparrow: Her's had the metal, his the speed Of Braburn's* silver arrow. Thetis to double pedagogue 315 Commits her dearest boy; Who bred him from a slender twig To be the scourge of Troy; But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was In Stygian waters steep't; 320 As birch is soaked first in piss, When boys are to be whipt.
By boar-spear Meleager got An everlasting name, 270 And out of haunch of basted swine, He hew'd eternal fame. This beast each hero's tronzers ript, And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,	

\* See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plot's Hist. of Oxfordshire.

\* Bradburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford.

With skin exceeding hard, he rose  
 From lake, so black and muddy,  
 As lobsters from the ocean rise, 325  
 With shell about their body :  
 And, as from lobster's broken claw,  
 Pick out the fish you might ;  
 So might you from one unshell'd heel  
 Dig pieces of the knight. 330  
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns  
 And hen-roosts, says the song ;  
 Carried away both corn and eggs,  
 Like ants from whence they sprung.  
 Himself tore Hector's pantaloons, 335  
 And sent him down bare-breec'h'd  
 To pedant Radamanthus, in  
 A posture to be switch'd.  
 But George he made the dragon look,  
 As if he had been bewitch'd. 340  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis  
 was for France ;  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.  
 Full fatal to the Romans was  
 The Carthaginian Hanni-  
 bal ; him I mean, who gave them such 345  
 A devilish thump at Cannæ :  
 Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,  
 Stood on the Alpes's front :  
 Their one-eyed guide,\* like blinking mole,  
 Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount : 350  
 Who, baffled by the massy rock,  
 Took vinegar for relief ;  
 Like plowmen, when they hew their way  
 Thro' stubborn rump of beef.  
 As dancing louts from humid toes 355  
 Cast atoms of ill savour  
 To blinking Hyatt,† when on vile crowd  
 He merriment does endeavour,  
 And saws from suffering timber out  
 Some wretched tune to quiver : 360  
 So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight  
 Of African carnivor.  
 The tawny surface of his phiz  
 Did serve instead of vizzard :  
 But George he made the dragon have 365  
 A grumbling in his gizzard.  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis  
 was for France ;  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.  
 The valour of Domitian,  
 It must not be forgotten ; 370

\* Hannibal had but one eye.

† A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them ; well known at that time in Oxford.

Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,  
 Protected veal and mutton.  
 A squadron of flies errant,  
 Against the foe appears ;  
 With regiments of buzzing knights, 375  
 And swarms of volunteers :  
 The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em  
 With animating hum ;  
 And the loud brazen hornet next,  
 He was their kettle-drum : 380  
 The Spanish Don Cantharido  
 Did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight  
 Full many a plaguy blister.  
 A bee whipt thro' his button-hole, 385  
 As thro' key-hole a witch,  
 And stabb'd him with her little tuck  
 Drawn out of scabbard breech :  
 But the undaunted knight lifts up  
 An arm both big and brawny, 390  
 And slasht her so, that here lay head,  
 And there lay bag and honey :  
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,  
 As weapon made by Cyclops,  
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz, 395  
 By dint of massy fly-flops.  
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,  
 And maggots too at Caesar :  
 But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,  
 And Askelon\* was his razor. 400  
 St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis  
 was for France ;  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humorously enumerated in the following distich :

Alma novem genuit célebres Rhælycina  
 postas  
 Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young,  
 Carey, Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe), Dr. Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp, the poetry-professor, Dr. Edw. Young, the author of *Night-Thoughts*, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq., and Dr. Evans, the epigrammatist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can

\* The name of St. George's sword.

learn farther of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, "de Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis." He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671: and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church; and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following epitaph:

H. S. E.

JOHANNES GRUBB, A. M.

Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi  
Anno Dom. 1645.

Cujus variam in linguis notitiam,  
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriad,  
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxonium.

Ibi enim Ædi Christi initiatus,  
artus excoluit:

Pueros ad easdem mox excolendas  
accuratè formavit:

Huc demum  
unanîni omnium consensu accitus,  
eandem suscepit provinciam,  
quam feliciter adeo absolvit,  
ut nihil optandum sit  
nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset?

Fuit enim  
propter festivam ingenii suavitatem,  
simplicem morum candorem, et  
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam  
omnibus desideratissimus,  
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno D'ni, 1697,  
Ætatis suæ 51.

## XVI.

### Margaret's Ghost.

THIS ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq., who in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in page 359, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

"These lines, says he, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.,

"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep," &c.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet;  
In glided Margaret's grisly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud:  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown: 10  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek, 15  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She dy'd before her time. 20

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save.

<p>"This is the dark and dreary hour      25  When injur'd ghosts complain;  Now yawning graves give up their dead,  To haunt the faithless swain.</p>	<p>"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!  A long and last adieu!  Come see, false man, how low she lies,      55  Who died for love of you."</p>
<p>"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  Thy pledge and broken oath:      30  And give me back my maiden vow,  And give me back my troth.</p>	<p>The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd  With beams of rosy red:  Pale William shook in every limb,  And raving left his bed.      60</p>
<p>"Why did you promise love to me,  And not that promise keep?  Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,  Yet leave those eyes to weep?      36</p>	<p>He byed him to the fatal place  Where Margaret's body lay:  And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  That wrapt her breathless clay?</p>
<p>"How could you say my face was fair,  And yet that face forsake?  How could you win my virgin heart,  Yet leave that heart to break?      40</p>	<p>And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  And thrice he wept full sore:      66  Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  And word spake never more.</p>
<p>"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  And made the scarlet pale?  And why did I, young witless maid,  Believe the flattering tale?</p>	<p>* * In a late publication, entitled "The Friends, &amp;c.," Lond., 1773, 2 vols 12mo. (in the first volume), is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the Editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it, as here given.—But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.</p>
<p>"That face, alas! no more is fair;      45  These lips no longer red:  Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  And every charm is fled.</p>	
<p>"The hungry worm my sister is;  This winding-sheet I wear:      50  And cold and weary lasts our night,  Till that last morn appear.</p>	

## XVII.

## Lucy and Colin

—Was written by Thomas Tickell, Esq., the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and Editor of his works. He was the son of a Clergyman in the North of England; had his education at Queen's College, Oxon; was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state: and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a

poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.

Of Leinster, lam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;  
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair:  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
That solemn hoding sound;  
And thus in dying words, bespoke  
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,  
In early youth I die.  
Am I to blame, because his bride  
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;  
Vows due to me alone:  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare  
But know, fond maid, and know, false youth,  
That Lucy will be there. 40

"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet; 46  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?  
How were those nuptials kept? 50  
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell:  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow, 55  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)  
The varying crimson fled,  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead. 60

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her beneath one sod,  
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind 65  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whos'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear; 70  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.



## XVIII.

*The Boy and the Mantle.*

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

MR. WARTON, in his ingenious *Observations on Spenser*, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the "Boy and the Mantle" is taken from an old French piece entitled "*Le Court Mantel*," quoted by M. de St. Palaye, in his curious "*Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*," Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo.; who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance; but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the *Memoires*) that of the *Ballad* does not bear the least resemblance. After all, 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning King Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See *Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscript.*, tom. xx., p. 352.

In the "*Fabliaux ou Contes*," 1781, 5 tom. 12mo., of M. Le Grand (tom. I., p. 54), is printed a modern Version of the Old Tale *Le Court Mantel*, under a new title, *Le Manteau maltaillé*, which contains the story of this *Ballad* much enlarged, so far as regards the Mantle, but without any mention of the Knife or the Horn.

In Carleile dwelt King Arthur,  
A prince of passing might;  
And there maintain'd his table round,  
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas 5  
With mirth and princely cheare,  
When, lo! a strange and cunning boy  
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle 10  
This boy had him upon,  
With brooches, rings, and owches,  
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk  
About his middle meet;  
And thus with seemely curtesy, 15  
He did King Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave King Arthur,  
Thus feasting in thy howre;  
And Guenever thy goodly queen,  
That fair and peerlesse flowre. 20

"Ye gallant lords, and lordings,  
I wish you all take heed,  
Lest, what you deem a blooming rose  
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome 25  
A little wand he drew;  
And with it eke a mantle  
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thou here, King Arthur,  
Have this here of mee, 30  
And give unto thy comely queen,  
All-shapen as you see.

"No wife it shall become,  
That once hath been to blame."  
Then every knight in Arthur's court 35  
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came Lady Guenever,  
The mantle she must trye,  
This dame, she was new-fangled,  
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,  
And all was with it cladde,  
From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45  
Another while too short,  
And wrinkled on her shoulders  
In most unseemly sort,

Now green, now red it seemed, Then all of sable hue. "Beshrew me quoth King Arthur, I think thou beest not true."	50	A saint his lady seemed, With step demure and slow, And gravely to the mantle With mincing pace doth goe.	55
Down she threw the mantle, Ne longer would not stay; But storming like a fury, To her chamber flung away.	55	When she the same had taken, That was so fine and thin, It shrivell'd all about her, And show'd her dainty skin.	100
She curst the whoreson weaver, That had the mantle wrought: And doubly curst the froward impe, Who thither had it brought.	60	Ah! little did her mincing, Or his long prayers bestead; She had no more hung on her, Than a tassel and a thread.	
"I had rather live in desarts Beneath the green-wood tree: Than here, base king, among thy groomes, The sport of them and thee."		Down she throwe the mantle, With terror and dismay, And, with a face of scarlet, To her chamber hyed away.	105
Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, And bade her to come near: "Yet dame if thou be guilty, I pray thee now forbear."	65	Sir Cradock call'd his lady, And bade her to come neare; "Come win this mantle, lady, And do me credit here.	110
This lady, pertly gigling, With forward step came on, And boldly to the little boy With fearless face is gone.	70	"Come win this mantle, lady, For now it shall be thine, If thou hast never done amiss, Sith first I made thee mine."	115
When she had tane the mantle, With purpose for to wear: It shrunk up to her shoulder, And left her b <sup>e</sup> side bare.	75	The lady gently blushing, With modest grace came on, And now to trye the wondrous charm Courageously is gone.	120
Then every merry knight, That was in Arthur's court, Gib'd and laught, and flouted, To see that pleasant sport.	80	When she had tane the mantle, And put it on her backe, About the hem it seemed To wrinkle and to cracke.	
Downe she threw the mantle, No longer hold or gay, But with a face all pale and wan, To her chamber slunk away.		"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle! And shame me not for nought, I'll freely own whate'er amiss, Or blameful I have wrought.	125
Then forth came an old knight, A pattering o'er his creed; And proffered to the little boy Five nobles to his mead;	85	"Once I kist Sir Cradocke Beneathe the green wood tree: Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth Before he married mee."	130
"And all the time of Christmas Plumb-porridge shall be thine, If thou wilt let my lady fair Within the mantle shine."	90	When thus she had her shriven, And her worst fault had told, The mantle soon became her Right comely as it shold.	135

Most rich and fair of colour,  
Like gold it glittering shone:  
And much the knights in Arthur's court  
Admir'd her every one. 140

Then towards King Arthur's table  
The boy he turn'd his eye:  
Where stood a boar's head garnished  
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head 145  
His little wand had drawne,  
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife  
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed  
On whetstone, and on hone: 150  
Some threwe them under the table,  
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradoek had a little knife,  
Of steel and iron made;  
And in an instant thro' the skull 155  
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade  
Full easily and fast;  
And every knight in Arthurs court  
A morsel had to taste. 160

The boy brought forth a horne,  
All golden was the rim:  
Said he, "No cuckolde ever can  
Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne 165  
Lift fairly to his head;  
But or on this, or that side,  
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh; 170  
And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,  
Was known of every man:  
But Cradoek lifted easily, 175  
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle,  
Were this fair couple's meed;  
And all such constant lovers,  
God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,  
And thus could spiteful say,

"Sir Cradoek's wife most wrongfully  
Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman, 185  
That makes herself so clean:  
Yet from her pillow taken  
Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,  
Have her lewd pillow prest: 190  
Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth  
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,  
Who had the same in hold:  
"Chastize thy wife, King Arthur, 195  
Of speecch she is too bold:

"Of speecch she is too bold,  
Of carriage all too free;  
Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
A cuckold made of thee. 200

"All frolick light and wanton  
She hath her carriage borne:  
And given thee for a kingly crown  
To wear a cuckold's horne."

\* \* \*

\* \* \* The Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, 4to., affirmed that the story of the "Boy and the Mantle," is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS., of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.

CARLEILE, so often mentioned in the Ballads of King Arthur, the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of CAER-LEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of King Arthur's chief residence; but he is now convinced that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland; the old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North: and many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there; as *Tearne-Walling*, &c.

Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table.

## XIX.

*The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine.*

THE Second Poem in the Third Series, entitled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine," having been offered to the reader with large conjectural Supplements and Corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata; that such austere Antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate Reciters and Transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This Ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE Arthur liues in merry Carleile  
and seemely is to see  
and there he hath w<sup>th</sup> him Queene Genev<sup>r</sup>  
y<sup>t</sup> bride so bright of blee

And there he hath w<sup>th</sup> him Quenee Genever  
y<sup>t</sup> bride soe bright in bower  
& all his barons about him stooode  
y<sup>t</sup> were both stiffe and stowre

The K. kept a royall Christmass  
of mirth & great honor  
.. when ..

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

And bring me word what thing it is  
y<sup>e</sup> a woman most desire  
this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes  
for Ile haue noe other hier

K. Arthur then held vp his hand  
according thence as was the law  
he tooke his leane of the baron there  
and homword can he draw

And when he came to Merry Carlile  
to his chamber he is gone  
And ther came to him his Cozen S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine  
as he did make his mone

And there came to him his Cozen S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine\*  
y<sup>t</sup> was a curteous knight  
why sigh, yo<sup>n</sup> soe sore vnecke Arthur he said  
or who hath done the vnright

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine  
y<sup>t</sup> faire may thee be fall  
for if thou knew my sighing soe deope  
thou wold not meruaile att all

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling  
a bold barron there I fand  
w<sup>th</sup> a great club vpon his backe  
standing stiffe & strong

And he asked me wether I wold fight  
or from him I shold be gone  
o\* else I must him a ransome pay  
& soe dep't him from

To fight w<sup>th</sup> him I saw noe cause  
me thought it was not meet  
for he was stiffe and strong w<sup>th</sup> all  
his strokes were nothing swete

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine  
I ought to him to pay  
I must come againe as I am sworne  
vpon the Newyeers day

And I must bring him word what thing it is  
[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

Then King Arthur drest him for to ryde  
in one soe rich array  
towards the foresaid Tearne wadling  
y<sup>t</sup> he might keepe his day

And as he rode over a more  
hec see a lady where shee sate

betwixt an oke and a greene hollen  
she was cladd in red scarlett

Then there as shold have stood her mouth  
then there was sett her eye  
the other was in her forehead fast  
the way that she might see

If her nose was crooked & turnd outward  
her mouth stood foule a wry  
a worse formed lady the shee was  
neuerman saw w<sup>th</sup> his eye

To halch vpon him k. Arthur  
this lady was full faine  
but k. Arthur had forgott his lesson  
what he should say againe

What knight art thou the lady sayd  
that wilt not speake to me  
of me thou nothing dismayd  
tho I be vgly to see

for I haue halched yo<sup>e</sup> courteouslye  
& yo<sup>e</sup> will not me againe  
yett I may happen S<sup>r</sup> knight shee said  
to ease thee of thy paine

Giue thou ease me lady he said  
or helpe me any thing  
thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen  
& marry him w<sup>th</sup> a ring

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur  
of thy owne hearts desiringe  
of gentle Gawaine . . . .

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

And when he came to the tearne wadling  
the baron there cold he sride\*  
w<sup>th</sup> a great weapon on his backe  
standinge stiffe & stronge

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his  
hands  
& away he cold them fling  
& then he puld out a good browne sword  
& cryd himselfe a k.

And he sayd I haue thee & and thy land Ar-  
thur  
to doe as it pleaseth me  
for this is not thy ransome sure  
therfore yeeld thee to me

And then bespoke him noble Arthur  
& bade him hold his hands  
& give me leave to speake my mind  
in defence of all my land

the<sup>e</sup> said as I came over a More  
I see a lady where shee sate  
betweene an oke & a green hollen  
shee was clad in red scarlette

And shee says a woman will haue her will  
& this is all her cheef desire  
doe me right as thou art a baron of skill  
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

He sayes an early vengeance light on her  
shee walkes on yonder more  
it was my sister that told thee this  
shee is a misshapen hore

But heer He make mine avow to god  
to do her an euill turne  
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get  
in a fyer I will her burne

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

#### THE SECOND PART.

Sir Lancelott & s<sup>r</sup> Steven hold  
they rode w<sup>th</sup> them that day  
and the foremost of the company  
there rode the steward Kay

Soe did S<sup>r</sup> Banier & S<sup>r</sup> Boro  
S<sup>r</sup> Garrett w<sup>th</sup> them so gay  
soe did S<sup>r</sup> Tristeram y<sup>e</sup> gentle k<sup>t</sup>  
to the forrest fresh & gay

And when he came to the greene forrest  
vnderneath a greene holly tree  
their sate that lady in red scarlet  
y<sup>e</sup> vnseemly was to see

S<sup>r</sup> Kay beheld this Ladys face  
& looked vpon her suire  
whosoever kisses this lady he sayes  
of his kisse he stands in feare

S<sup>r</sup> Kay beheld the lady againe  
& looked vpon her snout  
whosoever kisses this lady he saies  
of his kisse he stands in doubt

Peace coz. Kay then said Sr Gawaine  
amend thee of thy life  
for there is a knight amongst us all  
y<sup>t</sup> must marry her to his wife

What wold her to wiffe then said Sr Kay  
in the diuells name anon  
gett me a wiffe where ere I may  
for I had rather be slaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast  
& some tooke vp their hounds  
& some sware they wold not marry her  
for Citty nor for towne

And then he spake him noble k. Arthur  
& sware there by this day  
for a litle foule sight & misliking

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine  
truth as I doe say  
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine  
w<sup>th</sup> one soe mild of moode  
sayes well I know what I wold say  
god grant it may be good

To haue thee fowle in the night  
when I w<sup>th</sup> thee shold play  
yet I had rather if I might  
haue thee fowle in the day

What when Lords goe w<sup>th</sup> ther seires\* shee  
said

both to the Ale and wine  
alas then I must hyde my selfe  
I must not goe withinne

And then bespake him gentle gawaine  
said lady thats but a skill  
And because thou art my owne lady  
thou shalt haue all thy will

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine  
this day y<sup>t</sup> I thee see  
for as thou see me att this time  
from hencforth I wilbe

My father was an old knight  
& yett it chanced soe  
that he married a younge lady  
y<sup>t</sup> brought me to this woe

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady  
to the greene forrest to dwell  
& there I must walke in womans liknesse  
most like a feeind of hell

She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . .

[About Nine Stanzas wanting.]

that looked soe foule & that was wont  
on the wild more to goe

Come kisse her Brother Kay then said Sr Ga-  
waine  
& amend the of thy liffe  
I sweare this is the same lady  
y<sup>t</sup> I marryed to my wiffe.

Sr Kay kissed that lady bright  
standing vpon his ffeete  
he swore as he was trew knight  
the spice was neuer so sweete

Well Coz. Gawaine says Sr Kay  
thy chance is fallen arright  
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
I euer saw w<sup>th</sup> my sight

It is my fortune said Sr Gawaine  
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine  
great Joy that I may take

Sr Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme  
Sr Kay tooke her by the tother  
they led her straight to k. Arthur  
as they were brother & brothor

K. Arthur welcomed them there all  
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene  
w<sup>th</sup> all the knights of the round table  
most seemly to be seene

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire  
that was soe faire & bright  
he thanked christ in trinity  
for Sr Gawaine that gentle knight

\* Sic In MS. pro seires, l. e. Mates.

Soe did the knights both more and lesse  
reioyced all that day  
for the good chance y<sup>e</sup> hapened was  
to S<sup>r</sup> Guwayne & his lady gay. Finis

In the Fac Simile Copies, after all the care  
which has been taken, it is very possible that  
a redundant e, &c., may have been added or  
omitted.

### The Hermit of Warkworth.

THIS ballad, together with that already  
printed, entitled "The Friar of Orders Gray,"  
forming what may be considered the whole  
of Bishop Percy's original compositions, is  
here appended as a necessary addition to the  
foregoing collection.

#### FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,  
And loud the torrent's roar ;  
And loud the sea was heard to dash  
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,  
The lonely Hermit lay ;  
When, lo ! he heard a female voice  
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,  
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;  
And snatching up a lighted brand,  
Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree  
A beauteous maid he found,  
Who beat her breast, and with her tears  
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

"O weep not, lady, weep not so ;  
Nor let vain fears alarm ;  
My little cell shall shelter thee,  
And keep thee safe from harm."

"It is not for myself I weep,  
Nor for myself I fear ;  
But for my dear and only friend,  
Who lately left me here :

"And while some shelt'ring bower he  
sought

"O! trust in heaven," the Hermit said,  
"And to my cell repair !  
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,  
And ease thee of thy care."

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,  
He scales the cliff so high ;  
And calls aloud, and waves his light  
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,  
With careful steps and slow :  
At length a voice return'd his call,  
Quick answering from below :

"O tell me, father, tell me true,  
If you have chanc'd to see  
A gentle maid, I lately left  
Beneath some neighbouring tree."

"But either I have lost the place,  
Or she hath gone astray :  
And much I fear this fatal stream  
Hath snatch'd her hence away."

"Praise Heaven, my son," the Hermit said ;  
"The lady's safe and well :"  
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,  
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends,  
They lov'd each other dear :  
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;  
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,  
Beheld so sweet a pair :  
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;  
She, slender, soft, and fair.

She in a silken robe and scarf,  
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage;  
"Sweet rest your limbs require:"  
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,  
And mends his little fire.

"Partake," he said, "my simple store,  
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;"  
And spreading all upon the board,  
Invites with kindly words.

"Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;"  
The youthful couple say:  
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,  
And talk'd their cares away.

"Now say, my children (for perchance  
My counsel may avail),  
What strange adventure brought you here  
Within this lonely dale?"

"First tell me, father," said the youth  
"(Nor blame mine eager tongue),  
What town is near? Whose lands are these?  
And to what lord belong?"

"Alas! my son," the Hermit said,  
"Why do I live to say,  
The rightful lord of these domains  
Is banish'd far away?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows  
On this my lowly hall,  
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North  
Our youthful lord did call)

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke  
Led up his northern powers,  
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life  
Near proud Salopin's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,  
His country's hope and heir;  
And, oh! to save him from his foes  
It was his grandsire's care.

"In Scotland safe he plac'd the child  
Beyond the reach of strife,  
Nor long before the brave old Earl  
At Braham lost his life.

"And now the Percy name, so long  
Our northern pride and boast,

Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;  
Their honours rest and lost.

"No chieftain of that noble house  
Now leads our youth to arms;  
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,  
And ravage all our farms.

"Their halls and castles, once so fair,  
Now moulder in decay;  
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,  
And bear their wealth away.

"Not far from hence, where yon full stream  
Runs winding down the lea,  
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,  
And overlooks the sea.

"Those towers, alas! now lie forlorn,  
With noisome weeds o'erspread,  
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,  
And where the poor were fed.

"Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills,  
The Percy lives unknown:  
On strangers' bounty he depends,  
And may not claim his own.

"O might I with these aged eyes  
But live to see him here,  
Then should my soul depart in bliss!"—  
He said, and dropt a tear.

"And is the Percy still so lov'd  
Of all his friends and thee?  
Then, bless me, father," said the youth,  
"For I, thy guest, am he."

Silent he gazed, then turn'd aside  
To wipe the tears he shed;  
And lifting up his hands and eyes,  
Pour'd blessings on his head:

"Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,  
Thy country's hope and care:  
But who may this young lady be,  
That is so wondrous fair?"

"Now, father! listen to my tale,  
And thou shalt know the truth:  
And let thy sage advice direct  
My inexperience'd youth.



"In Scotland I've been nobly bred  
Beneath the Regent's\* hand,  
In feats of arms and every lore  
To fit me for command.

"With fond impatience long I burn'd  
My native land to see:  
At length I won my guardian friend,  
To yield that boon to me.

"Then up and down in hunter's garb  
I wander'd as in chase,  
Till in the noble Neville's† house  
I gain'd a hunter's place.

"Some time with him I liv'd unknown,  
Till I'd the hap so rare  
To please this young and gentle dame,  
That Baron's daughter fair."

"Now, Percy," said the blushing maid,  
"The truth I must reveal;  
Souls great and generous, like to thine,  
Their noble deeds conceal.

"It happen'd on a summer's day,  
Led by the fragrant breeze,  
I wander'd forth to take the air  
Among the greenwood trees.

"Sudden a band of rugged Scots,  
That near in ambush lay,  
Moss-troopers from the border-side,  
There seiz'd me for their prey.

"My shrieks had all been spent in vain;  
But Heaven, that saw my grief,  
Brought this brave youth within my call,  
Who flew to my relief.

"With nothing but his hunting spear,  
And dagger in his hand,  
He sprung like lightning on my foes,  
And caus'd them soon to stand.

"He fought till more assistance came:  
The Scots were overthrown:  
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,  
To make me more his own."

"O happy day!" the youth replied:  
"Blest were the wounds I bear!  
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,  
' And listen to my prayer.

"And when she knew my name and birth,  
She vow'd to be my bride;  
But oh! we fear'd (alas, the while!)  
Her princely mother's pride:

"Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,\*  
Our house's ancient foe,  
To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,  
Could ne'er such favour show.

"Despairing then to gain consent,  
At length to fly with me  
I won this lovely timorous maid;  
To Scotland bound are we.

"This evening, as the night drew on,  
Fearing we were pursued,  
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,  
And gain'd this lonely wood:

"Then lighting from our weary steeds  
To shun the pelting shower,  
We met thy kind conducting hand,  
And reach'd this friendly bower."

"Now rest ye both," the Hermit said;  
"Awhile your cares forego:  
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed:  
—We'll pass the night below."†

## FIT II.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,  
And every storm was fled:  
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,  
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,  
And cheer'd him with her sight;  
The youth consulting with his friend  
Had watch'd the livelong night.

\* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuation of Fordun's Scots Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the Bishopric of Durham.

\* Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

† Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

She in a silken robe and scarf,  
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage;  
"Sweet rest your limbs require:"  
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,  
And mends his little fire.

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Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;"  
And spreading all upon the board,  
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And to what lord belong?"

"Alas! my son," the Hermit said,  
"Why do I live to say,  
The rightful lord of these domains  
Is banish'd far away?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows  
On this my lowly hall,  
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North  
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And, stoutly fighting, lost his life  
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And, oh! to save him from his foes  
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Their honours reft and lost.

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What sweet surprise o'er power'd her breast!  
 Her cheek what blushes dyed,  
 When fondly he besought her there  
 To yield to be his bride!—

"Within this lonely hermitage  
 There is a chapel meet:  
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request  
 And make my bliss complete."

"O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,  
 Can I thy suit withstand?  
 When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,  
 Can I refuse my hand?"

"For thee I left a father's smiles,  
 And mother's tender care;  
 And whether weal or woe betide,  
 Thy lot I mean to share."

"And wilt thou then, O generous maid!  
 Such matchless favour show,  
 To share with me, a banish'd wight,  
 My peril, pain, or woe?"

"Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store  
 To crown thy constant breast:  
 For know, fond hope assures my heart  
 That we shall soon be blest."

"Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle\*  
 Surrounded by the sea;  
 There dwells a holy friar, well known  
 To all thy friends and thee;

"'Tis Father Bernard, so rever'd  
 For every worthy deed;  
 To Raby Castle he shall go,  
 And for us kindly plead."

"To fetch this good and holy man  
 Our reverend host is gone;  
 And soon, I trust, his pious hands  
 Will join us both in one."

Thus they in sweet and tender talk  
 The lingering hours beguile:  
 At length they see the hoary sage  
 Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd  
 He greets the noble pair,

And glad consents to join their hands  
 With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls  
 He kindly wends his way:  
 Meantime in love and dalliance sweet  
 They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,  
 The Hermitage they view'd,  
 Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,  
 And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,  
 All cut with nicest skill,  
 And piercing through a stony arch,  
 Ran winding up the hill:

There deck'd with many a flower and herb  
 His little garden stands;  
 With fruitful trees in shady rows,  
 All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,  
 Three sacred vaults he shows:  
 The chief, a chapel, neatly arch'd,  
 On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,  
 That should a chapel grace;  
 The lattice for confession fram'd,  
 And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text  
 Invites to godly fear;  
 And in a little scutcheon hung  
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth  
 Two easy steps ascend;  
 And near, a glimmering solemn light  
 Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb  
 All in the living stone;  
 On which a young and beauteous maid  
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,  
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;  
 A weeping warrior at her feet;  
 And near to these her crest.\*

\* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth-Abbey.

\* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c., here described, are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The clift, the vault, but chief the tomb  
Attract the wondering pair:  
Eager they ask, "What hapless dame  
Lies sculptur'd here so fair?"

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,  
For sorrow scarce could speak:  
At length he wip'd the trickling tears  
That all bedew'd his cheek.

"Alas! my children, human life  
Is but a vale of woe;  
And very mournful is the tale  
Which ye so fain would know!"

#### THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend  
In days of youthful fame;  
Yon distant hills were his domains,  
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,  
His friend was at his side;  
And many a skirmish with the Scots  
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,  
As fair as fair might be;  
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek  
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,  
Yon towers her dwelling-place;\*  
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,  
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,  
To this fair damsel came;  
But Bertram was her only choice;  
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,  
Her father soon consents;  
None but the beauteous maid herself  
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,  
Defers the blissful hour;  
And loves to try his constancy,  
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly priz'd,  
Which is too lightly won;  
And long shall rue that easy maid  
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast  
In Alnwick's princely hall;  
And there came lords, and there came  
knights,  
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,  
The castle rang around:  
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,  
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,  
All clad in robes of blue,  
With silver crescents on their arms  
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race  
They sung: their high command:  
How valiant Maufred o'er the seas  
First led his northern band.\*

Brave Galfred next to Normandy  
With venturous Rollo came;  
And, from his Norman castles won,  
Assum'd the Percy name.†

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet  
Lord William shipp'd his powers,  
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride  
With all her lands and towers.‡

Then journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and died;  
But first the silver crescent won,  
Some paynim Solhan's pride.

\* See Douglas's *Baronage*, p. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

‡ William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geoffrey de Percy, son of Maufred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Forte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, she (to use the words of the old Whitty Chronicle) wedded him that was very kind to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Hall MSS., vol. 126. He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

\* Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,  
The Queen's own brother wed,  
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,  
In princely Brabant bred ;\*

How he the Percy name reviv'd,  
And how his noble line,  
Still foremost in their country's cause,  
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the list'ning crowd  
Applaud the master's song,  
And deeds of arms and war became  
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,  
Their perils past recall :  
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair  
Stepp'd forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;  
And, kneeling on her knee,—  
“ Sir knight, the lady of thy love  
Hath sent this gift to thee.”

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,  
Well plaited many a fold ;  
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,  
The crest of burnish'd gold.

“ Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,  
And yields to be thy bride,  
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift  
Where sharpest blows are tried.

Young Bertram took the shining helm,  
And thrice he kiss'd the same :  
“ Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque  
With deeds of noblest fame.”

Lord Percy and his Barons bold,  
Then fix upon a day  
To scour the marches, late oppress,  
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills  
A thousand horse or more :

Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years  
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,  
And range the borders round :  
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale  
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den  
Hath heard the hunters' cries,  
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;  
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command  
A thousand warriors wait :  
And now the fatal hour drew on  
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths  
Advance before the rest ;  
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,  
And thus his friend address'd :

“ Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,  
Attack yon forward band ;  
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,  
Or perish by their hand.”

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent  
And spurr'd his eager steed,  
And calling on his lady's name,  
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks  
The livid lightning rends ;  
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks  
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,  
And keenly pierces through ;  
And many a tall and comely knight,  
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,  
They hem Sir Bertram round :  
But dauntless he repels their rage,  
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm  
Had well nigh won the field ;  
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,  
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,  
And reft his helm in twaine ;

\* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

That beauteous helm, his lady's gift!  
—His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall  
Amid th' unequal fight;  
"And now, my noble friends," he said,  
"Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,  
He o'er the warrior hung,  
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing  
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,  
Three times they quick retire;  
What force could stand his furious strokes,  
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part  
The battle rag'd amain;  
And many a lady wept her lord,  
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,  
There all their courage show'd;  
And all the field was strew'd with dead,  
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day  
The Scots reluctant yield,  
And, after wondrous valour shown,  
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,  
And weltering in his gore,  
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend  
To Wark's fair castle bore.\*

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's  
love,"  
Her father kindly said;  
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,  
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went; no daughter came,  
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;  
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,  
"Young maidens have their fears."

"Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,  
So soon as thou canst ride;

And she shall nurse thee in her bower,  
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,  
He bless'd the soothing sound;  
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,  
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

### PIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops  
Hung trembling on the tree,  
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose;  
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,  
Of courage firm and keen;  
And he would tend him on the way,  
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,  
By many a lonely tower;  
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night  
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd  
That wont to shine so bright;  
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd  
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,  
With voice so shrill and clear,—  
"What wight is this, that calls so loud,  
And knocks so boldly here?"

"'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,  
Come from his bed of care:  
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss  
To see thy lady fair."

"Now 'out, alas!" she loudly shriek'd;  
"Alas! how may this be?  
For six long days are gone and past  
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,  
And ready was he to fall;  
When now the drawbridge was let down,  
And gates were opened all.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone,  
Since she set out to thee;  
And sure, if no sad harm had happ'd,  
Long since thou wouldst her see."

\* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the River Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

"For when she heard thy grievous chance,  
She tore her hair, and cried,  
'Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,  
All through my folly and pride!

"And now to atone for my sad fault  
And his dear health regain,  
I'll go myself and nurse my love,  
And soothe his bed of pain.'

"Then mounted she her milk-white steed  
One morn at break of day;  
And two tall yeomen went with her,  
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,  
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:  
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest  
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;  
And with sad-boding heart  
Or ever the dawning of the day  
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide  
O'er Scottish hills to range;  
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;  
And all our dress we'll change.

"Some Scottish earl hath seiz'd my love,  
And borne her to his den;  
And ne'er will I tread English ground  
Till she's restor'd again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,  
O'er Scottish hills to range;  
And hide themselves in quaint disguise  
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,  
Most like a palmer poor,  
To halls and castles wanders round,  
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,  
With pipe so sweet and shrill;  
And wends to every tower and town,  
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,  
All sunk in deep despair,  
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,  
Who mark'd his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that ere I saw  
Are full of game and glee;  
But thou art sad and woe-begone!  
I marvel whence it be!"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,  
Whose grief afflicts my mind;  
His only child is stolen away,  
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son; perchance," he said,  
"Some tidings I may bear:  
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,  
Then heavenly comfort's near.

"Behind yon hills so steep and high,  
Down in a lowly glen,  
There stands a castle fair and strong,  
Far from the abode of men.

"As late I chanc'd to crave an alms,  
About this evening hour,  
Methought I heard a lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower.

"And when I ask'd what harm had happ'd,  
What lady sick there lay?  
They rudely drove me from the gate,  
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,  
He thank'd him for his tale;  
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,  
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,  
Which stood in dale so low,  
And sitting down beside the gate,  
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,  
To hear a minstrel's song;  
Or may I crave a lodging here,  
Without offence or wrong?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home,  
To hear a minstrel's song;  
And should I lend thee lodging here,  
My life would not be long."

He play'd again so soft a strain,  
Such power sweet sounds impart,  
He won the churlish porter's ear,  
And mov'd his stubborn heart.



"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,  
Fair entrance thou should'st win;  
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood  
To let no stranger in.

"Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff  
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;  
And here thou shalt my supper share,  
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,  
And pipes both loud and clear:  
All night he watches round the walls,  
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd  
All at the midnight hour,  
He plainly heard his lady's voice  
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night, the moon shone clear,  
And gilt the spangled dew;  
He saw his lady through the grate,  
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept  
'Till near the morning tide;  
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,  
And to the castle hied.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes  
Depending from the wall:  
And o'er the moat was newly laid  
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend  
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,  
Assisted by a sturdy youth  
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,  
He lay unseen and still;  
And soon he saw them cross the stream,  
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,  
The youthful couple fly:  
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,  
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close  
Behind the flying pair,  
And saw her hang upon his arm  
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said;  
"My thanks thou well hast won;  
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd!  
For me what dangers run!

"And ever shall my grateful heart  
Thy services repay:"—  
Sir Bertram would no further hear,  
But cried, "Vile traitor, stay!

"Vile traitor! yield that lady up!"  
And quick his sword he drew;  
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,  
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms  
Gave many a vengeful blow;  
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,  
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die!"—A deadly thrust  
Attends each furious word.  
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice  
And rush'd beneath his sword.

"O stop," she cried, "O stop thy arm!  
Thou dost thy brother slay!"—  
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept:  
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, "Ye lovely pair,  
How shall I tell the rest?  
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,  
It fell, and stabb'd her breast."

"Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?  
Ah! cruel fate!" they said.  
The Hermit wept, and so did they:  
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

"O blind and jealous rage," he cried,  
"What evils from thee flow?"  
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:  
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name  
And saw my lady bleed,  
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm  
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,  
And clos'd the ghastly wound;  
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,  
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more,  
His precious life was flown:  
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,  
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,  
And live to think on me;  
May we in heaven that union prove,  
Which here was not to be!

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true;  
Thou only hadst my heart:  
May we hereafter meet in bliss!  
We now, alas! must part.

"For thee I left my father's hall,  
And flew to thy relief,  
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills  
I met a Scottish chief,

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love  
I had refus'd with scorn;  
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me  
Upon that fatal morn;

"And in these dreary hated walls  
He kept me close confin'd;  
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd,  
To win me to his mind.

"Each rising morn increas'd my pain,  
Each night increas'd my fear!  
When, wandering in this northern garb,  
Thy brother found me here.

"He quickly form'd the brave design  
To set me, captive, free;  
And on the moor his horses wait,  
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

"Then haste, my love, escape away,  
And for thyself provide;  
And sometimes fondly think on her  
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul,  
Even with her latest breath,  
She gave one parting, fond embrace,  
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,  
Devoid of sense, I lay:  
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,  
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,  
I seiz'd the bloody brand: \*  
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,  
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,  
Had miss'd their lovely ward;  
And seizing me, to prison bare,  
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn  
Their chief was prisoner ta'en;  
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,  
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains  
To England were convey'd;  
And there within their silent tombs,  
With holy rites, were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,  
And long to end it thought;  
Till time, and books, and holy men,  
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source  
Whence heavenly comfort flows:  
They taught me to despise the world  
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,  
Vain hope, and sordid care,  
I meekly vow'd to spend my life  
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more  
Impetuous, haughty, wild:  
But poor and humble Benedict,  
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,  
And sacred altars raise;  
And here, a lonely anchorite,  
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,  
These rocks and hanging grove;  
For oft beside that murmuring stream  
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;  
This blest retreat he gave:

And here I carv'd her beauteous form,  
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,  
My life I've linger'd here ;  
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint  
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart !  
So faithful and so true,  
The sad remembrance of thy fate  
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,  
Forsaken or forgot,  
The Percy and his noble sons  
Would grace my lowly cot ;

Of the great Earl, from toils of state  
And cumbrous pomp of power,  
Would gladly seek my little cell,  
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe !  
I liv'd to mourn his fall :  
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons  
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,  
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore :

And raise again the Percy name  
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd ; and on the lovely pair  
His choicest blessings laid :  
While they, with thanks and pitying tears,  
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take  
They ask the good old sire ;  
And, guided by his sage advice,  
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found  
At Raby's stately hall,  
Earl Neville and his princely spouse  
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's\* throne  
The royal grace implor'd ;  
To all the honours of his race  
The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more  
Admir'd his beauteous dame :  
Nine noble sons to him she bore,  
All worthy of their name.

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\* King Henry V. Anno 1414

## Addenda.

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IN the following additions the Editor has endeavoured to form a selection that shall be agreeable and interesting to the general reader, and not unsatisfactory to the antiquary or the scholar.

It has been an essential part of his design to collect only the ballads that appeared most worthy of preservation, and not to reprint those which have no stronger recommendation than their rarity—rejecting none because they are sufficiently known—and accepting none because they are merely scarce. He has omitted no opportunities of consulting available sources of information, whether accessible to all readers or to be obtained only by

patient industry and careful search. It will be perceived he has not modernized the orthography, believing that these “old and antique Songs,” will be most readily welcomed in their ancient dress.

“The garb our Muses wore in former years.”

His leading purpose was, so to arrange these pieces as to obtain variety of style without regard to the period at which they were written, or the sources in which they originated—prefacing each by such explanatory remarks as should communicate all the information he was able to obtain concerning its history.

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### Robin Hood's Death and Burial.

WE copy this ballad from Ritson's “Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, Robin Hood.” A brief notice of him has been already given; the notes we here introduce concern exclusively his “Death and Burial:” for the “facts” concerning which we are indebted to the indefatigable collector, who seems to have gathered together, by immense labour, every item of information that exists upon the subject. The old chronicles are somewhat circumstantial touching the final exit of the hero. “The king att last,” says the Harleian MS., “sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended,” &c. Grafton, after having told us that he “practised robberyes, &c.,” adds, “The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he, beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bring him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the

recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite;” for as long as he had his “bent bow in his hand,” it was scarcely safe to meddle with the “archer good.” Time, however, subdued his strength and spirit. Finding the infirmities of old age increase upon him, and being “troubled with a sicknesse,” according to Grafton, he “came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bireklyes [Kireklyes], where desirying to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death.” The Sloane MS. says, that “[being] dystempered with cowlde and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted; therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; whc, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne

howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also said that one sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a manner to dispatch him." The Harleian MS., after mentioning the proclamation "set furth to have him apprehended," adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [Kirkleys]; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was betrayed & made bleed to death."

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buried him under a great stone by the hywayes syde:" which is agreeable to the account in Grafton's Chronicle, where it is said that after his death, "the prioresse of the same place caused him to be buried by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of *Robert Hood*, *William of Goldesborough*, and others were graven. And the cause why she buried him there was, for that the common passengers and travellers, knowyng and seeyng him there buried, might more safely and without feare take their jorneyes that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayd tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

There appears to be reasonable ground for the belief that Robin Hood was thus treacherously dealt with. The circumstance is distinctly referred to in the ballad entitled "A Lytell Geste of Robine Hode,"—a long metrical narration, consisting of eight fyttes or cantos, and containing no fewer than four hundred and fifty stanzas. It bears conclusive evidence of antiquity, and may be considered at least as old as the time of Chaucer.

The ballad—"Robin Hood's Death and Burial"—although its style is comparatively modern, is clearly based upon one much older:—it contains passages of too "genuine" a character to have been the production of an age much later than that in which flourished the hero of the green-wode.

The reader will, no doubt, desire to know something concerning the career of Robin's famous lieutenant, "Little John." "There standeth," as Stanhurst relates, "in Ostman-

towne greene (now in the centre of the city of Dublin), an hillocke, named Little John his Shot. The occasion," he says, "proceeded of this. In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John weere cheefsteins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe. Whereupon Little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartlie to trie how far he could shoot at random; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin, and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possible by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eschew the danger of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie."

When Robin Hood and Little John,  
Went o'er you bank of broom,  
Said Robin Hood to Little John,  
We have shot for many a pound:

But I am not able to shoot one shot more, 5  
My arrows will not flee;  
But I have a cousin lives down below,  
Please God, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,  
As fast as he can win; 10  
But before he came there, as we do hear,  
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,  
He knock'd all at the ring,  
But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
For to let bold Robin in. 16

"Will you please to sit down, Cousin Robin,"  
she said,  
"And drink some beer with me?"

<p>"No, I will neither eat nor drink, Till I am blooded by thee." 20</p>	<p>Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone, 45 As fast as he can dree; But when he came to Kirkley-hall, He broke locks two or three:</p>
<p>"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said, "Which you did never see, And if you please to walk therein, You blooded by me shall be."</p>	<p>Untill he came bold Robin to, Then he fell on his knee; 50 "A boon, a boon," cries Little John, "Master, I beg of thee."</p>
<p>She took him by the lilly-white hand, 25 And let him to a private room, And there she blooded bold Robin Hood, Whilst one drop of blood would run.</p>	<p>"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood, "Little John, thou begs of me?" "It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall, 55 And all their nunnery."</p>
<p>She blooded him in the vein of the arm, And locked him up in the room; 30 There did he bleed all the live-long day, Untill the next day at noon.*</p>	<p>"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood, "That boon I'll not grant thee; I never 'hurt' woman in all my life, Nor man in woman's company. 60</p>
<p>He then bethought him of a casement door, Thinking for to be gone, He was so weak he could not leap, 35 Nor he could not get down.</p>	<p>"I never hurt fair maid in all my time, Nor at my end shall it be; But give me my bent bow in my hand, And a broad arrow I'll let flee; And where this arrow is taken up, 65 There shall my grave digg'd be.</p>
<p>He then bethought him of his bugle-horn, Which hung low down to his knee, He set his horn unto his mouth, And blew out weak blasts three. 40</p>	<p>"Lay me a green sod under my head, And another at my feet; And lay my bent bow by my side, Which was my music sweet; 70 And make my grave of gravel and green, Which is most right and meet.</p>
<p>Then Little John, when hearing him, As he sat under the tree, "I fear my master is near dead, He blows so wearily."</p>	<p>"Let me have length and breadth enough, With a green sod under my head; That they may say, when I am dead, 75 Here lies bold Robin Hood."</p>
<p>*The following stanzas are from the poem referred to in the Introduction—"A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode:"—</p> <p>"Yet he was beguiled, I wys, Through a wycked woman, The pryoresse of Kyrkesly, That nye was of his kynne.</p> <p>"They toke togyder theyr counsell Robyn Hode for to sle, And how they myght best do that dede, His banis for to be."</p>	<p>These words they readily promis'd him, Which did bold Robin please: And there they buried bold Robin Hood, Near to the fair Kirkleys. 80</p>

### Lord Soulis.

THIS ballad is the composition of John Leyden: it was first published in the "Min-strelsy of the Scottish Border," and subsequently, in the collected works of the estima- ble and accomplished writer. The hero of the story is supposed to be William Lord Soulis, who was of royal descent, and who entered, with several other nobles of rank,

into a conspiracy against Robert de Bruce, the object of which was the elevation of Soulis to the Scottish throne.\*

"Local tradition," writes Sir Walter Scott, "more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of the chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, 'Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to prevent the effects

of such a hasty declaration: but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-Stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended."

The ruins of the Castle of Hermitage still exist; and still, according to Stephen Oliver—"Rambles in Northumberland, and on the Scottish Border,"—the neighbouring peasantry whisper of the evil spirit believed to be confined there, and who, after locking the door of the dungeon, had thrown the key over his shoulder into the stream. The author also states that the cauldron, the muck-pot in which Soulis was reported to have been boiled, is an old nail-pot, of no very extraordinary size, which was purchased by some of the rebel army in 1715. The castle is now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. It was, in 1546, the residence of the Earl of Bothwell; and here Queen Mary is said to have visited him, riding from Jedburg to Hermitage, and back again, in one day. The Earl was lying ill of a wound received from John Elliot of the Park, a desperate freebooter, whom he had attempted to apprehend.

\* One of his accomplices, David de Brechin, was executed. He was nephew to the king, and his only crime was his having concealed the treason in which he dishonoured to participate. "As the people thronged to the execution of the guilty youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. 'Why press you,' said he, 'to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death.' With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and, repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. 'My heart,' said Umfraville, 'will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner.' With the king's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, Book Ixth."

Sir Walter Scott considers that the idea of Lord Soulis' familiar was derived from the curious story of the "Spirit Orthone and the Lord of Corasse," which he prints in a note to the ballad, "in all its Gothic simplicity, as translated from Froissart, by the Lord of Berners." Orthone enters the service of the knight:—

"So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knyght, that oftentymes he would come and vysyte him, while he lay in his bedde aslepe, and outhur pull him by the care, or els stryke at his chambre dore or windowe. And whan the knyght awoke, than he would saye, 'Orthone, lat me slepe.' 'Nay,' quod Orthone, 'that I will nat do, tyll I have shewed thee such tydings as are fallen a-late.' The ladye, the knyghtes wife, wolde be sore afrayed, that her heer wald stand up, and hyde herself under the clothes. Than the knyght wolde saye, 'Why, what tydings hast thou brought me?' Quod Orthone, 'I am come out of England, or out of Hungry, or some other place, and yesterday I came hens, and, such things are fallen, or such other.'"

The connexion between them was broken by the knight unwisely desiring to see the form of the spirit, with whose voice he had become familiar. Orthone appeared before him in the semblance of "a leane and yvell favoured sow." The knight set his hounds upon it, at which the spirit took offence, and never afterwards came to the "bedde syde" of the lord.

"The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their taskmaster to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditional hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea."

LORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage Castle,  
And beside him Old Redeap sly;—

"Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of  
might,  
The death that I must die?"—

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life, 5  
And hold that life of me,  
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,  
I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,  
Shall e'er thy limbs confine, 11  
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand  
Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the  
chest,  
With rusty padlocks bound;  
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,  
And listen to the sound." 16

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,  
And Redeap was not by:  
And he called on a page, who was witty and  
sage,  
To go to the barmkin high. 20

"And look thou east, and look thou west,  
And quickly come tell to me,  
What troopers haste along the waste,  
And what may their livery be."

He looked over fell, and he looked o'er flat,  
But nothing, I wist, he saw, 26  
Save a pyot on a turret that sat  
Beside a corby crow.

The page he looked at the skrieh of day,  
But nothing, I wist, he saw, 30  
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,  
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

"Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?"  
So loudly cried the page;  
"I tidings bring, from Scotland's King, 35  
To Soulis of Hermitage.

"He bids me tell that bloody warden,  
Oppressor of low and high,  
If ever again his lieges complain,  
The cruel Soulis shall die." 40

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,  
Before he rode or ran,  
And through the keystone of the vault  
They plunged him both horse and man.

\* \* \* \* \*

O May she came, and May she gaed, 45  
By Goranberry green;



And May she was the fairest maid That ever yet was seen.		Far from relief, they seized the chief; His men were far away;	90
O May she came, and May she gaed, By Goranberry tower;	50	Through Hermitage slack they sent him back To Soulis' castle gray;	
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis That carried her from her bower?		Syne onward fure for Branhholm tower Where all his merry-men lay.	91
He brought her to his castle gray, By Hermitage's side;		"Now, welcome, noble Branhholm's heir! Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis, "to me!	
Says—"Be content, my lovely May, For thou shalt be my bride."	55	Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair, My wedding guest to be?	
With her yellow hair, that glittered fair, She dried the trickling tear;		And lovely May deserves, per fay, A bride-man such as thee!"	100
She sighed the name of Branhholm's heir, The youth that loved her dear.	60	And broad and bloody rose the sun, And on the barnkin shone,	
"Now, be content, my bonny May, And take it for your hame;		When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,	
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day You heard Young Branhholm's name.		Who came riding all alone.	
"O'er Branhholm tower, ere the morning hour, When the lift is like lead sae blue,	66	To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,	105
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,		As he lighted at the wall,	
And the flame shall shine dimly through."		Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,	
Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red, A sturdy kemp was he;	70	And where do they tarry all?"	
From friend, or foe, in Border feid, Who never a foot would flee.		"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir; We stabled them sure," quoth he—	110
Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led Up Goranberry slack;		"Before we could cross the quaking moss They all were lost but me."	
Ay, many a wight, unmatched in fight, Who never more came back.	75	He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,	
And bloody set the westering son, And bloody rose he up;		And he heard a stifled groan;	
But little thought young Branhholm's heir Where he that night should sup.	80	And at the third knock each rusty lock Did open one by one.	115
He shot the roebuck on the lee, The dun deer on the law;		He turned away his eyes as the lid did rise, And he listened silentlie;	
The glamour sure was in his ee When Ringan nigh did draw.		And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low, "Beware of a coming tree!"	120
O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,	85	In muttering sound the rest was drowned, No other word heard he;	
He sped till day was set;		But slow as it rose, the lid did close With the rusty padlocks three.	
And he thought it was his merry men true, When he the spearmen met.		* * * * *	
		Now rose with Branhholm's ae brother	125
		The Teviot, high and low;	
		Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame, For none could bend his bow.	

- O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped  
The fame of his array, 130  
And that Teviotdale would soon assail  
His towers and castle gray.
- With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,  
And again he heard a groan ;  
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,  
But answer heard he none. 136
- The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,  
And it murmured sullenlie,—  
"Shut fast the door, and for evermore  
Commit to me the key. 140
- "Alas ! that ever thou raisedst thine eyes,  
Thine eyes to look on me !  
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,  
For here thou must not be."
- Think not but Soulis was wae to yield 145  
His warlock chamber o'er :  
He took the keys from the rusty lock,  
That never were ta'en before.
- He threw them o'er his left shoulder,  
With meikle care and pain ; 150  
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,  
Till he returned again.
- And still, when seven years are o'er,  
Is heard the jarring sound ;  
When slowly opes the charmed door 155  
Of the chamber under ground.
- And some within the chamber door  
Have cast a curious eye ;  
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,  
The fearful sights they spy. 160
- \* \* \* \* \*
- When Soulis thought on his merry-men now,  
A woful wight was he ;  
Says—"Vengeance is mine, and I will not  
repine,  
But Branhholm's heir shall die !
- Says—"What would you do, young Branh-  
holm, 165  
Gin ye had me, as I have thee!"—  
"I would take you to the good greenwood  
And gar your ain hand wale the tree."
- "Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,  
For all thy mirth and meikle pride ; 170  
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,  
A scrog bush thee beside."
- They carried him to the good greenwood  
Where the green pines grew in a row :  
And they heard the cry, from the branches  
high, 175  
Of the hungry carrion crow.
- They carried him on from tree to tree,  
The spiry boughs below ;  
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine  
To feed the hooded crow ?" 180
- "The fir-tops fall by Branhholm wall,  
When the night blast stirs the tree,  
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine  
I loved in infancy."
- Young Branhholm turned him and oft looked  
back, 185  
And aye he passed from tree to tree ;  
Young Branhholm peep'd, and puirly spake,  
"O sic a death is no for me !"
- And next they passed the aspin gray,  
'Tis leaves were rustling mournfullie ; 190  
"Now choose thee, choose thee, Branhholm  
gay !  
Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?"—
- "More dear to me is the aspin gray,  
More dear than any other tree ; 195  
For, beneath the shade that its branches made,  
Have pass'd the vows of my love and me."
- Young Branhholm peep'd, and puirly spake,  
Until he did his ain men see,  
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,  
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye ; 200  
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,—  
"Methinks I spy a coming tree!"—
- "Ay, many may come, but few return :"  
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye ;  
"No warrior's hand in fair Scotland 205  
Shall ever dint a wound on me!"—
- "Now, by my sooth," quo' bold Walter,  
"If that be true we soon shall see."—  
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was  
true,  
But never a wound or scar had he. 210

Then up bespake him true Thomas,  
He was the lord of Ersyltoun;  
"The wizard's spell no steel can quell,  
Till once your lances bear him down."—

They bore him down with lances bright, 215  
But never a wound or scar had he;  
With hempen bands they bound him tight,  
Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane  
lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:  
They mouldered at his magic spell; 220  
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,  
They bound him against the charms of  
hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:  
No forged steel his charms could bide;  
Then up bespake him true Thomas, 225  
"We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
Impressed with many a warlock spell,  
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,  
Who held in awe the fiends of hell. 230

They buried it deep, where his bones they  
sleep,  
That mortal man might never it see;  
But Thomas did save it from the grave  
When he returned from Faërie. 234

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
And turned the leaves with curious hand;  
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,  
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane  
burn,  
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie; 240  
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine  
For Thomas true and his grammarie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,  
And again he turn'd it with his hand

And he bade each lad of Teriot add 245  
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand  
They added still by handfals nine:  
But Redcap sly unseen was by,  
And the ropes would neither twist nor  
twine. 250

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,  
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,  
The ropes that would not twist nor turn  
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,  
Again its magic leaves he spread; 256  
And he found that to quell the powerful  
spell,  
The wizard must be boiled in lead.\*

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,  
On a circle of stones but barely nine; 260  
They heated it red and fiery hot,  
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and  
shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,  
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;  
They plunged him in the cauldron red, 265  
And melted him, lead, bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still  
The men of Liddesdale can show;  
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,  
The spreit and the deer-hair ne'er shall  
grow. 270

\*"The tradition concerning the death of Lord Soullis," writes Sir Walter Scott, "is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland." Melville of Glenure, Sheriff of the Mearns, was detested by the barons of his country. Exaggerated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I, the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were seditious, and suppet in burn!" The words were construed literally. The barons prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff.

### The Frere and the Boye: A Merry Geste.

THIS well-known tale is furnished, in its present dress, by a copy in the public library of the University of Cambridge, "Enprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde;" compared with a later edition in the Bodleian library, "Imprinted at London at the long shop adionyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edward Alde;" both in quarto and black-letter, and of singular rarity, no duplicate of either being known to exist.\* There is, indeed, a very old, though at the same time a most vulgar and corrupted copy extant in the first of those libraries (MSS. More, Ee. 4. 35), under the title of "The Cheylde and his step-dame," of which, besides that almost every line exhibits a various reading, the concluding stanzas are entirely different, and have, on that account, been thought worth preserving. But the most ancient copy of all would probably have been one in the Cotton library, if the volume which contained it had not unfortunately perished, with many things of greater importance, in the dreadful fire which happened in that noble repository, anno 1731. Vide Smith's Catalogue, Vitellius D. XII.

From the mention made in verse 429 of the city of "Orlyauce," and the character of the "Offycyal," it may be conjectured that this poem is of French extraction; and, indeed, it is not at all improbable that the original is extant in some collection of old *Fables*. A punishment similar to that of the good wife in this story, appears to have been inflicted on the widow of a St. Gengulph, for presuming to question the reality of her husband's miracles. See Heywood's History of Women, p. 196.

God that dyed for vs all,  
And dranke both eyself and gall  
Brynge vs out of bale,  
And gyue them good lyfe and longo  
That lysteneth to my songe,  
Or tendeth to my tale.

5

There dwelled an husbonde in my countre  
That had wyues thre,  
By processe of tyme,  
By the fyrst wyfe a sone he had, 10  
That was a good sturdy ladde,  
And an happy hyne.  
His fader loued hym weel,  
So dyde his moder neuer a dele,  
I tell you as I thinke; 15  
All she thought was lost, by the rode,  
That dyde the lytell boye ony good,  
Other mete or drynke.  
And yet y wys it was but badde,  
And therof not halfe ynough he had, 20  
But euermore of the worste:  
Therefore cuyll mote she fare,  
For cuer she dyde the lytell boye care,  
As ferforth as she dorste.  
The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye,  
I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye, 26  
And that ryght soone in haste;  
Truly he is a cursed ladde,  
I wolde some other man hym had,  
That wolde hym better chaste. 30  
Then sayd the good man agayne,  
Dame, I shall to the sayne,  
He is but tender of age;  
He shall abyde with me this yere,  
Tyll he be more strongere, 35  
For to wynne better wage.  
We haue a man, a stoute freke,  
That in the felde kepeth our nete,  
Slepynge all the daye,  
He shall come home, so god me sheldo, 40  
And the boye shall into the felde,  
To kepe our beestes yf he may.  
Then sayd the wyfe, verament,  
Therto soone I assent,  
For that me thynketh moost nedy. 45  
On the morowe whan it was daye,  
The lytell boye wente on his waye,  
To the felde full redy;  
Of no man he had no care,  
But sung, hey howe, awaye the mare, 50  
And made ioye ynough;  
Forth he wente, truly to sayne,

\* There was once a copy of one or other of the above editions, or some different impression, with divers other curious pieces, in the printed library of Anthony à Wood (No. 66); but the article, with others of the like nature, appears to have been clandestinely taken out.

\* This seems to have been the beginning or title of some old ballad. Maystress Tyll of Brentford takes notice of it in her "Testament," 4to. b. l.

"Ah yrra, mary a way the mare."

Tyll he came to the playne,  
 Hys dyner forth he drough :  
 When he sawe it was but bad, 55  
 Ful lytell lust therto he had,  
 But put it vp agayne ;  
*Therefore he was not to wyte,*  
 He sayd he wolde ete but lyte,  
 Tyll nyght that he home came. 60  
 And as the boye sate on a hyll,  
 An olde man came hym tyll,  
 Walkyng by the waye ;  
 Sone, he sayde, god the se.  
 Syr, welcome mote ye be, 65  
 The lytell boye gan saye.  
 The olde man sayd, I am an hongred sore,  
 Hast thou ony mete in store,  
 That thou mayst gyue me ?  
 The chyld sayd, so god me saue, 70  
 To such rytayle as I haue  
 Welcome shall ye be.  
 Therof the olde man was gladde,  
 The boye drewe forth suchie as he had,  
 And sayd, do gladly. 75  
 The olde man was easy to please,  
 He ete and made hym well at ease,  
 And sayd, sone, gramerey.  
 Sone, thou haste gyuen mete to me,  
 I shall the gyue thynges thre, 80  
 Thou shalt them neuer forgete.  
 Then sayd the boye, as I trowe,  
 It is best that I haue a bowe,  
 Byrdes for to 'shete.'  
 A bowe, sone, I shall the gyue, 85  
 That shall last the all thy lyue,  
 And euer a lyke mete,  
 Shote therin when thou good thyneke,  
 For yf thou shote and wynke,  
 The prycke thou shalt hytte. 90  
 When he the bowe in houle felte,  
 And the boltes vnder his belte,  
 Lowde than he lough ;  
 He sayd, now had I a pype,  
 Though it were neuer so lyte, 95  
 Than were I gladde ynough.  
 A pype, sone, thou shalt haue also,  
 In true musyke it shall go,  
 I put thee out of doubt ;  
 All that may the pype here 100  
 Shall not themselfe stere,  
 But laugh and lepe aboute.  
 What shall the thyrd be ?  
 For I wyll gyue the gyftes thre,

As I haue sayd before. 105  
 The lytell boye on hym lough,  
 And sayd, syr, I haue ynough,  
 I wyll desyre no more.  
 The olde man sayd, my trouth I plyght,  
 Thou shalt haue that I the hyght ; 110  
 Say on now and let me se.  
 Than sayd the boye anone,  
 I haue a stepdame at home,  
 She is a shrewe to me :  
 When my fader gyueh me mete, 115  
 She wolde theron that I were cheke,  
 And stareth me in the face ;  
 When she loketh on me so,  
 I wolle she shoule let a rappe go,  
 That it myght ryngue ouer all the place,  
 Than sayd the olde man tho, 121  
 When she loketh on the so  
 She shall begyn to blowe ;  
 All that euer it may here  
 Shall not themselfe stere, 125  
 But laugh on a rowe.  
 Farewell, quod the olde man.  
 God kepe the, sayd the chyld than,  
 I take my leue at the ;  
 God, that moost best may, 130  
 Kepe the bothe nyght and day.  
 Gramerey, sone, sayd he.  
 Than drewe it towards the nyght,  
 Iacke hym hyed home full ryght,  
 It was his ordynaunce ; 135  
 He toke his pype and began to blowe,  
 All his beestes on a rowe,  
 Aboute hym they can daunce.  
 Thus wente he pypynge through the towne,  
 His beestes hym folowed by the sowne, 140  
 Into his faders close ;  
 He wente and put them vp echone,  
 Homewarde he wente anone,  
 Into his faders hall he goe.  
 His fader at his souper sat, 145  
 Lytell Iacke espyed well that,  
 And sayd to hym anone,  
 Fader, I haue kepte your nete,  
 I praye you gyue me some mete,  
 I am an hongred, by Saynt Ihone 150  
 I haue sytten metelese  
 All this daye keepynge your beestes,  
 My dyner fable it was.  
 His fader toke a capous wyng,  
 And at the boye he gan it flynge, 155  
 And badde hym ete apace.

Ver. 60, came home, De W. V. 81, shote, De W. shoote,  
 A. V. 99, I do the well to wyte. De W.

Ver. 105, to the before. Idem.

That greued his stepmoders herte sore,  
 As I tolde you before,  
 She stared hym in the face,  
 With that she let go a blaste, 160  
 That they in the hall were agaste,  
 It range ouer all the place.  
 All they laughed and had good game,  
 The wyfe waxed red for shame,  
 She wolde that she had ben gone. 165  
 Quod the boye, well I wote,  
 That gonne was well shote,  
 As it had ben a stone.  
 Cursedly she loked on him tho,  
 Another blaste she let go, 170  
 She was almoost rente.  
 Quod the boye, wyll ye se  
 How my dame letteth pelletes fle,  
 In fayth or euer she stynte?  
 The boye sayde vnto his dame, 175  
 Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame:  
 She was full of sorowe.  
 Dame, sayd the good man, go thy waye,  
 For I swere to the by my faye,  
 Thy gere is not to borowe. 180  
 Afterwarde as ye shall here,  
 To the hous there came a frere,  
 To lye there all nyght;  
 The wyfe loued him as a saynt,  
 And to hym made her complaynt, 185  
 And tolde hym all aryght:  
 Wee haue a boye within ywys,  
 A shrewe for the nones he is,  
 He dooth me moche care;  
 I dare not loke hym vpon, 190  
 I am ashamed, by Saynt Iohn,  
 To tell you how I fare:  
 I praye you mete the boy tomorowe,  
 Bete hym well and gyue hym sorowe,  
 And make the boye lame. 195  
 Quod the frere, I shall hym bete.  
 Quod the wyfe, do not forgete,  
 He dooth me moche shame:  
 I trowe the boye be some wytehe.  
 Quod the frere, I shall hym teche, 200  
 Haue thou no care;  
 I shall hym teche yf I may.  
 Quod the wyfe, I the praye,  
 Do hym not spare.  
 On the morowe the boye arose, 205  
 Into the felde soone he gose,  
 His beestes for to dryue;  
 The frere ranne out at the gate,

Ver. 180, So A. and MS. all omitted in De W.

He was a ferde leest he came to late,  
 He ranne fast and blyue. 210  
 Whan he came vpon the londe,  
 Lytell Iacke there he fonde,  
 Dryuyng his beastes all alone;  
 Boye, he sayd, god gyue the shame,  
 What hast thou done to thy dame? 215  
 Tell thou me anone;  
 But yf thou canst excuse the well,  
 By my trouth bete the I wyll,  
 I wyll no lenger abyde.  
 Quod the boye, what eyleth the? 220  
 My dame fareth as well as ye,  
 What nedeth ye to chlyde?  
 Quod the boye, wyll ye wete  
 How I can a byrde shete,  
 And other thyng withall? 225  
 Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,  
 Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,  
 And gyue her the I shall.  
 There sate a byrde vpon a brere,  
 Shote on boy, quod the frere, 230  
 For that me lysteth to se.  
 He hytte the byrde on the heed,  
 That she fell downe deed,  
 No ferder myght she fle.  
 The frere to the busshe wente, 235  
 Vp the byrde for to hente,  
 He thought it best for to done.  
 Iacke toke his pype and began to blowe,  
 Then the frere, as I trowe,  
 Began to daunce soone; 240  
 As soone as he the pype herd,  
 Lyke a wood man he fared,  
 He lepte and daunced aboute;  
 The breres scratched hym in the face,  
 And in many an other place, 245  
 That the blode brast out;  
 And tare his clothes by and by,  
 His cope and his scapulary,  
 And all his other wede.  
 He daunced amonge thornes thyeke, 250  
 In many places they dyde hym prycke,  
 That fast gan he blede.  
 Iacke pyped and laughed amonge,  
 The frere among the thornes was thronge,  
 He hopped wunders hye; 255

Ver. 211, So A. and MS. a londe. De W.  
Ver. 255.

A hoppyd wonderley hey;  
 The boy seyde, and lowhe with all,  
 Thes ys a sport reyall,  
 For a lord to se. MS. More.

At the last he held vp his honde,  
 And sayd I haue daunced so longe,  
 That I am lyke to dye;  
 Gentyll Iacke, holde thy pype styll,  
 And my trouth I plyght the tyll, 260  
 I will do the no woo.  
 Iacke sayd, in that tide,  
 Frere skyppe out on the ferdre syde,  
 Lyghtly that thou were goo.  
 The frere out of the busshe wente 265  
 All to ragged and to rente,  
 And torna on euery syde;  
 Unnethe on hym he had one cloute,  
 His hely for to wrappe aboute;  
 His harneys for to hyde. 270  
 The breres had hym scratched so in the  
 face,  
 And [in] many an other place,  
 He was all to bledde with blode;  
 All that myght the frere se,  
 Were fayne awaye to flee, 275  
 They wende he had ben wode.  
 Whan he came to his hoost,  
 Of his iourney he made no boost,  
 His clothes were rente all;  
 Moche sorowe in his herte he had, 280  
 And euery man hym dradde,  
 Whan he came in to the hall.  
 The wyfe sayd, where hast thou bene?  
 In an euyl place I wene,  
 Me thynketh by thyn arraye. 285  
 Dame, I haue ben with thy sone,  
 The deuyll of hell hym ouercome,  
 For no man elles may.  
 With that came in the good man, 290  
 The wife sayd to hym than,  
 Here is a foule araye;  
 Thy sone that is the lefe and dero,  
 Hath almuost slayne this holy frere,  
 Alas! and welawaye! 295  
 The good man sayd, *benedicite!*  
 What hath the boye done frere to the?  
 Tell me without lette.  
 The frere sayd, the deuyll hym spede,  
 He hath made me daunce, maugre my hede,  
 Amonge the thornes, hey go betto.\* 301  
 The good man sayd to hym tho,  
 Haddest thou lost thy lyfe so,  
 It had ben grete synne.  
 The frere sayd, by our lady, 305  
 The pype went so meryly,

That I coude neuer blynne.  
 Whan it drewe towards the nyght,  
 The boye came home full ryght,  
 As he was wont to do; 310  
 Whan he came into the hall,  
 Soone his fader gan hym call,  
 And badde hym to come hym to.  
 Boye, he sayd, tell me here,  
 What hast thou done to the frere? 315  
 Tell me without lesynge.  
 Fader, he sayd, by my fayre,  
 I dyde nought elles, as I you saye,  
 But pyped him a sprynge. 319  
 That pype, sayd his fader, wold I here.  
 Mary, god forbode! sayd the frere;  
 His handes he dyde wrynge.  
 Yes, sayd the good man, by goddes grace.  
 Then, sayd the frere, out alas!  
 And made grete mournynge. 325  
 For the loue of god, quod the frere,  
 If ye wyl that pype here,  
 Bynde me to a post;  
 For I knowe none other rede,  
 And I daunce I am but deed, 330  
 Well I wote my lyfe is lost.  
 Stronge ropes they toke in honde,  
 The frere to the poste they bonde,  
 In the myddle of the halle;  
 All that at the souper sat 325  
 Laughed and had good game thereat,  
 And said the frere wolde not fall.  
 Than sayd the good man,  
 Pype sonne, as thou can,  
 Hardely whan thou wylle. 340  
 Fader, he sayd, so mote I the,  
 Haue ye shall ynough of gle,  
 Tyll ye hydde me be styll.  
 As soon as Iacke the pype hent,  
 All that there were verament, 345  
 Began to daunce and lepe;  
 Whan they gan the pype here,  
 They myght not themselfe stere,  
 But hurled on an hepe.  
 The good man was in no dyspayre, 350  
 But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre,  
 All with a good chere;  
 Some lepte ouer the stocke,  
 Some stoumbled at the blocke,  
 And some fell flatte in the fyre. 355  
 The good man had grete game,  
 How they daunced all in same;  
 The good wyfe after gan steppe,

\*The name, it is probable, of some old dance. To "dance hey go mad," is still a common expression in the North.

Ver. 312, His fader dyde hym sone call, De W. V 337, that he pype, De W. V. 339, Pype on good sone, De W.

Euermore she kest her eye at Iacke,  
 And fast her tayle began to cracke, 360  
 Lowder than they coude speke.  
 The frere hymselfe was almoost lost,  
 For knockynge his heed ayenst the post,  
 He had none other grace;  
 The rope rubbed hym vnder the chynne,  
 That the blode downe dyde ryne, 366  
 In many a dyuers place.  
 Iacke ranne into the strete,  
 After hym fast dyde they lepe,  
 Truly they coude not stynte; 370  
 They went out at the dore so thyeke,  
 That oche man fell on others necke,  
 So pretely out they wente.  
 Neyghbours that were fast by,  
 Herde the pype go so meryly, 375  
 They ranne into the gate;  
 Some lept ouer the latches,  
 They had no time to drawe the latches,  
 They wende they had come to late. 380  
 Some laye in theyr bedde,  
 And helde vp theyr hede,  
 Anone they were waked;  
 Some sterte in the waye,  
 Truly as I you saye, 385  
 Stark bely naked.  
 By that they were gadred aboute,  
 I wys there was a grete route,  
 Dauncynge in the strete;  
 Some were lame and myght not go,  
 But yet ywys they daunced to, 390  
 On handes and on fete.  
 The boye sayd, now wyll I rest.  
 Quod the good man, I holde it best,  
 With a mery chere;  
 Sease, son, whan thou wylte, 395  
 In fayth this is the meryest fyte  
 That I herde this sounen yere.  
 They daunced all in same,  
 Some laughed and had good game  
 And some had many a fall. 400  
 Thou cursd boye, quod the frere,  
 Here I somon the that thou appere  
 Before the offycyall;  
 Loke thou be there on Frydaye,  
 I wyll the mote and I may, 405  
 For to ordeyne the sorowe.  
 The boye sayd, by god anowe,  
 Frere, I am as redy as thou,  
 And Frydaye were to morowe.

Frydaye came as ye may here, 410  
 Iackes stepdame and the frere  
 Togedre there they mette;  
 Folke gadered a grete pase,  
 To here euery mannes case,  
 The offycyall was sette. 415  
 There was moche to do,  
 Maters more than one or two,  
 Both with preest and clerke;  
 Some had testaments for to preue,  
 And fayre women, by your leue, 420  
 That had strokes in the derke.  
 Euery man put forth his case,  
 Then came forth frere Topyas,  
 And Iackes stepdame also;  
 Syr offycyall, sayd he, 425  
 I haue brought a boye to thee,  
 Which hath wrought me moche woe;  
 He is a grete nygromancere,  
 In all Orlyanunce is not his pere,  
 As by my trouth I trowe. 430  
 He is a wyteche, quod the wyfe;  
 Than, as I shall tell you blythe,  
 Lowde coude she blowe.  
 Some laughed without fayle,  
 Some sayd, dame, tempre thy tayle, 435  
 Yo wreste it all amysse.  
 Dame, quod the offycyall,  
 Tel forth on thy tale,  
 Lette not for this.  
 The wyfe was afraied of an other cracke,  
 That no worde more she spacke, 441  
 She durste not for drede.  
 The frere sayd, so mote I the,  
 Knaue, this is long of the  
 That euyl mote thou spede. 445  
 The frere sayd, syr offycyall,  
 The boye wyll combre vs all,  
 But yf ye may him chaste;  
 Syr, he hath a pype truly,  
 Wyll make you daunce and lepe on hys, 451  
 Tyll your herte braste.  
 The offycyall sayd, so mot I the,  
 That pype wolde I fayne se,

Ver. 423, Than cam sorot capias, MS. V. 432, blyue, A.  
 Ver. 453, &c.

That pype well y se,  
 He seyde, boy, hes het her?  
 Ye seer, be mey flay,  
 Anon pype ws a lay,  
 And make vs all cher.  
 The offeciall the pype hent,  
 And blow tell his brow hen hent,  
 Bot therof cam no glo;  
 The offeciall seyde, this ys nowth,  
 Be god that me der bowthe,

Ver. 361, Lowde, De W. V. 392, They, W. V. 402, 403,  
 v som' the affor the comserrey, MS.



And knowe what myrth that he can make.  
 Mary, god forbede, than sayd the frere,  
 That he sholde pype here, 456  
 Afore that I hens the waye take.  
 Pype on, Iacke, sayd the offycyall,  
 I wyll here now how thou canst playe.  
 Iacke blewe vp, the sothe to saye, 460  
 And made them soone to daunce all.  
 The offycyall lepte ouer the deske,  
 And daunced aboute wonder faste,  
 Tyll bothe his shynnes he all to brest,  
 Hym thought it was not of the best, 465  
 Than cryed he vnto the chyld,  
 To pype no more within this place,

Het ys not worthe a solo.  
 Be mey say, god the freyr,  
 The boy can make het pype eler,  
 Y besere hem for hes mode.  
 The officall but the boy a say.  
 Nay, god the freyr, or that a way  
 For that y for bede.  
 Pype on, god the officall, and not spar.  
 The freyr began to star,  
 Jake hes pype hent,  
 As soone as Jake began to blow,  
 All they lepyd on a rowe,  
 And runde about they went.  
 The officall had so gret hast,  
 That hoyt hes schenys brast,  
 A pou a blokys hende.  
 The clerkys to dans they hem sped,  
 And som all ther cynke sched,  
 And som ther bekys rent,  
 And som cast ther bokys at the wall,  
 And som ouer ther felowys can fall,  
 So wertley they lepyd.  
 Ther was without let,  
 They stombylled on a hepe,  
 They dansed all a bowthe,  
 And yever the freyr creyd owt,  
 Y may no longer dans for soyt,  
 Y haffe lost haffa may cod war,  
 When y dansed yn the thornes.  
 Som to crey they began,  
 Mey boka ys all to toren;  
 Som creyd without let,  
 And som bad heo;  
 Som seyde het was a god game,  
 And som seyde they wer lame,  
 Y may no leynger skeppe;  
 Som dansed so long,  
 Tell they helde owt the towngs,

But to holde styлле for gaddes grace,  
 And for the loue of Mary mylde.  
 Than sayd Iacke to them echone, 470  
 If ye wolde me graunte with herte fre,  
 That he shall do me no vylany,  
 But hens to departe euen as I come.  
 Therto they answered all anone,  
 And promysed him anone ryght, 475  
 In his quarell for to fyght,  
 And defende hym from his fone,  
 Thus they departed in that tyle,  
 The offycyall and the sompnere,  
 His stepdame and the frere,  
 With great ioye and moche pryde. 480

And a nethe moyt hope.  
 The officall began to star,  
 And seyde, hafe for they heyr,  
 Stent of they lay,  
 And holdeley haske of me,  
 What thou well hafe for thy gle,  
 Y schall the redey pay.  
 Then to stend Jake began,  
 The officall was a very man,  
 Mey trowet y plet y the,  
 Thes was a god gle,  
 And seyde the worst that euer they se,  
 For het was er noyth.  
 Then bespake the officall,  
 And leytle Jake can call,  
 Hes pype be hem hent,  
 And gaffe hem xx s.  
 And euer mor hes blesyng,  
 For that merey fet.  
 When Jake had that money hent,  
 Anon homard he went,  
 Glad sheref was he;  
 He waxed a wordeley marchande,  
 A man of gret degre.  
 Hes stepdame, y dur say,  
 Dorst neuer after that day,  
 Nat wonley ones displese.  
 They lowyl togelyr all thre,  
 Hes father, hes stepdame and he,  
 After yn gret eyn.  
 And that they ded, soyt to say,  
 Tho hewyn they toke the way,  
 Withoutyn ony mes.  
 Now god that dyed for os all,  
 And drauke aysell and gall,  
 Bryng them all to they bles,  
 That belouet on the name Jhc

## K e m p i o n .

WE copy this ballad from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" where it is given "chiefly" from "Mrs. Brown's MS., with "corrections from a recited fragment." Sir Walter Scott, in some prefatory remarks, refers to several traditionary anecdotes, still current in Scotland and on the borders, concerning huge and poisonous snakes, or "worms," destroyed by gallant knights in the olden time. The manor of Sockburne, in the bishopric of Durham, is held of the bishop by the service of presenting to him on his first entrance into his diocese, an antique sword or falchion, to commemorate the slaying of a monstrous creature that devoured men, women, and children,—by Sir John Conyers, who received the manor as a reward for his bravery. Pollard's lands, near Bishop Auckland, are held by a similar tenure; and the founder of the noble family of Somerville is said to have performed a deed as wonderful—by thrusting down the throat of the snake a burning peat, "bedabbed with pitch, rosetts, and brimstone." A rude sculpture carved above the entrance to the ancient church at Linton in Roxburghshire, is said to represent this exploit; of which "the vulgar tell us,"—

The wode Laird of Lariestoun  
Slew the wode worm of Wormiestoun,  
And wan all Lintoun parochine.

The story of the "Lambton worm" as recorded in Surtees' "History of Durham," is still more remarkable. The heir of Lambton, profanely fishing on a sabbath day, hooked a small worm or elf, which he carelessly threw into a well; in process of time it grew to a huge size, and made prey of the whole country, levying a contribution daily of "nine cows' milk," and, in default of payment, devouring man and beast. The heir who had wrought the mischief, returning from the crusades, determined to destroy it; and, by the advice of a witch, or wise woman, clad himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades; selecting as the scene of battle the middle of a river, so that as fast as the worm was cut to pieces

the stream carried away the discovered parts, and thus prevented their subsequent adhesion. The knight had promised, however, that he would slay the first living thing that met him after his victory; this chanced to be his father, and, as he refused to keep his vow, it was decreed that no chief of his family should die in his bed for nine generations. Popular tradition continues to point out the scene of the encounter. Stories of men and women transformed into monsters are sufficiently numerous, and have been found among every people. Many such exist in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland; in the latter country they are invariably supposed to occupy lakes of unfathomed depth, out of which they occasionally arise and make excursions among adjacent mountains, bearing with them to their "palaces" beneath the waters, the cattle of some unhappy "neighbour," and not unfrequently the neighbour himself. The origin of the superstition is believed to have been Danish. The traditions of Denmark are full of such romances; and it is more than probable, that it may have been introduced, by its sea-kings, into the British Islands.

"The ballad of Kempion," writes Sir Walter Scott, "seems, from the names of the personages and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old me rical romance degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time, and the corruption of reciters." The allusion to the "arblast bow" would seem to affix the composition to a remote date.\* Two ballads which relate to a similar incident have been preserved; one entitled "Kemp Owyne," by Mr. Motherwell, and another "The Laidly Worm of Spindleston-Heugh," affirmed to have been composed, in 1270, by Duncan Frazier, "living on Cheviot," but supposed to have been, at least re-written, by Mr. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham. In "Kemp Owyne," "dove Isabel" is transformed into a monster by her stepmother, and doomed to retain her savage form—

\* The string of the arblast, or arbalist, was drawn to the notch in the centre by means of a wheel, which was usually hung to the girdle of the archer.

Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea  
And borrow her with kisses three.

The three kisses are of course given; when, instead of the beast "whose breath was strang, whose hair was lang,"—

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,  
And twisted nane about the tree;  
And, smilingly, she came about,  
As fair a woman as fair could be.

The ballad of the "Laidly (loathsome) Worm" was no doubt greatly altered by Mr. Lambe, but there is evidence that the story was "generally known in Northumberland" long before he printed the version attributed to Duncan Frazier; and it is to be regretted that he did not communicate it as he received it—stript of its "amendments and enlargements." In this ballad, the daughter of the King of Bamborough is metamorphosed by her step-mother, and restored to her natural shape by her brother "Childy Wynd," who avenges the wrong done to his sister by converting the foul witch into a toad. As in "Kempion," and "Kemp Owyne," the restoration to humanity is effected by "kisses three:"—

"O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three;  
For though I am a poisonous worm,  
No hurt I'll do to thee.

"O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three;  
If I'm not won, ere the sun goes down,  
Won I shall never be."

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,  
And gave her kisses three;  
She crept into a hole a worm,  
But out stept a lady.

Percy prints the ballad of the "Witch of Wokey," written in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington of Bath. She "blasted every plant around;" and was encountered, not by a knight, but by a "lerner wight," who having chaunted out a goodlie booke, and sprinkled, plentifully, holy water,—

*Lo, where stood a hag before,  
Now stood a ghastly stone!*

"Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely fee'd,  
And lay your head low on my knee,  
The heaviest weird I will you read,  
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree, 5  
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;  
And far mair dolour sall ye dree  
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,  
And relieved sall ye never be, 10  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee."—

O meikle dolour did she dree,  
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;  
And far mair dolour did she dree 15  
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb:

And aye she cried for Kempion,  
Gin he would but come to her hand.  
Now word has gane to Kempion,  
That sicken a beast was in his land. 20

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,  
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."—  
"And by my sooth," said Segramour,  
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat, 25  
And they hae set her to the sea;  
But a mile before they reached the shore,  
Around them she gared the red fire flee.

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,  
And let her na the land o'er near; 30  
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,  
And set fire to a' the land and mair."—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,  
And aimed an arrow at her head;  
And swore if she didna quit the land, 35  
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,  
(And it is not for the awe o' thee)  
Till Kempion, the kingis son, 39  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,  
And gien the monster kisses ane;  
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,  
The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

"O out o' my stythe I winna rise, (And not for a' thy bow nor thee,) Till Kempion, the kingis son, Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—	42	"O was it warwolf* in the wood? Or was it mermaid in the sea? Or was it man or vile woman, My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?"—	65
He's louted him o'er the Estmere crag, And he has gi'en her kisses twa : Awa she gaed, and again she cam, The fieriest beast that ever you saw.	50	"It wasna warwolf in the wood, Nor was it mermaid in the sea : But it was my wicked step-mother, And wae and weary may she be!"—	70
"O out of my den I winna rise, Nor flee it for the fear o' thee, Till Kempion, that courteous knight, Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—	55	"O, a heavier weird shall light her on, Than ever fell on vile woman ; Her hair shall grow rough, And her teeth grow lang, And on her four feet shall she gang.	75
He's louted him o'er the lofty crag, And he has gi'en her kisses three : Awa she gaed, and again she cam, The loveliest ladye e'er could be !	60	"None shall take pity her upon ; In Wormeswood she aye shall wan ; And relieved shall she never be, Till St. Mungo come over the sea."—	80
"And by my sooth," says Kempion, "My ain true love, (for this is she,) They surely had a heart o' stane, Could put thee to such misery.		And sighing said that weary wight, "I doubt that day I'll never see!"	

### The Demon Lover.

THIS ballad first appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr. William Laidlaw, by whom it was "taken down from recitation." Mr. Motherwell, by whom it was reprinted in his valuable volume, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," surmises that, "although it would be unfair for a moment to imagine that Sir Walter Scott made any addition to it, Mr. Laidlaw may have improved upon its naked original." That he did so, is by no means unlikely; nor is it very improbable that, in passing through the alembic of the great Magician of the North, it received additional purity, without losing aught of its intrinsic worth. Mr. Motherwell, "with all his industry, was unable to find it in a more perfect state than this,"—which the reader will be interested in comparing with the appended copy from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"—

"I have seven ship upon the sea  
Laden with the finest gold,

And mariners to wait us upon—  
All these you may behold.

"And I have shoes for my love's feet,  
Beaten of the purest gold,  
And lined with the velvet soft,  
To keep my love's feet from the cold

"O how do you love the ship," he said,  
"Or how do you love the sea ?  
Or how do you love the bold mariners,  
That wait upon thee and me?"

"O I do love the ship," she said,  
"And I do love the sea :  
But woe be to the dim mariners,  
That nowhere I can see."

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
Never a mile but one,  
When she began to weep and mourn,  
And to think on her little wee son.

\* Warwolf signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf, for the purpose of ravage and destruction.

"O hold your tongue, my dear," he said,  
 "And let all your weeping abee,  
 For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow  
 On the banks of Italy."

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
 Never a mile but two,  
 Until she espied his cloven foot,  
 From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
 Never a mile but three,  
 When dark dark grew his eerie looks,  
 And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
 Never a mile but four,  
 When the little wee ship ran round about  
 And never was seen more.

If this be, in reality, the skeleton which Mr. Laidlaw clothed in sinews and flesh, he has given unquestionable proof of genius of a very rare order. There is, however, little doubt that he had actually "taken down, from recitation," a much more perfect copy, to which he gave some "finishing touches" of his own; for the composition bears unequivocal marks of old time; and a collateral proof of its antiquity, in a more extended form, is supplied by an authority, to which reference is made by the accomplished editor of the latest edition of the "Border Minstrelsy." Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished," prints another version of the story, under the title of "James Horries;" with this difference, however, that here, the lover, who wreaks his vengeance on the "fause woman," is not a demon with a "cloven foot," but the ghost of a "first true love;"—the other incidents are precisely similar, and many of the lines are exactly the same; although as a whole it is far less grand, touching, and dramatic, than the version as preserved by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Buchan gives three additional stanzas, descriptive of the misery of the betrayed husband; they are fine and effective, and contribute strongly to impress the moral of the tale:—

"O wae be to the ship, the ship,  
 And wae be to the sea;  
 And wae be to the mariners  
 Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!"

"O bonny, bonny was my love,  
 A pleasure to behold;  
 The very hair o' my love's head  
 Was like the threads of gold.

"O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,  
 And bonny was her chin;  
 And bonny was the bride she was,  
 The day she was made mine."

The legend contained in the ballad is, according to Sir Walter Scott, "in various shapes current in Scotland;" but it is by no means peculiar to that country. Similar stories are told in many of the English counties; and in Ireland it is very common; the moral conveying a warning against the crime of infidelity. Sir Walter says, "I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burthen of his courtship;—

'Gin ye wish to be leman mine,  
 Lay aside the St. John's wort, and the vervain.'"

The same power of keeping away evil spirits is attributed to the vervain in Ireland; where, when it is pulled by village mediciners, while the morning dew is on the ground, this verse is generally repeated:—

"Vervain, thou growest upon holy ground,  
 In Mount Calvary thou wert found;  
 Thou curest all sores and all diseases,  
 And in the name of Holy Jesus,  
 I pull you out of the ground."

The unhappy lady whose fate is described in the accompanying ballad had no such "protection," and was without that surer safeguard, to which the great poet refers as a possession, o'er which

No goblin or swart fairy of the mine  
 Hath hurtful power.

<p>"O WHERE have you been my long, long love, This long seven years and mair?" "O I'm come to seek my former vows, Ye granted me before."</p>	<p>The masts that were like the beaten gold, 45 Bent not on the heaving seas; And the sails, that were o' the taffetie, Filled not in the eastland breeze.</p>
<p>"O hold your tongue of your former vows, 5 For they will breed sad strife; O hold your tongue of your former vows, For I am become a wife."</p>	<p>They had not sailed a league, a league, 50 A league but barely three, Until she espied his cloven foot, And she wept right bitterlie.*</p>
<p>He turned him right and round about, And the tear blinded his e'e; 10 "I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground, If it had not been for thee."</p>	<p>"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he, "Of your weeping now let me be; I will show you how the lilies grow 55 On the banks of Italy."</p>
<p>"I might have had a king's daughter, Far far beyond the sea; I might have had a king's daughter, 15 Had it not been for love o' thee."</p>	<p>"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills, That the sun shines sweetly on?" "O yon are the hills of heaven," he said, "Where you will never win." 60</p>
<p>"If ye might have had a king's daughter, Yersell ye had to blame; Ye might have taken the king's daughter, For ye kend that I was nane." 20</p>	<p>"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said, "All so dreary wi' frost and snow?" "O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried, "Where you and I will go."</p>
<p>"O faulse are the vows o' womankind, But fair is their faulse bodie; I never would hae trodden on Irish ground, Had it not been for love o' thee."</p>	<p>And aye when she turn'd her round about, Aye taller he seemed to be; 66 Until that the tops o' the gallant ship Nae taller were than he.</p>
<p>"If I was to leave my husband dear, 25 And my two babes also, O what have you to take me to, If with you I should go?"</p>	<p>The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud, And the levin filled her e'e; 70 And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites, Upon the gurlie sea.</p>
<p>"I have seven ships upon the sea, The eighth brought me to land; 30 With four and twenty bold mariners, And music on every hand."</p>	<p>He struck the top-mast wi' his hand, The foremast wi' his knee; And he brake that gallant ship in twain, And sank her in the sea.</p>
<p>She has taken up her two little babes, Kissed them baith cheek and chin: "O fare ye weel, my ain two babes, For I'll never see you again." 35</p>	<p>* In Mr. Buchan's ballad, remorse is made to visit the heroine, not by the sight of the "cloven foot," but by a feeling more natural and more worthy:— She minded on her dear husband, Her little son tee.</p>
<p>She set her foot upon the ship, No mariners could she behold; But the sails were o' the taffetie, And the masts o' the beaten gold. 40</p>	<p>And, at the same time,— The thoughts o' grief came in her mind, And she langed for to be hame; While the miserable woman thus prays:— "I may be buried in Scottish ground, Where I was bred and born."</p>
<p>She had not sailed a league, a league, A league but barely three, When dismal grew his countenance, And drumlie grew his e'e.</p>	

*How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe Betray.*

THE story of this ancient poem seems to have appeared in all possible shapes. It is contained in a tract entitled "Penny-wise, pound-foolish; or a Bristow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd. Profitable for married men, pleasant for young men, and a rare example for all good women," London, 1631, 4to. b. l., and is well known, at least in the North, by the old ballad called "The Pennyworth of Wit." It likewise appears, from Langham's letter, 1575, to have been then in print, under the title of "The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit;" though no edition of that age is now known to exist. The following copy is from a transcript made by the late Mr. Baynes from one of Bp. More's manuscripts in the public library at Cambridge (Ff. 2. 38, or 690), written apparently about the reign of Edward the Fourth, or Richard the Third; carefully but unnecessarily examined with the original. The poem itself, however, is indisputably of a greater age, and seems from the language and orthography to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. The fragment of a somewhat different copy, in the same dialect, is contained in a MS. of Henry the Sixth's time in the British Museum (Bib. Har. 5396). It has evidently been designed to be sung to the harp.

LYSTENYTH, lordyngys, y you pray,  
How a merchand dyd hys wyfe betray,  
Bothe be day and be nyght,  
Yf ye wyll herkyn a ryght.  
Thys songe ys of a merchand of thys cuntre,  
That had a wyfe feyre and free; 6  
The merchand had a full gode wyfe,  
Sche louyd hym trewly as hur lyfe,  
What that euyr he to hur sayde,  
Fayr sche helde hur wele npayde: 10  
The merchand, that was so gay,  
By another woman he lay;  
He boght hur gownys of grete pryce,  
Furryd with menyvere and with gryse, 15  
To hur hedd ryall atyre,  
As any lady myght desyre  
Hys wyfe, that was so trewe as ston,  
He wolde ware no thyng vpon:

That was foly be my fay,  
That fayrenes schulde tru loue betray. 20  
So hyt happenyd, as he wolde,  
The merchand ouer the see he schulde;  
To hys leman ys he gon,  
Leue at hur for to tane;  
With clypyng and with kysayng swete, 25  
When they schulde parte bothe dyd they  
wepe.  
Tyll hys wyfe ys he gon,  
Leue at her then hath he tan;  
Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,  
Haste any money thou woldyst ware? 30  
Whan y come bezonde the see  
That y myzt the hye some ryche drewre.  
Syr, sche seyde, as Christ me saue,  
Ye haue all that euyr y haue;  
Ye schall haue a peny here, 35  
As ye ar my trewe fere,  
Bye ye me a penyworth of wytt,  
And in youre hert kepe wele hyt.  
Styll stode the merchand tho,  
Lothe he was the peny to forgoo, 40  
Certen sothe, as y yow say,  
He put hyt in hys purse and yede hys way.  
A full gode wynde god hath hym sende,  
Yn Fraunce hyt can hym brynge;  
A full gode schypp arrayed he 45  
Wyth marchaundyce and spycere.  
Certen sothe, or he wolde reste,  
He boght hys leman of the beste,  
He boght hur bedys, brochys and ryngys,  
Nowehys of golde, and many feyre thyngys;  
He boght hur perry to hur hedd, 51  
Of safurs and of rubyes redd:  
Hys wyfe, that was so trewe as ston,  
He wolde ware nothyng vpon:  
That was foly be my fay, 55  
That fayrenes schulde trewe loue betray.  
When he had boght all that he wolde,  
The merchand ouyr the see he schulde.  
The marchaundys man to his mayster  
speke,  
Oure dameys peny let vs not forgete. 60  
The merchand swore, be seynt Anne,  
Zyt was that a lewde bargan,  
To bye owre dame a penyworth of wytt,  
In all Fraunce y can not fynde hyt.

<p>             'An' olde man in the halle stode,              The marchandys speche he undurzode:              The olde man to the marchand can say,              A worde of counsell y yow pray,              And y schall selle yow a penyworth of wyt,              Yf ye take gode hede to hyt:              Tell me marchand, be thy lyfe,              Whethyr haste thou a leman or a wyfe?              Syr, y haue both, as haue y reste,              But my paramour loue I beste.              Then seyde the olde man, withowten were,              Do now as y teche the here;              When thou comyst ouyr the salte fome,              Olde clothys then do the vpon,              To thy lemman that thou goo,              And telle her of all thy woo;              Syke sore, do as y the say,              And telle hur all thy gode ys loste away,              Thy schyp ys drownyd in the fom,              And all thy god ys loste the from;              Whan thou haste tolde hur soo,              Then to thy weddyd wyfe thou go;              Whedyr helpyth the bettur yn thy nede,              Dwelle with hur, as Cryste the spede.              The marchand seyde, wele must thou fare,              Have here thy peny, y haue my ware.              When he come ouer the salte fome,              Olde clothys he dyd hym vpon,              Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,              And seyde to hur maydyn, how lykyth the?              My love ys comyn fro beyonde the see,              Come hedur, and see hym wyth thyn eye.              The maydyn seyde, be my fay,              He ys yn a febull array.              Go down, in to the halle,              Yf thou mete the marchand wythalle,              And yf he spyrrer aftr me,              Say, thou sawe me wyth non eye;              Yf he wyll alगतys wytt,              Say in my chaumbyr y lye sore syke,              Out of hyt y may not wynne,              To speke wyth none ende of my kynne,              Nother wyth hym nor wyth none other,              Thowe he ware myn own brother.              Alias! seyde the maydyn, why sey ye soo?              Thynte how he helpyed yow owf of moche              wo.              Fyrst when ye mett, wyth owf lesynge,              Youre gode was not worthe xx s.,              Now hyt ys worthe cccc pownde,              Of golde and syluer that ys rounde;           </p>	<p>             65              70              78              80              85              90              95              100              105              110           </p>	<p>             Gode ys but a lante lone,              Some tyme men haue hyt, and some tyme              none;              Thogh all hys gode be gon hym froo,              Neuyr forsake hym in hys woo.              Go downe, maydyn, as y bydd the,              Thou schalt no lenger ellys dwelle with me.              The maydyn wente in to the halle,              There sche met the marchand wythall.              Where ys my lemman? where is sche?              Why wyll sche not come speke wyth me?              Syr, y do the wele to wytt,              Yn hyr chaumbyr sche lyeth full syke,              Out of hyt sche may not wynne,              To speke wyth non ende of hur kynne,              Nother wyth yow nor wyth none other,              Thowe ye were hur owne brother.              Maydyn, to my lemman that thou go,              And telle hur my gode ys loste me fro,              My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,              And all my gode ys loste me from;              A gentylman haue y slawe,              Y dar not abyde the londys lawe;              Pray hur, as sche louyth me dere,              As y haue ben to hur a trewe fere,              To kepe me preuy in hur chaumbyr,              That the kyngys baylyes take me neuyr.              Into the chaumbyr the maydyn ys goon,              Thys tale sche tolde hur dame anone.              In to the halle, maydyn, wynde thou downe,              And bydd hym owf of my halle to goon,              Or y schall send in to the towne,              And make the kyngys baylyes to come;              Y swere, be god of grete renown,              Y wyll neuyr harbur the kyngys feloun.              The maydyn wente in to the halle,              And thus sche tolde the marchand alle;              The marchand sawe none other spede,              He toke hys leue and forthe he yede.              Lystenyth, lordyngys, curtes and hende,              For zyt ys the better fytt behynde.           </p>	<p>             115              121              125              130              135              140              145              150           </p>
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## THE SECOND FIT.

LYSTENYTH, lordyngys, great and small:  
 The marchand ys now to hys own halle;  
 Of hys comyng hys wyfe was fayne,  
 Anone sche come hym agayne.  
 Husbonde, sche seyde, wolcome ye be,  
 How haue ye farde beyonde the see?  
 Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,  
 All full febyll hath be my fare;  
 All the gode that euer was thyn and myn  
 Hyt ys loste be seynt Martyn;

Ver. 63, And. V. 79. 80. These two lines are in the MS. inserted after the four following



In a storme y was bestadde,	165	Ye schall see, so muste y the,	
Was y neuyr halfe so sore adrad,		That sche lyeth falsely on me.	220
Y thanke hyt god, for so y may,		Sche leyde a canvas on the flore,	
That euyr y skapyd on lyve away;		Longe and large, styffe and store,	
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,		Sche leyde theron, wythowten lyte,	
And all my gode ys loste me from;	170	Fyfty schetys waschen whyte,	
A gentylman haue y slawe,		Pecys of syluyr, masers of golde;	225
I may not abyde the londys lawe;		The marchand stode hyt to be holde:	
I pray the, as thou louest me dere,		He put hyt in a wyde sakk,	
As thou art my trewe weddyd fere,	174	And leyde hyt on the hors bak;	
In thy chaumber thou woldest kepe me dern.		He bad hys chyld go helyue,	
Syr, sche seyde, no man schall me warne:		And lede thys home to my wyne.	230
Be styлле, husbonde, sygh not so sore,		The chyld on hys way ys gon,	
He that hathe thy gode may sende the more;		The marchande come aftyr anon:	
Thowe all thy gode be fro the goo,		He caste the pakk downe in the flore,	
I wyll neuyr forsake the in thy woo;	180	Longe and large, styff and store,	
Y schall go to the kyng and to the quene,		As hyt lay on the gronde,	235
And knele before them on my kneen,		Hyt was wele worthe eene pownde:	
There to knele and neuyr to cese,		They on dedyn the mouth aryght,	
Tyl of the kyng y haue getyn thy pees:		There they sawe a ryall syght.	
I can bake, brewe, carde and spyne,	185	Syr, sayde hys wyfe, be the rode,	
My maydenys and y can sylvyr wyne,		Where had ye all thys ryall gode?	240
Euyr whyll y am thy wyfe,		Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,	
To maynten the a trewe mannys lyfe.		Here ys thy penyworth of ware;	
Certen sothe, as y yow say,		Yf thou thynke hyt not wele besett,	
All nyght be hys wyfe he lay,	190	Gyf hyt another can be ware hytt bett:	
On the morne, as he forthe yede,		All thys wyth thy peny boght y,	245
He kaste on hym a ryall wede,		And therefore y gyf hyt the frely;	
And bestrode a full gode stede,		Do wyth all what so euyr ye lyste,	
And to hys lemmans hows he yede.		I wyll neuyr aske yow acowntys, be Cryste.	
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,		The marchandys wyfe to hym can say.	
As he come rydyng ouyr the lee,	196	Why come ye home in so febull array?	250
Sche put on hur a garment of palle,		Then seyde the marchand, sone ageyn,	
And mett the marchand in the halle,		Wyfe, for to assay the in certeyn;	
Twyes or thryes, or euyr he wyste,		For at my lemman was y before,	
Trewly sche had hym kyste.	200	And sche by me sett lytyll store,	
Syr, sche seyde, be seynt John,		And sche louyd bettyr my gode then me,	
Ye were neuyr halfe so welcome home.		And so wyfe dydd neuyr ye.	256
Sche was a schrewe, as haue y hele,		To telle hys wyfe then he began,	
There sche currayed fauell well.		All that gode he had takyn fro hys lemman;	
Dame, he seyde, be seynt John,	205	And all was becawse of thy peny,	
Zyt ar not we at oon;		Therefore y gyf hyt the frely;	260
Hyt was tolde me beyonde the see,		And y gyf god a vowe thys howre,	
Thou haste another leman then me,		Y wyll neuyr more haue paramoure,	
All the gode that was thyn and myne,		But the, myn owne derlyng and wyfe,	
Thou haste geuyn hym, be seynt Martyn.		Wyth the wyll y lede my lyfe.	
Syr, as Cryste bryng me fro bale,	211	Thus the marchandys care he gan to keke,	
Sche lyeth falsely that tolde the that tale;		He lefte hys folke euery dele,	266
Hyt was thy wyfe, that olde trate,		And leuyd in cleunesse and honeste;	
That neuyr gode worde by me spake;		Y pray god that so do we.	
Were sche dedd (god lene hyt wolde!)	215	God that ys of grete renowne,	
Of the haue all my wylle y schulde;		Saue all the gode folke of thys towne:	270
Erly, late, lowde and styлле,		Jesu, as thou art heuyn kyng,	
Of the schulde y haue all my wylle:		To the blys of heuyn owre soules brynge.	

### *Fause Foodrage.*

THIS ballad was originally published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where it is stated to have been "chiefly given" from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland.\* AL-

\* "An ingenious lady," writes Sir Walter Scott, "to whose taste and memory the world is indebted." She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Gordon, professor of philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen; and the circumstances, under which she obtained so much proficiency in ballad lore, are thus explained in a letter from her father to Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.:—"An aunt of my children, Mrs. Faguhar, now dead, who was married to the proprietor of a small estate, near the sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, who had spent the best part of her life among flocks and herds, resided, in her later days, in the town of Aberdeen. She was possessed of a most tenacious memory, which retained all the songs she had heard from nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part of the country. Being naturally fond of my children, when young, she had them much about her, and delighted them with the songs and tales of chivalry. My youngest daughter, Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, is blessed with as good a memory as her aunt, and has almost the whole of her songs by heart." They were subsequently written down by her nephew, Professor Scott, "as his aunt sung them." To this MS. reference is frequently made by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy,"—"as containing a curious and valuable collection," from which he procured "very material assistance," and which often furnished him with "various readings, and supplementary stanzas," to such as were known on the Borders. Jamieson, also, thus acknowledges his obligations to this lady:—"For the groundwork of this collection, and for the greater and more valuable part of the popular and romantic tales which it contains, the public are indebted to Mrs. Brown, of Falkland. Besides the large supply of ballads taken down from her own recitation many years ago, by Professor Scott, of Aberdeen,—in 1800, I paid an unexpected visit to Mrs. Brown, at Dysart, where she then happened to be for health, and wrote down, from her unpremeditated repetition, about a dozen pieces more, most of which will be found in my work. Several others, which I had not time to take down, were afterwards transmitted to me by Mrs. Brown herself, and by her late highly-respectable and worthy husband, the Reverend Dr. Brown. Every person, who peruses the following sheets, will see how much I owe to Mrs. Brown, and to her nephew, my much esteemed friend, Professor Scott; and it rests with me to feel that I owe them much more for the zeal and spirit which they have manifested, than even for the valuable communications which they have made. As to the 'authenticity' of the pieces themselves, they are as authentic as traditional poetry can be expected to be; and their being more entire than most other such pieces are found to be, may be easily accounted for, from the circumstance, that there are few persons of Mrs. Brown's abilities and education who repeat popular ballads from memory. She learnt most of them before she was twelve years old, from old women and maid-servants. What she once learnt she never forgot; and such were her curiosity and industry, that she was not contented with merely knowing the story, according to one way of telling, but studied to acquire all the varieties of the same tale which she could meet with."

though there can be no question that it received many improvements in passing through the hands of the accomplished editor, there can be as little doubt of its antiquity in some ruder state; for Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Motherwell both affirm that it has been "popular in many parts of Scotland;" and by the former it is asserted, that he had made "strict inquiry into the authenticity of the song," in consequence of a line, in verse 31, strongly resembling one that occurs in the avowedly modern ballad of "Hardyknute,"—

Norse o'en like grey goss-hawk stared wild.

His doubts were removed by the evidence of a lady of rank (Lady Douglas, of Douglas, sister to the Duke of Buccleuch), who not only recollected the ballad as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses.

For the leading incident of the poem, and the beautiful episode introduced into it—the exchange of the children, upon which the story is made to depend—there appears to be no historical authority. At least, Sir Walter Scott has referred to none; and if there had been any, it would not have escaped his search. Yet it is not improbable that some such circumstance did actually occur; the old ballad-makers were seldom mere inventors; and tragedy, with all its attendant events, may be considered as by no means rare or uncommon to a remote age. That its age is "remote" is rendered certain, by the references to King Easter and King Wester; who, it is surmised by Sir Walter Scott, were "petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. From this," he adds, "it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex." In the "Complaynt of Scotland," mention is made of an ancient romance, entitled, "How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmureland." But Mr. Ritson is of opinion, that—"Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to

Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastnoreland, nor were there any kings of Westmoreland, unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher;—

Here the King Westmer  
Slew the King Rothinger.

In the old metrical romance of "Kynge Horn," or "Horn Child," we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But "ness," in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as "Horn" is called king, sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Ulkland or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused. It is, at any rate," adds the learned antiquary, "highly probable, that the story, cited in the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' was a romance of 'King Horn,' whether prose or verse; and, consequently, that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."

Of the Scottish origin of this ballad there is internal evidence; and several of the phrases made use of, besides the titles to which we have referred, afford corroborative proof of its antiquity. The term "kevil," used in the third verse,—

And they cast keviles them amang,  
And keviles them between;  
And they cast keviles them amang,  
Wha suld gae kill the king,—

Is thus explained by Sir Walter Scott,—  
"Kevils"—lots. Both words originally meant only a portion or share of any thing.—*Leyes Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de lot, cut, or kavil*. *Statuta Gildar*, cap. 20. *Nullus erat lanam, &c., nisi fuerit confrater Gildar, &c.* Neque lot neque cavil habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro. In both these laws, 'lot' and 'cavil' signify a share in trade."

King Easter has courted her for her lands,  
King Wester for her foe,  
King Honour for her comely face,  
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married, 5  
As I have heard them tell,  
Until the nobles of the land  
Against them did rebel.

And they cast keviles them amang,  
And keviles them between; 10  
And they cast keviles them amang,  
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,  
Their words did not agree;  
'Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage, 15  
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men bound to bed,  
King Honour and his gaye ladye 20  
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,  
When a' were fast asleep,  
And slew the porter in his lodge,  
That watch and ward did keep.

O, four and twenty silver keys 25  
Hung hie upon a pin:  
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,  
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,  
Says—"What means a' this din? 30  
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,  
Or wha has loot you in?"—

"O ye my errand weel sall learn  
Before that I depart."—  
Then drew a knife, baith lung and sharp, 35  
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,  
And fell low down on her knee:  
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage, 40  
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage,  
Until I lighter be!  
And see gin it be had or lass,  
King Honour has left wi' me."—

- "O gin it be a lass," he says,  
 "Weel nursed it sall be;  
 But gin it be a lad bairn,  
 He sall be hang'd hie.
- "I winna spare for his tender age,  
 Nor yet for his hie kin;  
 But soon as e'er he born is,  
 He sall mount the gallows pin."—
- O four-and-twenty valiant knights  
 Were set the queen to guard;  
 And four stood aye at her bouir door,  
 To keep both watch and ward.
- But when the time drew near an end,  
 That she suld lighter be,  
 She cast about to find a wile,  
 To set her body free.
- O she has birl'd these merry young men  
 With the ale but and the wine,  
 Until they were a' deadly drunk  
 As any wild-wood swine.
- "O narrow, narrow, is this window,  
 And big, big, am I grown!"—  
 Yet through the might of our Ladye,  
 Out at it she has gone.
- She wandered up, she wandered down,  
 She wandered out and in;  
 And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,  
 The queen brought forth a son.
- Then they cast keivils them amang,  
 Which suld gae seek the queen;  
 And the kevil fell upon Wise William,  
 And he sent his wife for him.
- O when she saw Wise William's wife,  
 The queen fell on her knee;  
 "Win up, win up, madam!" she says:  
 "What needs this courtesie?"—
- "O out o' this I winna rise,  
 Till a boon ye grant to me;  
 To change your lass for this lad bairn,  
 King Honour left me wi'.
- "And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk  
 Right weel to breast a steed;  
 And I sall learn your turtle dow  
 As weel to write and read.
- 45 "And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk  
 To wield baith bow and brand;  
 And I sall learn your turtle dow  
 To lay gowd wi' her hand. 90
- 50 "At kirk and market when we meet,  
 We'll dare make nae avowe,  
 But—Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?  
 —Madame, how does my dow?"— 94
- 55 When days were gane, and years came on,  
 Wise William he thought lang;  
 And he has ta'en King Honour's son  
 A-hunting for to gang. 100
- 60 It sae fell out, at this hunting,  
 Upon a simmer's day,  
 That they came by a fair castell,  
 Stood on a sunny brae.
- "O dinna ye see that bonny castell,  
 Wi' halls and towers sae fair?  
 Gin ilka man had back his ain,  
 Of it you suld be heir."— 105
- 65 "How I suld be heir of that castell,  
 In sooth, I canna see;  
 For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,  
 And he is na kin to me." 110
- 70 "O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
 You woud do but what was right;  
 For, I wot, he killed your father dear,  
 Or over ye saw the light. 115
- 75 "And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
 There is no man durst you blame;  
 For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
 And she daurna take ye hame."— 120

\* "This metaphorical language," says Scott, "was customary among the northern nations. In 925, King Adalstein sent an embassy to Harald Harfager, King of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with a sword. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage. The Norwegian prince resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, sent, next summer, an embassy to Adalstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harald, to the English prince; and placing him on his knees, made the following declaration:—*Haraldus, Normanorum Rex, amice te salutavit; albanque hanc avem bene institutam mittit utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*" The King received young Haco on his knees, which the Norwegian accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, *'Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat.'*"

The boy stared wild like a grey goss-hawk,  
Says,—“What may a’ this mean?”  
“My boy, ye are King Honour’s son,  
And your mother’s our lawful queen.”

“O gin I be King Honour’s son, 125  
By our Ladye I swear,  
This night I will that traitor slay,  
And relieve my mother dear!”—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,  
And leaped the castell wa’; 130

And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,  
Wha loud for help ‘gan ca’.

“O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,  
Frac me ye shanna flee;”—  
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause  
heart, 135  
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William  
Wi’ the best half o’ his land;  
And sae has he the turtle dow,  
Wi’ the truth o’ his right hand. 140

### Sir Agilthorn.

THIS ballad is the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis; and our principal motive in introducing it into this collection is to supply an example of his compositions, for its merits are not such as to warrant the selection upon other grounds. His writings, although now nearly forgotten, had, at one period, no inconsiderable influence upon the literature of the age: the success that attended his publications induced a host of imitators, and, for awhile, his “school” may be almost said to have formed the taste of the country. But the unnatural will always be the ephemeral; and that which is not based upon Truth, Time will be certain to destroy. With the exception of two or three of his more romantic ballads—“Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene,” and, perhaps, “Osric the Lion”—the poems of Lewis are as completely consigned to oblivion as if they had never been printed; even his vain and useless “Romances,” which have passed through numerous editions, are now seldom read; and are republished only by caterers for the meretricious or the vicious. Merit of a particular order he undoubtedly had; public attention is never obtained, even for a season, without it; but his works possessed very little of real value, and the world has lost nothing by the obscurity into which they have sunk. He was “the first to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious, dramatic, and poetical composition;” and no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott considers

that he did service to our literature by showing, that “the prevailing taste of Germany might be employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject.” It is certain, that at the period in which he “flourished,” English literature had become sluggish, inert, and comparatively valueless; while “the realms of Parnassus,” more especially, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.\* Lewis was “born to fortune;” his father held the lucrative appointment of under-secretary at war; and he was himself a member of parliament as soon as his age permitted him to occupy a seat. During a residence in Germany, he had opportunities of indulging his inclination for the marvellous; and he and

\* “Lewis was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the ready of verse.” \* \* \* “His works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through his own merit, though that was of no mean quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise, by using a style of composition, which, like national melodies, is so congenial to the general taste, that though it falls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

his imitators, towards the close of the last century, absolutely flooded the libraries of Great Britain with their tales of enchantment and diablerie, in poetry and prose. Lewis's publications are the romances of "The Monk," "Feudal Tyrants," and "Romantic Tales;" "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," in verse; "The Castle Spectre" and "Adelnorn," romantic dramas; "Venoni," a tragedy; a volume of miscellaneous poetry, and the "Bravo of Venice," a translation from the German. He died in 1818, while on his voyage home from a visit to his paternal property in Jamaica. An idle story has been circulated, that his death was occasioned by poison, administered to him by a negro whom he had incautiously acquainted with his intention to emancipate the whole of his slaves at his decease.

His volumes of ballads, "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," were comparative failures; to the first, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Leyden, and others, contributed, and their contributions sufficed to give value to the work. It was published in 1801, "for the author." Lewis, however, was tempted to "drive it out" into two volumes, royal 8vo., which were sold at a high price. "Purchasers murmured at finding this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's 'Theodore and Honoria,' Parnell's 'Hermit,' Lisle's 'Porsenna, King of Russia,' and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, 'written and collected' by a modern author." The consequence was, that the costly and weighty volumes met with little or no public approval. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. "Another objection was," adds Sir Walter Scott, "that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gayety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the 'Tales of Wonder' were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive."

One important consequence, at least, followed this introduction of a new style into our literature; to his acquaintance with Lewis we are probably indebted for the vast store-house of wealth bequeathed to us by Sir Walter Scott. "Finding Lewis," he says, "in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame;" and, he adds, "out of an accidental acquaintance" with the popular author, which "increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life." He was first stimulated to the translation of some German ballads; and soon acquired confidence to attempt "the imitation of what he admired." Lewis had, about this period, announced the publication of a work, the title of which sufficiently indicates its character—"Tales of Wonder,"—and to this work Scott readily agreed to contribute. It was published in two volumes, in the year 1801; and contained, among others, the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and the "Eve of Saint John," by Sir Walter—compositions which he can scarcely be said to have afterwards surpassed. The encouragement the young author here met with, led to the collection and subsequent publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," originally printed by James Ballantyne, at Kelso. What "great events from little causes flow!"—possibly if "Monk Lewis" had never existed as a versifier, the genius of Scott might have been directed into some less serviceable channel; for, mainly out of the trivial circumstances here briefly recorded, he "gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment"—"modern imitations of the ancient ballad."

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,  
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;  
Nor rudely break the silence shed  
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear  
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,  
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,  
The sod where lady Eva lies.

- Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound 9  
 Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;  
 Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,  
 The beauteous dame and gallant knight.
- Alas! the hour of bliss is past,  
 For hark! the din of discord rings: 14  
 War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,  
 And trembling plies his radiant wings.
- And must sad Eva lose her lord?  
 And must he seek the martial plain?  
 Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword;  
 Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!
- "Blessed is the village damsel's fate, 21  
 Though poor and low her station be;  
 Safe from the cares which haunt the great,  
 Safe from the cares which torture me!
- "No doubting fear, no cruel pain, 25  
 No dread suspense her breast alarms;  
 No tyrant honour rules her swain,  
 And tears him from her folding arms.
- "She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,  
 In pleasing toil consumes the day; 30  
 And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,  
 Or joins her rustic lover's lay.
- "Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies  
 The pillow which supports her head;  
 She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes 35  
 Shall wake, to mourn a husband dead.
- "Hush, impious fears! the good and brave  
 Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;  
 When death with thousands gluts the grave,  
 His dart, my love, shall glance from thee;
- "While thine shall fly direct and sure, 41  
 This buckler every blow repel;  
 This casque from wounds that face secure,  
 Where all the loves and graces dwell.
- "This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,  
 My hands in happier moments wove; 46  
 Cursed be the wretch, whose sword shall tear  
 The spell-bound work of wedded love!
- "Lo! on thy falchion keen and bright,  
 I shed a trembling consort's tears; 50  
 Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,  
 Remember wretched Eva's fears!
- "Think how thy lips she fondly pressed,  
 Think how she wept—compelled to part;  
 Think every wound which scars thy breast,  
 Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!"— 56
- "O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"—  
 Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;  
 "Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,  
 Thy tears my fainting soul unman: 60
- "In pity cease, my gentle dame,  
 Such sweetness and such grief to join!  
 Lest I forget the voice of Fame,  
 And only list to Love's and thine.
- "Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush! 65  
 Rise, rise, my sobs, I set ye free:  
 Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush  
 To own that life is dear to me.
- "The wretch whose lips have pressed the  
 bowl,  
 The bitter howl of pain and woe, 70  
 May careless reach his mortal goal,  
 May boldly meet the final blow:
- "His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,  
 A happier life he hopes to find;  
 But what can I in heaven expect, 75  
 Beyond the bliss I leave behind?
- "Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies,  
 To prosperous love present no charms;  
 My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,  
 My paradise in Eva's arms. 80
- "Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command,  
 Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,  
 Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand  
 To rashly break the thread of life!
- "No! let our boy thy care engross, 85  
 Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;  
 Supply his luckless father's loss,  
 And love him for thyself and me.
- "So may oblivion soon efface  
 The grief which clouds this fatal morn;  
 And soon thy cheeks afford no trace 91  
 Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!"
- He said; and couched his quivering lance:  
 He said; and braced his moony shield:—  
 Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance, 95  
 Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy hereft,  
 Stood rooted at the castle gate,  
 And viewed the prints his courser left,  
 While hurrying at the call of fate. 100

Forebodings sad her bosom told,  
 The steed which bore him thence so light,  
 Her longing eyes would ne'er behold  
 Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves, 105  
 She thus addressed her orphan page:—  
 "Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved  
 The sorrows of thy infant age:

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play  
 Luxuriant round thy blooming face; 110  
 If e'er I wiped thy tears away,  
 And bade them yield to smiles their place:

"Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,  
 Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead;  
 And o'er the combat, home repair, 115  
 And tell me how my lord has sped.

"Till thou return'st each hour's an ago,  
 An age employed in doubt and pain;  
 Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,  
 Oh! haste and soon return again." 120

"Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage,  
 Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain;  
 I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,  
 I'll haste, and soon return again."

Then Osway bade his courser fly; 125  
 But still, while hapless Eva wept,  
 Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,  
 So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,  
 Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;  
 And now she bade the warder speak, 131  
 And now she lulled her child to rest.

"Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?  
 What see'st from the castle tower?"  
 "Nought but the rocks of Elginbright, 135  
 Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower."

"Oh, pretty babe! thy mother's joy,  
 Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,  
 To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,  
 May see thee bear an orphan's name. 140

"Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword  
 The life blood of thy father drains;  
 Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,  
 Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

"O, warder, from the castle tower, 145  
 Now say what objects meet thy sight?"  
 "None but the shades of Forest-Bower,  
 None but the rocks of Elginbright."

"Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire  
 When, gazing on his Eva's face, 150  
 His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,  
 And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

"Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid:  
 Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—  
 Oh, never be thy soul employed 155  
 On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

"Now, warder, warder, speak again!  
 What see'st thou from the turret's height?"  
 "Oh, lady, speeding o'er the plain,  
 The little foot-page appears in sight!" 160

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath;  
 Close to her breast the babe she drew—  
 "Now, heaven," she cried, "for life or death!"  
 And forth to meet the page she flew.

"And is thy lord from danger free? 165  
 And is the deadly combat o'er?"—  
 In silence Osway bent his knee,  
 And laid a scurf her feet before.

The well-known scurf with blood was stained,  
 And tears from Osway's eyelids fell; 170  
 Too truly Eva's heart explained,  
 What meant those silent tears to tell.

"Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,  
 "We needs must seek the field of woe:  
 Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside! 175  
 To dig thy father's grave we go."

"Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;  
 Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;  
 The thunder roars, the rain descends, 179  
 And lightning streaks the heavens with red

"Hark, hark, the winds tempestuous rave!  
 Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!  
 Or, if resolved the storm to brave,  
 Be this dear infant left behind!"



"No, no! with me my baby stays! 185 With me he lives; with me he dies! Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze Will shew me where my warrior lies."	'Tis here, at eve, each village youth With freshest flowers the turf adorns; 'Tis here he swears eternal truth, By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.
O see she roams the bloody field, And wildly shrieks her husband's name: O see she stops and eyes a shield, 191 A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.	And here the virgins sadly tell, 205 Each seated by her shepherd's side, How brave the gallant warrior fell, How true his lovely lady died.
His armour broke in many a place, A knight lay stretched that shield beside; She raised his vizor, kissed his face, 195 Then on his bosom sunk and died.	Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear, And mourn the gentle lovers' doom! 210 Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear, And dew the turf of Eva's tomb.
Huntsman, their rustie grave behold: 'Tis here, at night, the fairy king, Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold, Oft forms his light fantastic ring. 200	So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose; So ne'er may grief to thee be known; They who can weep for others' woes, 215 Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

### The Life and Death of Tom Thumbe.

It is needless to mention the popularity of the following story. Every city, town, village, shop, stall, man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, can bear witness to it. Its antiquity, however, remains to be inquired into, more especially as no very ancient edition of it has been discovered. That which was made use of on the present occasion bears the following title: "Tom Thumbe, his life and death: wherein is declared many marvellous acts of manhood, full of wonder, and strange merriments. Which little knight lived in king Arthurs time, and famous in the court of Great Brittain. London, printed for John Wright. 1630." It is a small 8vo. in black letter, was given, among many other curious pieces, by Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to the Bodleian Library (Seld. Art. L. 79.), and is the oldest copy known to be extant. There is a later edition, likewise in black letter, printed for F. Coles, and others, in Antony à Wood's collection, which has been collated, as has also a different copy, printed for some of the same proprietors, in the editor's possession. All three are ornamented with curious cuts, representing the most memorable inci-

dents of our hero's life. They are likewise divided into chapters by short prose arguments, which, being always unnecessary, and sometimes improper, as occasioning an interruption of the narrative, are here omitted.

In Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1626, Skelton, one of the characters, after mentioning Elinor Rumming, and others, says

Or you may have come  
In, THOMAS THUMB,  
IN A PUDDING FAT,  
With Doctor Rat.

Then "The Antimasque follows: consisting of these twelve persons, Owl-glass, the four Knaves, two Ruffians, Fitz-Ale, and Vapor, Elinor Rumming, Mary Ambree, Lang Meg of Westminster, TOM THUMB, and Doctor Rat."<sup>2</sup>

Five years before there had appeared "The History of Tom Thumbe, the Little, for his

\* Works, by Whalley, v. l. 165. "Doctor Rat, the curate," is one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "Gammar Gurton's Needle."

small stature surnamed King Arthur's Dwarf: Whose Life and adventures containe many strange and wonderful accidents, published for the delight of merry Time-spenders. Imprinted at London for Tho. Langley, 1621, (12mo. bl. l.)" This, however, was only the common metrical story turned into prose with some foolish additions by R. L. [Richard Johnson.] The Preface or Introductory Chapter is as follows, being indeed the only part of the book that deserves notice.

"My merry Muse begets no Tales of Guy of Warwick, nor of hould Sir Bevis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my penne with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, little John, the Fryer and his Marian; nor will I call to minde the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold Yeomen of the North, ADAM BELL, CLEM OF THE CLOUGH, nor WILLIAM OF CLOUDESTLY, those ancient archers of all England, nor shal my story be made of the mad merry pranks of Tom of Bethlem, Tom Lincolne, or Tom a Lin, the Diuels supposed Bastard, nor yet of Garagantua that monster of men,\* but of AN OLDER TOM, A TOM OR MORE ANTIQUITY, a Tom of a strange making, I meane Little Tom of Wales, no bigger than a Millers Thumb, and therefore for his small stature, surnamed Tom Thumb. . . . THE ANCIENT TALES of Tom Thumb in the OLDE TIME, haue bene the only reuiuers of drowzy age at midnight; old and young haue with his Tales chin'd Mattens till the cocks crow in the morning; Batchelors and Maides with his Tales haue compassed the Christmas fire-blocke, till the Curfew-Bell rings candle out; the old Shepheard and the young Plow boy after their dayes labour, haue carold out a Tale of Tom Thumb to make them merry with: and who but little Tom, hath made long nights seem short, and heauy toyles easie? Therefore (gentle Reader) considering that old modest mirth is turned naked out of doors, while nimble wit in the great Hall sits vpon a soft cushion giuing dry bobbes; for which cause I will, if I can now cloath him in his former livery, and bring him againe into the Chimney Corner, where now you

\* This is scarcely true; the titles of the two last chapters being, 1. "How Tom Thumb riding forth to take the ayre, met with the great Garagantua, and of the speech that was betwene them." 2. "How Tom Thumb after conference had with great Garagantua returned, and how he met with King Treadle."

must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellowes ouer a well spic'd Wassel bowle of Christmas Ale telling of these merry Tales which hereafter follow." This is in the editor's possession.

In the panegyric verses (by Michael Drayton and others) upon Tom Coryate and his Crudities, London, 1611, 4to., our hero is thus introduced, along with a namesake, of whom, unfortunately, we know nothing further:

"Tom THUMBE is dumbe, vntill the pudding creepe,

"In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe.

"Tom PIPER is gone out, and mirth bewailes,  
"He neuer will come in to tell vs tales."\*

We are unable to trace our little hero above half a century further back, when we find him still popular, indeed, but, to our great mortification, in very bad company. "In our childhood (says honest Reginald Scot) our mothers maids haue so terrified vs with an ouglie diuell, . . . and haue so frayed vs with bull beggers, spirits, witches, vrehens, chues, lugs, faeries, satyers, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, coniuers, nymphes, changlings, incubus, Robin good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the belle-waine, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom THUMBE, hob-goblin, Tom tumbler, boncles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes."†

To these researches we shall only add the opinion of that eminent antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, that this History, "how-ever looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was CERTAINLY founded upon some AUTHENTICK HISTORY, as being nothing else, originally, but a description of KING EDGAR'S DWARF."‡

\* In a different part of the work we find other characters mentioned, whose story is now, perhaps, irretrievably forgot:

I am not now to tell a tale  
Of George a Green, or Iacke a Vale,  
Or yet of Whittiface.

† Discoverie of Witchcraft. London, 1584, 4to. p. 155. See also Archb. Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Imposture. Ibi. 1604, 4to. p. 135.

‡ Benedictus Abbas, Appendix ad Prefationem, p. 17. Mr. Hearne was probably led to fix upon this monarch by

IN Arthurs court Tom Thumbe did live,  
A man of mickle might,  
The best of all the table round,  
And eke a doughty knight:

His stature but an inch in height,  
Or quarter of a span;  
Then thinke you not this little knight,  
Was prou'd a valiant man?

His father was a plow-man plaine,  
His mother milkt the cow,  
But yet the way to get a sonne  
'This' couple knew not how,

Untill such time this good old man  
To learned Merlin goes,  
And there to him his deepe desires  
In secret manner showes,

How in his heart he wisht to haue  
A childe, in time to come,  
To be his heire, though it might be  
No bigger than his Thumbe.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,  
That he his wish should haue,  
And so this sonne of stature small  
'The charmer to him gaue.

No blood nor bones in him should be,  
In shape and being such,  
That men should heare him speake, but not  
His wandring shadow touch:

But so vnseene to goe or come  
Whereas it pleas'd him still;  
Begot and borne in halfe an houre,  
To fit his fathers will.

And in foure minutes grew so fast,  
That he became so tall  
As was the plowmans thumbe in height,  
And so they did him call

Ver. 12, these.

some ridiculous lines added, about his own time, to introduce a spurious *second* and *third* part. See the common editions of Aldermay church-yard, &c., or that entitled "Thomas Redivivus: or, a compleat history of the life and marvellous actions of Tom Thumbe. In three tomes. Interspersed with that ingenious comment of the late Dr. Wagstaff; and annotations by several hands. To which is prefix'd historical and critical remarks on the life and writings of the author" London, 1729, folio. Dr. Wagstaff's comment was written to ridicule that of Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, upon the ballad of Chevy-Chase, and is inserted in his works.

TOM THUMBE, the which the Fayry-Queene  
There gave him to his name,  
Who, with her traine of Goblins grim,  
Vnto his christning came. 40

5 Whereas she cloath'd him richly braue,  
In garments fine and faire,  
Which lasted him for many yeares  
In seemely sort to weare.

10 His hat made of an oaken leafe, 45  
His shirt a spiders web,  
Both light and soft for those his limbes  
That were so smally bred;

15 His hose and doublet thistle downe, 50  
Togeather wean'd full fine;  
His stockins of an apple greene,  
Made of the outward rine;

20 His garters were two little haire, 55  
Pull'd from his mothers eye,  
His bootes and shoes a mouses skin,  
There tand most curiously.

Thus, like a lustic gallant, he  
Aduentured forth to goe,  
With other children in the streets  
His pretty trickes to show. 60

25 Where he for counters, pinns, and points,  
And cherry stones did play,  
Till he amongst those gamesters young  
Had loste his stocke away.

30 Yet could he soone renue the same, 65  
When as most nimble he  
Would diue into 'their' cherry-baggs,  
And there 'partaker' be,

Unseene or felt by any one, 70  
Vntill a scholler shut  
This nimble youth into a boxe,  
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reueng'd, he tooke  
(In mirth and pleasant game)  
Black pots, and glasses, which he hung 75  
Vpon a bright sunne-beame.

The other boyes to doe the like,  
In pieces broke them quite;  
For which they were most soe 80  
Whereat he laught out.

And so Tom Thumbe restrained was From these his sports and play, And by his mother after that Compel'd at home to stay.		Untill such time his mother went A milking of her kine, Where Tom vnto a thistle fast She linked with a twine.	125
Whereas about a Christmas time, His father a hog had kil'd, And Tom 'would' see the puddings made, 'For fear' they should be spil'd.	85	A thread that helde him to the same, For feare the blustering winde Should blow him thence, that so she might Her sonne in safety finde.	130
He sate vpon the pudding-boule, The candle for to hold; Of which there is vnto this day A pretty pastime told:	90	But marke the hap, a cow came by, And vp the thistle eate. Poore Tom withall, that, as a docke, Was made the red coves mente:	135
For Tom fell in, and could not be For euer after found, For in the blood and batter he, Was strangely lost and drown'd.	95	Who being mist, his mother went Him calling euery where, Where art thou Tom? where art thou Tom? Quoth he, Here mother, here:	140
Where searching long, but all in vaine, His mother after that Into a pudding thrust her sonne, Instead of minced fat.	100	Within the red coves bolly here, Your sonne is swallowed vp. The which into her fearful heart Most carefull dolours put.	
Which pudding of the largest size, Into the kettle throwne, Made all the rest to fly thereout, As with a whistle-wind blowne.		Meane while the cove was troubled much, In this her tumbling wombe, And could not rest vntil that she Had backward cast Tom Thumbe:	146
For so it tumbled vp and downe, Within the liquor there, As if the deuill 'had' been boyld; Such was his mothers feare.	105	Who all besmeared as he was, His mother tooke him vp, To heare him thence, the which poore lad She in her pocket put.	150
That vp she tooke the pudding strait, And gaue it at the doore Vnto a tinker, which from thence In his blacke budget bore.	110	Now after this, in sowing time, His father would him haue Into the field to driue his plow, And therevpon him gaue	155
But as the tinker climb'd a stile, By chance he let a cracke: Now gip, old knaue, out eride Tom Thumbe, There hanging at his backe:	116	A whip made of a barly straw, To driue the cattle on: Where, in a furrow'd land new sowne, Poore Tom was lost and gon.	
At which the tinker gan to run, And would no longer stay, But cast both bag and pudding downe, And thence hyed fast away.	120	Now by a raven of great strength Away he thence was borne, And carried in the carrions beake Euen like a graine of corne,	160
From which Tom Thumbe got loose at last And home return'd againe: Where he from following dangers long In safety did remaine.		Unto a giants castle top, In which he let him fall, Where soone the giant swallowed vp His body, clouthes and all.	165

But in his belly did Tom Thumbe So great a rumbling make, That neither day nor night he could The smallest quiet take,	170	So traucelling two dayes and nights, With labour and great paine, He came into the house whereas His parents did remaine ;	215
Untill the gyant had him spewd Three miles into the sea, Whereas a fish soone tooke him vp And bore him thence away.	175	Which was but halfe a mile in space From good king Arthurs court, The which in eight and forty houres He went in weary sort.	
Which lusty fish was after caught And to king Arthur sent, Where Tom was found, and made his dwarfe, Whereas his dayes he spent		But comming to his fathers doore, He there such entrance had As made his parents both reioice, And he thereat was glad.	220
Long time in liuely iollity, Belou'd of all the court, And none like Tom was then esteem'd Among the noble sort.	180	His mother in her apron tooke Her gentle sonne in haste, And by the fier side, within A walnut shell, him plac'd :	225
Amongst his deedes of courtship done, His highnesse did command, That he could dance a galliard braue Vpon his queenes left hand.	185	Whereas they feasted him three dayes Vpon a hazell nut, Whereon he rioted so long He them to charges put ;	230
The which he did, and for the same The king his signet gaue, Which Tom abut his middle wore Long time a girdle braue.	190	And there-upon grew wonderous sick, Through eating too much meate, Which was sufficient for a month For this great man to eate.	235
Now after this the king would not Abroad for pleasure goe, But still Tom Thumbe must ride with him, Plac't on his saddle-bow.	195	But now his businesse call'd him forth, King Arthurs court to see, Whereas no longer from the same He could a stranger be.	
Where on a time when as it rain'd, Tom Thumbe most nimbly crept In at a button hole, where he Within his bosome slept.		But yet a few small April drops, Which settled in the way, His long and weary iourney forth Did hinder and so stay.	240
And being neere his highnesse heart, He crau'd a wealthy boone, A liberall gift, the which the king Comanded to be done,	200	Until his carefull father tooke A birding trunke in sport, And with one blast blow this his sonne Into king Arthurs court.	245
For to relieue his fathers wants, And mothers, being old ; Which was so much of siluer coyne As well his armes could hold.	205	Now he with tilts and turnaments Was entertained so, That all the best of Arthurs knights Did him much pleasure show.	250
And so away goes lusty Tom, With three pence on his backe, A heauy burthen, which might make His wearied limbes to cracke.	210	As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Tristam, and sir Guy ; Yet none compar'd with braue Tom Thum, For knightly chivalry..	255

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In honour of which noble day, And for his ladies sake, A challenge in king Arthurs court Tom Thumbe did brauely make.		His body being so slender small, This cunning doctor tooke A fine perspective glasse, with which He did in secret looke	
Gainst whom these noble knights did run, Sir Chiron and the rest, 261 Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles might Did beare away the best.		Into his sickened body downe, 300 And therein saw that Death Stood ready in his wasted guts To sease his vitall breath.	
At last sir Lancelot of the Lake In manly sort came in, 265 And with this stout and hardy knight A battle did begin.		His armes and legges consum'd as small As was a spiders web, 305 Through which his dying houre grew on, For all his limbes grew dead.	
Which made the courtiers all agast, For there that valiant man Through Lancelots steed, before them all, In nimble manner run. 371		His face no bigger than an ants, Which hardly could be scene; The losse of which renowned knight 310 Much grieve'd the king and queene.	
Yea horse and all, with speare and shield, As hardly he was scene, But onely by king Arthurs selfe And his admired queene. 275		And so with peace and quietnesse He left this earth below; And vp into the Fayry land His ghost did fading goe. 315	
Who from her finger tooke a ring, Through which Tom Thumbe made way. Not touching it, in nimble sort, As it was done in play.		Whereas the Fayry queen receiu'd, With heavy mourning cheere, The body of this valiant knight, Whom she esteem'd so deere.	
He likewise cleft the smallest haire 280 From his faire ladies head, Not hurting her whose euen hand Him lasting honors bred.		For with her dancing nymphes in greene, 320 She fetcht him from his bed, With musicke and sweet melody, So soone as life was fled:	
Such were his deeds and noble acts In Arthurs court there showne, 285 As like in all the world beside Was hardly scene or knowne.		For whom king Arthur and his knights Full forty daies did mourne; 325 And, in remembrance of his name That was so strangely borne,	
Now at these sports he toyld himselfe That he a sicknesse tooke, Through which all manly exercise 290 He carelesly forsooke.		He built a tomb of marble gray, And yeare by yeare did come To celebrate the mournfull day, 330 And buriall of Tom Thum.	
Where lying on his bed sore sicke, King Arthurs doctor came, With cunning skill, by physicks art, To ease and cure the same. 295		Whose fame still liues in England here, Amongst the country sort; Of whom our wives and children small Tell tales of pleasant sport. 335	



## The Eve of St. John.

THIS ballad—the composition of Sir Walter Scott—was originally published in the “*Tales of Wonder*,” edited by M. G. Lewis. The scene of the Tragedy, “*Smaylho’mo*, or *Smallholm Tower*, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called *Sandiknow Crag*s. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of *Smaylho’mo Tower*, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. *Brotherstone* is a heath, in the neighbourhood of *Smaylho’mo Tower*.”\*

When the ballad was republished in the “*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,” it was accompanied by some account of the battle of “*Ancram Moor*,” to which reference is made in the poem, as “*running red with English blood*” from the fight between “*keen Lord Evers*” and

“*The Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch*,”

—a fight that was ever famous in the annals of border warfare.\* It took place in 1546. Evers and his colleague Sir Brian Latoun, having been promised by the English king a feudal grant of the country they had reduced to a desert, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose. He kept his word; at the head of one thousand men, aided by the famous Norman Lesley with a body of Fifemen, and “*the bold Buccleuch*” with a small but chosen body of his retainers, Evers and Latoun were met, at *Ancram Moor*,† with an army consisting of three thousand mercenaries, one thousand five hundred English Borderers, and seven hundred Scotchmen of “*broken clans*,” who changed sides during the engagement, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among

\* In the 1st volume of “*Border Minstrelsy*” is printed a ballad which appears to have been written to commemorate the circumstance of Sir Ralph Evers being ennobled on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the Border warfare:—

“And since he has kepte Derwick upon Tweed,  
The town was never better kept, I wot;  
He maintain’d leal and order along the Border,  
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

“With our Queen’s brother he hath been,  
And rode rough-shod thro’ Scotland of late;  
They have burn’d the Mers and Tivoldale,  
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate.”

Lord Evers was slain at *Ancram Moor*; and “*was buried in Melrose Abbey, where his stone coffin may still be seen—a little to the left of the Great Altar.*”

† The spot on which the battle was fought is called *Lillyard’s Edge*, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as *Squire Witherington*. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

“Fair maiden Lillyard lies under this stane,  
Little was her stature, but great was her fame,  
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,  
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her  
stumps.”

\* This Ballad derives additional interest from the fact that “*the ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor’s infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.*” References are made, in the Introduction to the 3d canto of “*Marion*,” to

“—those crags, that mountain tower,  
Which charm’d my fancy’s waking hour.”

“It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;  
But ever and anon between  
Lay velvet tufts of softest green;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wallflower grew.”

the English fugitives. "In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and eight hundred Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch."

Concerning the ballad of "The Eve of St. John," Sir Walter Scott gives us no information except in the notes—and they refer exclusively to the localities among which he has laid the scene of a romantic drama. He does not appear to have pointed the moral from any particular incident; yet the lesson conveyed by the story, that

"Lawless love is guilt above,"

is not the less forcible because it has reference to no express local tradition. The stanzas which close the tale are full of solemn grandeur; seldom has a more impressive picture been exhibited in lines so few:—

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,  
Ne'er looks upon the sun;  
There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

"That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
That monk who speaks to none—  
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
That monk the bold baron."

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
He spurred his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch, 5  
His banner broad to rear;  
He went not 'gainst the English yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was brac'd, his helmet was  
lac'd,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; 10  
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,  
And his looks were sad and sour;  
And weary was his courser's pace, 15  
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Aneam Moor  
Ran red with English blood;  
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood. 20

Yet was his helmet back'd and bew'd,  
His action pierced and tore,  
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage, 25  
He held him close and still;  
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
Come hither to my knee; 30  
Though thou art young, and tender of age,  
I think thou art true to me.

"Come tell me all that thou hast seen,  
And look thou tell me true!  
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,  
What did thy lady do?" 36

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
Of the English suemen told. 40

"The bitter clamour'd from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,  
To the airy Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came 45  
Where she sat her on a stone;—  
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,  
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight, 50  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
And I heard not what they were. 56

- "The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still,  
As again I watch'd the secret pair,  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill. 60
- "And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's  
bower;  
Ask no bold baron's leave.
- "He lifts his spear, with the bold Buccleuch;  
His lady is all alone; 66  
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,  
On the eve of good St. John.'—
- "I cannot come; I must not come;  
I dare not come to thee; 70  
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone;  
In thy bower I may not be.'—
- "Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!  
Thou shouldst not say me nay;  
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,  
Is worth the whole summer's day. 76
- "And I'll chain the blood-hound,  
And the warder shall not sound,  
And rush's shall be strew'd on the stair;  
So, by the black road-stone, and by holy St.  
John, 80  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there! '—
- "Though the blood-hound be mute,  
And the rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
There sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the  
east, 85  
And my footstep he would know.'—
- "O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the  
cast!  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—
- "He turn'd him round, and grimly he  
frown'd; 91  
Then he laughed right scornfully—  
He who says mass-rite for the soul of that  
knight,  
May as well say mass for me:
- "At the midnight hour, 95  
When bad spirits have power,  
In thy chamber will I be.'—  
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
And no more did I see."
- Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's  
brow, 100  
From the dark to the blood-red high—  
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou  
hast seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—
- "His arms shone bright, in the beacon's red  
light!  
His plume it was scarlet and blue; 105  
On his shield was a hound,  
In a silver leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—
- "Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me! 110  
For that knight is cold,  
And low laid in the mould,  
All under the Eildon-tree."—
- "Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!  
For I heard her name his name; 115  
And that lady bright she called the knight  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—
- The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,  
From high blood-red to pale—  
"The grave is deep and dark— 120  
And the corpse is stiff and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.
- "Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain. 126
- "The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drown'd the name;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring,  
And the white monks do sing, 130  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"
- He passed the court-gate,  
And he oped the tower gate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,  
To the bartizan seat, 135  
Where with maids that on her wait,  
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;  
 Look'd over hill and vale ;  
 Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,  
 And all down Teviotdale. 141

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—  
 "Now hail, thou Baron true!  
 What news, what news, from Aueram fight?  
 What news from the bold Buceleuch?"—

"The Aueram Moor is red with gore, 146  
 For many a southern fell ;  
 And Buceleuch has charged us, evermore,  
 To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said :  
 Nor added the Baron a word : 151  
 Then she stepp'd down the stair to her cham-  
 ber fair,  
 And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd,  
 And the Baron toss'd and turn'd, 155  
 And oft to himself he said,—  
 "The worms around him creep,  
 And his bloody grave is deep . . . .  
 It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell, 160  
 The night was well nigh done.  
 When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
 On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,  
 By the light of a dying flame ; 165  
 And she was aware of a knight stood there—  
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,  
 "For the holy Virgin's sake!"—  
 "Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;  
 But, lady, he will not awake. 171

"By Eldon-tree, for long nights three,  
 In bloody grave have I lain ;  
 The mass and the death-prayer are said for  
 me,  
 But, lady, they are said in vain. 175

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair  
 strand,  
 Most foully slain, I fell ;  
 And my restless sprite on the beacon's height  
 For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,  
 I must wander to and fro ; 181  
 But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
 Hadst thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd ;  
 "How, Richard, hast thou sped ? 185  
 And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—  
 The vision shook his head!

"Who spilloth life shall forfeit life ;  
 So bid thy lord believe :  
 That lawless love is guilt above, 190  
 This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,  
 His right upon her hand ;  
 The lady shrank, and fainting sunk,  
 For it scorch'd like a fiery brand. 195

The sable score of fingers four  
 Remains on that board impress'd ;  
 And for evermore that lady wore  
 A covering on her wrist.\*

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower, 200  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun ;  
 There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
 He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That monk who speaks to none— 205  
 That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
 That monk the bold Baron.

\* The circumstance of the "nun who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. Neither is the incident of the lady wearing a covering on the wrist to conceal "the sable score of fingers four." Sir Walter says it is "founded on an Irish tradition." The circumstance referred to is not of a remote date. We have ourselves seen the bracelet said to have been thus used—and worn until death betrayed the secret of the wearer.

## Frennet Hall.

We copy this ballad from Herd's collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.," where it first appeared, unaccompanied, however, by note or comment, and leaving little room for doubt that it was the production of a modern pen,— "written belike (we quote from Motherwell) by the ingenious hand to whom we are indebted for the Ballads of 'Duncan' and 'Kenneth,' which appear in the same work, and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the Ancient Ballad style."\*

It was reprinted by Ritson, who considers it to have been "suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which were fortunately remembered by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, translator of 'Dante,' and were obligingly communicated to the Editor by his very ingenious and valuable friend, J. C. Walker, Esq." These stanzas we have introduced in a note. The ballad of which Ritson gave a fragment has, however, been since rescued entire. It is entitled the "Fire of Frenndraught," and its history is thus given by Motherwell. "For the recovery of this interesting ballad hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh, by whom it was obligingly communicated for insertion in the present collection. It has already appeared in a smaller volume of exceeding rarity, printed at Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1824, under the title of 'A North Country Garland,' but with the disadvantage of containing a very considerable

number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies,"—which in Motherwell's version are removed. The ballad has a high degree of poetic merit, and probably was written at the time by an eye-witness of the event which it records; for there is "a horrid vivacity of colouring and circumstantial minuteness in the description of the agonies of the unhappy sufferers, which none but a spectator could have given."

The old ballad thus begins:

"The eighteenth of October,  
A dismal tale to hear,  
How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
Were both burnt in the fire."

The Scottish Historians detail the appalling circumstances commemorated in the ballad. The Viscount Aboyn, son to the Marquis of Huntley, and the young laird of Rothiemay, were guests in the castle of the laird of Frenndraught. "All being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire. \* \* \* Aboyn run up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is awakoning him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily take fire, so that none of them could run down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, 'Help, help, for God's cause.' The laird and lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woful crying, made no help or manner of helping;\* which they perceiving, cried

\* In 1769, Mr. Herd published his *Ancient and Modern Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.*, and again, in 1776, in two volumes,—a collection of much merit, and one wherein many curious lyrical pieces have found a sanctuary. The principal faults of this compilation consist in its ancient and modern pieces being indiscriminately mingled together; and that no reference is even made to the authorities from which they are derived, except what this slight announcement contains: "It is divided into three parts. The first is composed of all the Scottish Ancient and Modern Heroic Ballads, or Epic tales, together with some beautiful fragments of this kind. Many of these are recovered from tradition, or old MSS., and never before printed. The second part consists of sentimental, pastoral, and love songs: and the third is a collection of comic, humorous, and jovial songs."—Motherwell, "Introduction to Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."

\* A passage in the old ballad is said to have received a singular illustration. When the youths in their agony called upon Lady Frenndraught for mercy, she is made to reply,

"The keys are casten in the deep draw well,  
Ye cannot get away."

Mr. Finley, after regretting that all his attempts to recover the ballad had proved unsuccessful, relates the following circumstance. "A lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot in her youth for some time; and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the lord and lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw-well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys—at least such was the report of the country."

oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins; syne clasped in each others arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom." The Ballad-maker thus describes the horrible catastrophe:—*Abeyn* is answering to his servant, who entreats him to "loup down;"—

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,  
O loup and come to me;  
I'll catch you in my arms two,  
One foot I will not see!"

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot win to thee;  
My head's fast in the wire window,  
My feet burning from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,  
My flesh roasting also,  
My bowels are boiling with my blood,  
Is not that a woeful woe.

"Take here the rings from my white fingers,  
That are so long and small,  
And give them to my lady fair,  
Where she sits in her hall.

"So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot loup to thee—  
My earthly part is all consumed,  
My spirit but speaks to thee."

The historian continues:—"Thus died this noble Viscount, of singular expectation, Rothiemay a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and hail common people, especially to the noble Marquis. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's ain dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men all her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove."

Whether Fren draught and his lady were actually guilty can now never be ascertained. The popular voice was against them; yet it is more than probable that the ballad and tradition have doomed innocent people to an infamous immortality. A gentleman named Meldrum was executed for the burning, but on very insufficient evidence; and he died "without any certain and real confession, as

was said, ament this doleful fire." The fire occurred in October, 1630.

When Frennet Castle's ivied walls  
Through yellow leaves were seen;  
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,  
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame, 5  
Did wander frae the ha',  
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,  
Among the leaves that fu'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train, 10  
Had clumb a lofty tree,  
Whase branches to the angry blast  
Were soughing mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path  
That near the castle lay,  
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay 15  
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,  
When prey beneath is seen:  
As quickly he forgot his hold,  
And perch'd upon the green. 20

"O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,  
Frae this dark wood awa'!  
Some visitors of gallant moin  
Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid, 25  
Her feet she did na spare,  
Until she left the forest's skirts  
A long bow-shot and mair.

"O where, O where, my good lord John,  
O tell me where ye ride? 30  
Within my castle-wall this nicht  
I hope ye mean to bide.

"Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,  
In yonder bower to stay,  
Soft ease shall teach you to forget 35  
The hardness of the way."

"Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,  
How can we here remain?  
Full well you know your husband deir  
Was by our father slain: 40

"The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,  
Within your bosom swell;  
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood,  
Should this black passion quell."

"O fear not, fear not, good Lord John, 45  
That I will you betray,  
Or sue requital for a debt  
Which nature cannot pay.\*

"Bear witness, a' ye powers on high!  
Ye lights that 'gin to shine! 50  
This night shall prove the sacred cord  
That knits your faith and mine."

The lady slie, with honey'd words,  
Enticed the youths to stay;  
But morning sun ne'er shone upon 55  
Lord John and Rothiemay.

### The Lovers Quarrel; or, Cupids Triumph.

THIS "pleasant History," which "may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewell," is here republished from a copy printed at London for F. Cotes and others, 1677, 12mo. bl. l., preserved in the curious and valuable collection of that excellent and most respected antiquary Antony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum; compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date, in the editor's possession. The reader will find a different copy of the poem, more in the bul-

lud form, in a collection of "Ancient Songs," published by F. Johnson. Both copies are conjectured to have been modernized, by different persons, from some common original, which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of collectors, but is strongly suspected to have been the composition of an old North country minstrel.

The full title is—"The Lovers Quarrel; or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the Lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the Lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read."

\* The following are the stanzas referred to in the introductory remarks:—

"The reek it rose and the flame it flew,  
And, oh! the fire augmented high,  
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,  
And to the bed where Lord John lay.

"O help me, help me, Lady Frennet,  
I never etid harm to thee,  
And if my father slew thy lord,  
Forget the deed and rescue me."

"He looked east, he looked west,  
To see if any help was nigh;  
At length his little page he saw,  
Who to his lord aloud did cry.

"Loup down, loup down, my master dear,  
What though the window's dreigh and hie,  
I'll catch you in my arms twa,  
And never a foot from you I'll flee."

"How can I loup, you little page?  
How can I leave this window high?  
Do you not see the blazing low,  
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?"

Or all the lords in Scotland fair,  
And ladies that been so bright of bleo,  
There is a noble lady among them all,  
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright, 5  
And of her colour very fair,  
She's daughter to lord Arundel,  
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

He see this bride, lord Phenix said, 10  
That lady of so bright a bleo,  
And if I like her countenance well,  
The heir of all my lands she'st be.

But when he came the lady before,  
Before this comely maid came he, 15  
O god thee save, thou lady sweet,  
My heir and parand thou shalt be.

It was the publication of these fine and vigorous stanzas which led to a general search for the old ballad. At length it was recovered by Kirkpatrick Sharpe in the manner we have described. A rich and rare addition was thus made to the ballad Lore of Scotland. It is worthy of note, that in this fragment, also, guilt is attributed to Lady Frennet.

Leave off your suit, the lady said,  
As you are a lord of high degree,  
You may have ladies enough at home,  
And I have a lord in mine own country;

For I have a lover true of mine own, 21  
A serving-man of low degree,  
One Tommy Pots it is his name,  
My first love, and last that ever shall be.

If that Tom Pots [it] is his name, 25  
I do ken him right verily,  
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,  
Where he is not able to spend pounds three.

God give you good of your gold, she said,  
And ever god give you good of your fee, 30  
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,  
And I do mean him the last to be.

With that lord Phenix soon was mov'd,  
Towards the lady did he threat,  
He told her father, and so it was prov'd, 35  
How his daughters mind was set.

O daughter dear, thou art my own,  
The heir of all my lands to be,  
Thou shalt be bride to the lord Phenix,  
If that thou mean to be heir to me. 40

O father dear, I am your own,  
And at your command I needs must be,  
But bind my body to whom you please,  
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee.

Alas! the lady her fondness must leave, 45  
And all her foolish wooing lay aside,  
The time is come, her friends have appointed,  
That she must be lord Phenix bride.

With that the lady began to weep,  
She knew not well then what to say, 50  
How she might lord Phenix deny,  
And escape from marriage quite away.

She call'd unto her little foot-page,  
Saying, I can trust none but thee,  
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair, 55  
And bid him on Guildford-green meet me:

For I must marry against my mind,  
Or in faith well proved it shall be;  
And tell to him I am loving and kind,  
And wishes him this wedding to see. 60

But see that thou note his countenance well,  
And his colour, and shew it to me;  
And go thy way and high thee again,  
And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smile now with his lips, 65  
His stomach will give him to laugh at the  
heart,  
Then may I seek another true love,  
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,  
Then in his heart he will sorry be, 70  
Then to his vow he hath some grace,  
And false to him I'll never be.

Away this lacky boy he ran,  
And a full speed forsooth went he,  
Till he came to Strawberry-castle, 75  
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the letter in his hand,  
Before that he began to read,  
He told him plainly by word of mouth,  
His love was fore'd to be lord Phenix bride.

When he look'd on the letter fair, 81  
The salt tears blemish'd his eye,  
Says, I cannot read this letter fair,  
Nor never a word to see or spy.

My little boy be to me true, 85  
Here is five marks I will give thee,  
And all these words I must peruse,  
And tell my lady this from me:

By faith and troth she is my own, 89  
By some part of promise, so it's to be found,  
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor day,  
Except he can win her with his own hand.

On Guildford-green I will her meet,  
Say that I wish her for me to pray,  
For there I'll lose my life so sweet, 95  
Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

Away this lackey-boy he ran,  
Then as fast as he could hie,  
The lady she met him two miles of the way,  
Says, why hast thou staid so long, my boy?

My little boy, thou art but young, 101  
It gives me at heart thou'lt mock and scorn,  
He not believe thee by word of mouth,  
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.



Now by this book, the boy did say, 105  
And Jesus Christ be as true to me,  
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,  
Nor never a word to spy or see.

He says, by faith and troth you are his own,  
By some part of promise, so it's to be found,  
Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,  
Except he win you with his own hand. 112

On Guildford-green he will you meet,  
He wishes you for him to pray,  
For there he'll lose his life so sweet, 115  
Or else the wedding he means to stay.

If this be true, my little boy,  
These tidings which thou tellest to me,  
Forty shillings I did thee promise,  
Here is ten pounds I will give thee. 120

My maidens all, the lady said,  
That ever wish me well to prove,  
Now let us all kneel down and pray,  
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win, 125  
As I pray to Christ in trinity,  
He make him the flower of all his kin,  
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

## THE SECOND PART.

Let's leave talking of this lady fair,  
In prayers full good where she may be,  
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots, 131  
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came lord Jockey before,  
He kneeled lowly on his knee,  
What news? what news? thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou art so full of courtesie. 136

What tydings? what tydings? thou Tommy  
Pots,  
Thou art so full of courtesie;  
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,  
Or wrought to me some villany. 140

I have slain none of my fellows fair,  
Nor wrought to you no villany,  
But I have a love in Scotland fair,  
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

If you'll not believe me by word of mouth,  
But read this letter, and you shall see, 146  
Here by all these suspicious words  
That she her own self hath sent to me.

But when he had read the letter fair,  
Of all the suspicious words in it might be,  
O Tommy Pots, take thou no care, 151  
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

For thou'st have forty pounds a week,  
In gold and silver thou shalt row,  
And Harvy town I will give thee, 155  
As long as thou intend'st to wooe.

Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,  
And forty horses to go with thee,  
Forty of the best spears I have,  
And I myself in thy company. 160

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots,  
That proffer is too good for me;  
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,  
My own hands shall set her free.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,  
Now Jesus Christ you save and see; 166  
If ever I come alive again,  
Staid the wedding it shall be.

O god be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou art well proved for a man, 170  
See never a drop of blood thou spil,  
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

See that some truce with him thou take,  
And appoint a place of liberty;  
Let him provide him as well as he can, 175  
As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,  
And there had walkt a little aside,  
There he was ware of lord Phenix come,  
And lady Rosamond his bride. 180

Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,  
But never a word to her he did say,  
Till he the lord Phenix came before,  
He gave him the right time of the day.

O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots, 185  
Thou serving-man of low degree,  
How doth thy lord and master at home,  
And all the ladies in that country?

My lord and master is in good health,  
I trust since that I did him see; 190  
Will you walk with me to an out-side,  
Two or three words to talk with me?

You are a noble man, said Tom,  
And born a lord in Scotland free,  
You may have ladies enough at home, 195  
And never take my love from me.

Away, away, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou serving-man stand thou aside;  
It is not a serving-man this day,  
That can hinder me of my bride. 200

If I be a serving-man, said Tom,  
And you a lord of high degree,  
A spear or two with you I'll run,  
Before I'll lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place, I will thee meet, 205  
Appoint a place of liberty,  
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,  
Or else my lady I'll set free.

On Guildford-green I will thee meet,  
No man nor boy shall come with me. 210  
As I am a man, said Tommy Pots,  
I'll have as few in my company.

And thus staid the marriage was,  
The bride unmarried went home again,  
Then to her maids fast did she laugh, 215  
And in her heart she was full fain.

My maidens all, the lady said,  
That ever wait on me this day,  
Now let us all kneel down,  
And for Tommy Pots let us all pray. 220

If it be his fortune the better to win,  
As I trust to God in trinity,  
He make him the flower of all his kin,  
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

THE THIRD PART.

WHEN Tom Pots came home again, 225  
To try for his love he had but a week,  
For sorrow, god wot, he need not care,  
For four days that he fel sick.

With that his master to him came,  
Says, pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou  
doubt, 230  
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,  
Or thou must go thy love without.

O master, yet it is unknown,  
Within these two days well try'd it must be,  
He is a lord, I am but a serving man, 235  
I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet,  
My former promises kept shall be;  
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,  
Thou'st never lose her with poverty. 240

For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,  
And that will raise thee many a pound,  
Before thou shalt out-braved be,  
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the  
ground.

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots, 245  
Yet there is one thing of you I would fain,  
If that I lose my lady sweet,  
How I'll restore your goods again?

If that thou win the lady sweet, 249  
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me,  
If thou lovest thy lady thou lovest enough,  
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,  
You keep them all both frank and free,  
Amongst them all there's an old white horse,  
This day would set my lady free; 256

That is an old horse with a cut tail,  
Full sixteen years of age is he;  
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,  
Then could I win her easily. 260

That's a foolish opinion, his master said,  
And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee;  
Thou'st have a better then ever he was,  
Though forty pounds more it should cost  
me.

O your choice horses are wild and tough, 265  
And little they can skill of their train;  
If I be out of my saddle cast,  
They are so wild they'll ne'er be tain.

Thou'st have that horse, his master said, 270  
If that one thing thou wilt me tell;  
Why that horse is better then any other,  
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.

That horse is old, of stomach bold,  
And well can he skill of his train, 275  
If I be out of my saddle cast,  
He'll either stand still, or turn again.

Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,  
 And my plate coat of silver free,  
 An hundred men to stand at thy back, 280  
 To fight if he thy master be.

I thank you master, said Tommy Pots,  
 That proffer is too good for me,  
 I would not for ten thousand pounds,  
 Have man or boy in my company. 285

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,  
 Now as you are a man of law,  
 One thing let me crave at your hand,  
 Let never a one of my fellows know.

For if that my fellows they did wot, 290  
 Or ken of my extremity,  
 Except you keep them under a lock,  
 Behind me I'm sure they would not be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,  
 He waited hours two or three, 295  
 There he was ware of lord Phenix come,  
 And four men in his company.

You have broken your vow, said Tommy  
 Pots,  
 The vow which you did make to me,  
 You said you would bring neither man nor  
 boy, 300  
 And now has brought more than two or  
 three.

These are my men, lord Phenix said,  
 Which every day do wait on me;  
 If any of these dare proffer to strike,  
 I'll run my spear through his body. 305

I'll run no race now, said Tommy Pots,  
 Except now this may be,  
 If either of us be slain this day,  
 The other shall forgiven be.

I'll make that vow with all my heart, 310  
 My men shall bear witness with me;  
 And if thou slay me here this day,  
 In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt  
 be.

They turn'd their horses thrice about,  
 To run the race so eagerly; 315  
 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,  
 And ran Tom Pots through the thick o'  
 th' thigh.

He bor'd him out of the saddle fair,  
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully.  
 For the loss of my life I do not care, 320  
 But for the loss of my fair lady.

Now for the loss of my lady sweet,  
 Which once I thought to have been my  
 wife,  
 I pray thee, lord Phenix, ride not away,  
 For with thee I would end my life. 325

Tom Pots was but a serving-man,  
 But yet he was a doctor good,  
 He bound his handkerchief on his wound,  
 And with some kind of words he stancht  
 his blood.\*

He leapt into his saddle again, 330  
 The blood in his body began to warm,  
 He mist lord Phenix body fair,  
 And ran him through the brawn of the  
 arm:

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,  
 Down to the ground most sorrowfully; 335  
 Says, prothee, lord Phenix, rise up and fight,  
 Or yield my lady unto me.

Now for to fight I cannot tell,  
 And for to fight I am not sure;  
 Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' the  
 arm, 340  
 That with a spear I may not endure.

Thou'st have the lady with all my heart,  
 It was never likely better to prove  
 With me or any nobleman else  
 That would hinder a poor man of his love.

Seeing you say so much, said Tommy Pots,  
 I will not seem your butcher to be,  
 But I will come and stanch your blood,  
 If any thing you will give me.

As he did stanch lord Phenix blood, 350  
 Lord! in his heart he did rejoice;  
 I'll not take the lady from you thus,  
 But of her you'st have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,  
 At either end we set will be, 355  
 The lady shall stand us among,  
 Her own choice shall set her free.

\* i. e. he made use of a charm for that purpose.

If thou'ld do so, lord Phenix said,  
To lose her by her own choice it's honesty,  
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,  
Forty pounds I will give thee. 361

But when they in that lane was set,  
The wit of a woman for to prove,  
By the faith of my body, the lady said,  
Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.

Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie, 366  
To get on behind him hastily;  
Nay stay, nay stay, lord Phenix said,  
Better proved it shall be.

Stay you with your maidens here, 370  
In number fair they are but three;  
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,  
That one of us two be proved to dye.

But when they came behind the wall,  
The one came not the other nigh, 375  
For the lord Phenix had made a vow,  
That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

O give me this choice, lord Phenix said,  
To prove whether true or false she be,  
And I will go to the lady fair, 380  
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.

When he came from behind the wall,  
With his face all bloody as it might be,  
O lady sweet, thou art my own,  
For Tom Pots slain is he. 385

Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,  
And given him death's wounds two or three;  
O lady sweet, thou art my own,  
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me?

If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots, 390  
And given him death's wounds two or three,  
I'll sell the state of my father's lands,  
But hanged shall lord Phenix be.

With that the lady fell in a swoond,  
For a grieved woman, god wot, was she;  
Lord Phenix he was ready then, 396  
To take her up so hastily.

O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,  
Tom Pots alive this day may be;  
I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel, 400  
And he and I the wedding will see:

I'll send for thy father, lord Arundel,  
And he and I the wedding will see;  
If he will not maintain you well,  
Both lands and livings you'st have of me.

I'll see this wedding, lord Arundel said, 406  
Of my daughters luck that is so fair,  
Seeing the matter will be no better,  
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.

With that the lady began for to smile, 410  
For a glad woman, god wot, was she;  
Now all my maids, the lady said,  
Example you may take by me.

But all the ladies of Scotland fair,  
And lasses of England, that well would  
prove, 415  
Neither marry for gold nor goods,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love:

For I had a lover true of my own,  
A serving-man of low degree; 419  
Now from Tom Pots I'll change his name,  
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

### Katharine Janfarie.

Of this ballad—first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—the editor informs us that it is "given from several recited copies." It has obviously undergone some alteration; yet much of the rugged character of the original has been retained.

The scenery of the ballad is said, by tradition, to lie upon the banks of the Caddenwater, "a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford." It is also traditionally stated that Katharine Janfarie "lived high up in

the glen"—a beautiful and sequestered vale, connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The recited copies, from which it is probable Sir Walter Scott collected the verses he has here brought together, exist in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," and in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." It derives interest and importance, however, less from its intrinsic merit, than from the circumstance of its having given to Scott the hint upon which he founded one of the most brilliant and spirit-stirring of his compositions—the famous and favourite ballad of Young Lochinvar. It will gratify the curious to compare the passages in the two that most nearly resemble each other. We, therefore, print the following extracts from Young Lochinvar, taken from the notes to the modern edition of the "Minstrelsy:"—

"Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on  
his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never  
a word)

O, come ye in peace here or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-  
var?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you  
denied,

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
tide,—

And now I am come with this lost love of  
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of  
wine.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took  
it up;

He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down  
the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up  
to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her  
eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

"One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
ear,

When they reach'd the hall door, and the  
charger stood near:

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush,  
and scur;

'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth  
young Lochinvar."

\* \* \* \* \*

Gordon of Lochinvar was, we are told, the head of a powerful branch of that name, afterwards Viscounts of Lochinvar. Motherwell's version, entitled Catherine Johnstone, was "obtained from recitation in the West of Scotland," and shows the state in which the "popular ballad" is there preserved. The "Laird o' Lamington" here figures; and it is worthy of remark, as proving a common origin, that "the Laird of Lamington" was the title given to the ballad in the first edition of the Border Minstrelsy. A few stanzas from Motherwell's version will exhibit the variations between the two copies. The Lord of Lamington having received tidings that his lady-love was about to be wedded to an English gentleman, suddenly enters the wedding-house, where

"Four and twenty belted knights  
Sat at a table round;"

who rose to honour and to welcome him; the ballad thus proceeds:—

"O, meikle was the good red wine,  
In silver cups did flow;

But aye she drank to Lamington,  
For with him would she go.

"O, meikle was the good red wine,  
In silver cups gaed round;

At length they began to whisper words,  
None could them understand.

"O came ye here for sport, young man,  
Or came ye here for play?

Or came ye for our bonny bride,  
On this her wedding-day?"

"I came not here for sport,' he said,  
'Neither did I for play;

But for one word o' your bonnie bride,  
I'll mount and go away.'

"They set her maids behind her,  
To hear what they would say;

But the first question he ask'd at her,  
Was always answer'd nay;

The next question, he ask'd at her,  
Was 'Mount and come away!'

"It's up the Couden bank,  
And down the Couden brae;  
And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
It's a weel won play."

"O, meikle was the blood was shed,  
Upon the Couden brae;  
And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
It's a' fair play."

Of the two versions to which we have referred, and another published by Mr. Buchan, Mr. Robert Chambers has composed a fourth. Several stanzas, however, are obviously borrowed from other sources,—Gil Morrice especially. The following passages occur towards the conclusion:—

"There were four and twenty bonnie boys,  
A' clad in Johnstone-grey;  
They said they would take the bride again,  
By the strong hand, if they may."

"Some o' them were right willing men,  
But they were na willing a';  
And four and twenty leader hads  
Bade them mount and ride awa'."

"Then whingers flow frae gentles' sides,  
And swords flew frae the sheas;  
And red and rosy was the blude  
Ran down the lily braes."

"The blood ran down by Cadden bank,  
And down by Cadden brae;  
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,  
'O, wae's me for foul play!'"

"My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!  
Wae to your wilful will!  
There's mony a gallant gentleman  
Whose blude ye hae garr'd spill."

THERE WAS a may, and a weel-far'd may,  
Lived high up in yon glen;  
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,  
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,  
Up frae the Lawland Border;  
And he has come to court this may,  
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,  
And he told na ane o' her kin;  
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,  
And has her favour won.

But out then came Lord Lochinvar,  
Out frae the English Border,  
All for to court this bonny may,  
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,  
And a' the lave o' her kin;  
But he told na the bonny may hersell,  
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,  
(Gin he wad come and see;  
And he has sent word back again,  
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger  
Right quickly through the land,  
And raised mony an armed man  
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And she was aware o' her first true love,  
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,  
Upon her wedding day;  
And said—"It was the Fairy court  
To see him in array!"

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,  
Or come ye here to play?  
Or come ye here to drink good wine  
Upon the wedding day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,  
"I come na here to play;  
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,  
And mount and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine  
Was filled up them between,  
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,  
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve;  
He's mounted her hie behind himself,  
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.\*

\* ["One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood  
near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scur;  
They'll hae fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochin-  
var." *Marmion.*]

<p>"Now take your bride, Lord Iochinvar! Now take her if you may! But, if you take your bride again, We'll call it but foul play."</p> <p>There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys, A' clad in the Johnstone grey; They said they would take the bride again, By the strong hand, if they may.</p> <p>Some o' them were right willing men, But they were na willing a': And four-and-twenty Leader lads Bid them mount and ride awa'.</p> <p>Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides, And swords flew frae the shea's, And red and rosy was the blood Ran down the lily braes.</p>	<p>55</p> <p>70</p> <p>75</p> <p>80</p> <p>85</p>	<p>The blood ran down by Caddon bank, And down by Caddon brae; And, sighing, said the bonnie bride— "O wae's me for foul play!"</p> <p>My blessing on your heart, sweet thing! Wae to your wilfu' will! There's mony a gallant gentleman Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.</p> <p>Now a' you lords of fair England, And that dwell by the English Border, Come never here to seek a wife, For fear of sic disorder.</p> <p>They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye, Till on your wedding day; Then gie ye frogs instead of fish, And play ye foul, foul play.</p>
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How the Wyse Man taught his Son.

THIS little moral piece, which, for the time wherein it was written, is not inelegant, is given from a manuscript collection in the Harleian library in the British Museum (No. 1596), compiled in the reign of King Henry the Sixth. It is not supposed to have been before printed, nor has any other copy of it been met with in manuscript; there is however a striking coincidence of idea in Mr. Gilbert Cooper's beautiful elegy entitled "A father's advice to his son," as well as in the old song of "It's good to be merry and wise," which the more curious reader may consult at his leisure.

LYSTENYTH all, and ze well here  
How the wyse man taght hys son;  
Take gode tent to thys inatere,  
And fond to lere yf the con.  
Thys song be zonge men was begon,  
To make hem tyrsty and stedfast;  
But zarn that is oft tyme yll sponne,  
Euyll hyt comys out at the laist.

A wyse man had a fayre chyld,  
Was well of fyftene zere age,  
That was bothe meke and mylde,  
Fayre of body and uestage;

Gentyll of kynde and of corage,  
For he schulde be hys fadir cyre;  
Hys fadir thus, yn hys langage,  
'Taght' hys sone bothe weyll and fayre:

And sayd, son, kepe thys word yn hart,  
And thenke thereon 'tyll thou be ded;  
Zeyr day thyt furst weke,  
Loke thys be don yn ylke stede:  
Furst so thye god yn forme of brede,\*  
And serue hym 'well' for hys godenes,  
And afturward, sone, by my rede,  
Go do thy worldys besynes.

Forst, worschyp thy god on a day,  
And, sone, thys schall thou haue to 'mede,'  
Skyll fully what thou pray,  
Ho wyll the graunt with outyn drede,  
And send the al that thou hast nede  
As 'far' as meser longgyyth to strech,  
This lyfe in mesur that thou lede,  
And of the remlant thou ne rech.

10 Ver. 18, That. V. 18, thyll. V. 22, wyll. V. 26, mad.  
V. 30, for.

\* i. e. go to mass.

And, sone, thy tong thou kepe also,  
 And be not tale wyse he no way,  
 Thyu owen tonge may be thy fo, 35  
 Therfor beware, sone, j the pray,  
 Where and when, son, thou schalt say,  
 And be whom thou spekyst oght;  
 For thou may speke a word to day  
 That seven zero thens may be forthozt. 40

Therefore, sone, be ware be tyme,  
 Desyre no offys for to here,  
 For of thy neybyrys mawgref,  
 Thou most hem bothe dysplese and dere,  
 Or ellys thy self thou must 'forswere,' 45  
 And do not as thyn offys wolde,  
 And gete the mawgrete here and there,  
 More then thank a thousand fold.

And, sone, yf thou wilt lyf at eso,  
 And warne among thy neybars syt, 50  
 Lat newefangylnes the plese  
 Oftyn to remowe nor to flyt,  
 For and thou do thou wantys wyt,  
 For folys they remowe al to wydo;  
 And also, sone, an euyl 'sygne' ys hyt, 55  
 A man that can no wher shyde.

And, sone, of syche thyng j the warne,  
 And on my blyssyng take gode hede,  
 Thou vse neuor the tauerne;  
 And also dysyng j the forbede: 60  
 For thyse two thyngys, with outyn drede,  
 And comon women, as j lone,  
 Maks zong man euyle to spede,  
 And 'falle' yn danger and yn myschofe.

And, sone, the more gode thou hast, 65  
 The rather here the meke and lowe;  
 Lagh not nyeh for that ys wast,  
 For folys ben by laghing 'knowe.'  
 And, sone, quyte wele that thou owe,  
 So that thou be of detts clere; 70  
 And thus, my lefe chylde, as j 'trowe,'  
 Thou mest the kepe fro dawngere.

And loke thou wake not to longe,  
 Ne vse not rere soperys to late;  
 For, were thy complexion neuyr so strong,  
 Wyth surfet thou mayst fordo that. 76  
 Of late walkyng oftyn debate,  
 Ou nyztys for to syt and drynke  
 Yf thou wilt rule thyn astate,  
 Betyme go to bed and wynke. 80

Ver. 45, for swete. V. 55, sagno. V. 64, fulla. V. 68,  
 knone. V. 71, trewe.

And, sone, as far furth as thou may,  
 On non enquest that thou come,  
 Nor no fals wytnesse here away,  
 Of no manys mater, all ne sune;  
 For better the were be defe and down, 85  
 Then for to be on any enquest,  
 That aftyr myzt be vndercome,  
 A trewe man had hys quarel lest.

And, sone, yf thou wilt haue a wyfe,  
 Take hur for no couetyse, 90  
 But loke, sone, seche be the lefe,  
 Thou wyfe bywayt and wele awyse,  
 That seche be gode, honest, and wyse,  
 Thof seche be pore take thou no hede,  
 For seche 'schal' do the more seruys, 95  
 Then schall a ryche with owtyn drede.

For better it is in rest and pes,  
 A mes of potage and no more,  
 Then for to haue a thousand mes,  
 With gret dysese and angry sore. 100  
 Therefore, sone, thyngk on thys lore,  
 Yf thou wilt haue a wyfe with eso,  
 By hur gode set thou no store,  
 Thof seche wolde the bothe fesse and sesse.

And yf thy wyfe be meke and gode, 105  
 And serue the wele and 'pleasantly',  
 Loke that thou be not so wode,  
 To charge hur then to owtragely;  
 But then fere with hur esely,  
 And cherysch hur far hur gode dede, 110  
 For thyng ouerdon vnskyllfully,  
 Makys wrath to grow where ys no nede.

I wyl neyther glos ne 'paynt,'  
 But waran the on anodyr syde,  
 Yf thy wyfe come to make pleynt, 115  
 On thy seruandys on any syde,  
 Be nott to hasty them to chyde,  
 Nor wreth the or thou wytt the sothe,  
 For women yn wrethe they can not hyde,  
 But sone they reyse a smokei rofe. 120

Nor, sone, be not jelows, j the pray,  
 For, and thou falle in jelosye,  
 Let not thy wyfe wyt in no way,  
 For thou may do no more foly;

Ver. 95, schalt. V. 106, pleasantl. V. 113, praynt. V.  
 118, The MS. reads *wreth the not*, but the word *not* is in-  
 serted by a different, though very ancient, hand, which  
 has corrected the poem in other places; and is certainly  
 redundant and improper.



- For, and thy wyfe may onys aspye 125  
That thou any thyng hur mystryst,  
In dyspyte of thy fantasy,  
To do the wors ys all hur lyst.
- Therefore, sone, j hyd the  
Wyreke with thy wyfe as reson ys, 130  
Thof scho be seruaut in degre,  
In som degre she felaw ys.  
Laddys that ar bundyn, so haue j blys,  
That can not rowle theyr wyves aryzt,  
That makys women, so haue j blys, 135  
To do ofty n wrong yn plyzt.
- Nor, sone, bete nott thy wyfe j rede,  
For ther yn may no help 'rise,'  
Betyng may not stond yn stede,  
But rather make hur 'the to despyse' 140  
Wyth louys awe, sone, thy wyfe chastyse,  
And let fayre wordys be thy zerde;  
Louys awe ys the best gyse,  
My sone, to make thy wyfe aserde.
- Nor, sone, thy wyfe thou schalt not chyde,  
Nor calle hur by no vyleus name, 146  
For scho that schal ly be thy syde,  
To calle hur fowle yt ys thy schame;  
Whan thou thyne owen wyfe wyl dyffame,  
Wele may anoother man do so: 150  
Soft and fayre men make tame  
Herte and buk and wyldo reo.
- And, sone, thou pay ryzt wele thy tythe,\*  
And pore men of thy gode thou dele;  
And loke, sone, be thy lyfe, 155  
Thou gete thy sowle here sum hele.
- Thys world hyt turnys enyn as a whole,  
All day he day hyt wyl enpayre,  
And so, sone, thys worldys wele,  
Hy t furyth but as a chery fare. 160
- For all that enyr man doth here,  
Wyth besynesse and traucell bothe,  
All ys wythowtyn were,  
For oure mete, drynk, and clothe;  
More getys he not, wythowten othe, 165  
Kyng or prynee whether that he be,  
Be hym lefe, or be hym loth,  
A pore man has as mych as he.
- And many a man here gadrys gode  
All hys lyfe dayes for othyr men, 170  
That he may not by the rode,  
Hym self onys etc of an henne;  
But be he deluyn yn hys den,  
Anoother schal come at hys last ende,  
Schal haue hys wyf and catel then, 175  
That he has gadred anoother schal spende.
- Therfor, sone, be my counseyle,  
More then ynogh thou neuyr covayt,  
Thou ne wost wan doth wyl the assayle,  
Thys world ys but the fendys buyte. 180
- For deth ys, sone, as I trowe,  
The most thyng that certyn ys,  
And non so vncerteyn for to knowe,  
As ys the tyme of deth y wys;  
And therfore so thou thynk on thys, 185  
And al that j haue seyde befor:  
And Ihesu 'bryng' vs to hys blys,  
That for us weryd the crowne of thorn.

### Barthram's Dirge.

THIS beautiful and most touching fragment was originally published in the "Border Minstrelsy;" we know far too little concerning it to satisfy the interest it excites. According to Sir Walter Scott, it was "taken down by Mr. Surtees (the historian of Durham county) from the recitation of Anne Douglas,

an old woman who weeded in his garden." Her memory, however, was defective, and she was enabled to preserve only snatches of the old song—the breaks thus left were filled up by Mr. Surtees; so that the appended copy is in reality made complete,—even so far as it exists,—by the aid of a modern pen. "The hero of the ditty," says Sir Walter, "if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine

Ver. 135, The latter half of this line seems repeated by mistake. V. 138, be. V. 140, to despyse thee.

\* The author, from this and other admonitions, is supposed to have been a parson.

Ver. 180, The latter part of this stanza seems to be wanting. V. 187, brynd.

brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried, at her request, near their usual place of meeting, which may account for his being laid, not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin; and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle (the scene of the Ballad of Lord Soulis), which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn; for the Editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright."

Upon one passage—

"A friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,  
While the headless cross shall bide"—

Mr. Surtees observes, that in the return made by the Commissioners on the Dissolution of Westminster Abbey, there is an item of a chantry for one priest to sing daily *ad crucem lapideam*. Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.

The ballad is, no doubt, founded upon some actual occurrence; for the incident it relates must have been common enough in the old days of Border warfare—when to national animosity was frequently added the stimulus of personal wrong. Of the hapless Barthram, however, and the lady who "tore her long yellow hair," and

"Plaited a garland for his breast,  
And a garland for his hair,"

we know nothing, even from tradition.

But the composition carries with it a conviction that its foundation was in truth. The picture is at once so striking, so touching, and so impressive, as to leave no doubt that Barthram was left

"Lying in his blood,  
Upon the moor and moss,"

and that the hand of a loving but unhappy woman

"Cover'd him o'er with the heather flower,  
The moss and the lady-fern."

The fragment is classed by Sir Walter among Historical Border Ballads—the ballads that relate events which we either know "actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the exaggerations of poetical tradition, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history,"—such ballads as were current on the Border, and which, although now existing but in "scraps," were once universally chaunted—

"Young women, when thai will play,  
Syng it among thaim ilk day."

"Who will not regret," exclaims Sir Walter Scott, "that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of the time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript, which can alone gratify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the Border Muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become like that of a tale which was told."

As to the mode in which some of these "old and antique songs" have been preserved, we have a few striking notes in the "Border Minstrelsy."—"Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels professing the joint arts of poetry and music, or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard, is a question into which I do not mean to inquire. But it is certain that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country.

The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn. By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night's quarters readily insured by their knowledge in legendary lore. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the Border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the case in what are called the South Highlands, where, in many instances, the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries."

It was from the latter source that Sir Walter chiefly drew the materials for his work;—they were, he states, "collected during his early youth;" and among the notes to the latest edition of the "*Minstrelsy*" is the following:—"There is in the library at Abbotsford a collection of ballads, partly printed broadsides, partly in MS., in six small volumes, which, from the handwriting, must have been formed by Sir Walter Scott while he was attending the earlier classes of Edinburgh College." Buchan's collection was gathered directly as they fell from the lips of old people. We rejoice to learn that his rugged, but primitive and interesting volumes, are about to be reprinted "by subscription"—they have been long out of print.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,  
Beside the Headless Cross,  
And they left him lying in his blood,  
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough, 5  
The sauch and the aspin gray,  
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,  
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,  
And threw her robes aside; 10  
She tore her ling long yellow hair,  
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,  
His wounds so deep and sair;  
And she plaited a garland for his breast, 15  
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,  
And bare him to his earth;  
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's 20  
mass,  
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,  
When the dew fell cold and still,  
When the aspin gray forgot to play,  
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep, 25  
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,  
And they cover'd him o'er with the heather-flower,  
The moss and the lady fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,  
And sang till the morning tide; 30  
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,  
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

### Borthwick's Decree.

In the vicinity of North Berwick (a small fishing town nine miles from Dunbar), rises North Berwick Law, a steep mountain, whose height from base to summit is computed at three miles. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that Borthwick would give his daughter only to that suitor who should bear her to the summit of the mountain without setting her down. To this proposal the

heir of Cockburnspath joyfully acceded, and the adventure terminated as it has been described in the ballad. From the top of North Berwick Law a beautiful prospect presents itself to the eye. The shores of Fife, with Canny Edinbro', may be distinctly seen. The "Ewe and the Lamb" are two isolated rocks not far from the shore. The "Bass" is too well known to require any notice. A short

distance from the town of North Berwick, on a sloping cliff, is situated a ruined tower, which is still pointed out by the fishermen as the abode of the "Manly Borthwick of old."

Such trials of strength as narrated in the ballad were by no means uncommon. In the *Iliad*, a Grecian king is indebted for his wife to his skill in the dance, having "kept the floor" (to use a border expression) against all competitors, and tired them out.

Borthwick of North Berwick Law,  
Wons in his Seaward Tower—  
Which looketh on to the German Sea,  
A wild and lanely Bower.

The sea mew and the shrieking gull, 5  
May sing him to his sleep,  
For the wash o' the wave comes ower the top  
O' Borthwick's auncient keep.

Fair is the winding vale o' Tweed,  
Fair is the dawn of day, 10  
Fair is the opening of the spring,  
And sweet the gush of May.

But fairer, rarer, sweeter far,  
Is Borthwick's Isabel,  
She hath an eye—a rosy lip, 15  
What tongue her charms can tell.

Up in the morning early oh,  
Up in the early morn;  
Who lies abed when abroad he may go,  
With hounds and hunting horn? 20

Up rose the heir of Cockburnspath,  
And a wilfu' youth is he,  
"Let there be danger in the way,  
My true love I'll go see."

"Nay, do not go to North Berwick," 25  
His trusty yeoman said,  
"For Borthwick's scouts lay on the lea,  
To take thee quick or dead."

"Love gives me strength, love gives me speed,  
Love aids me where I go; 30  
Not for his scouts will I turn back,  
Or lout to them I trow."

He had not gone abune a mile,  
A mile or barely three,  
When four stout hallions unawares, 35  
Sprung on him from the lea.

And they have bound his arms abint  
With cord and hempen band,  
"Does Borthwick treat me in this sort,  
Like a thief upon your land?" 40

"Wha' finds the wolf, or prowling tod  
Within the Laird's domain,  
Small weight shall rest upon his head  
Who hath the vermin slain."

"Why do I find thee here, young man, 45  
Thou heir of Cockburnspath;  
To come sae soon when warnit away  
Is daurful of our wrath.

"Did I not say, a fathers may  
Forbid thy coming here; 50  
A true man's word should kept thee back,  
Why come in such offeir?"

"My dochter Isabel is trothed  
To Murray o' Marshall's Mend,  
Why thrust thy self beneath my sword, 55  
Why court her for thy greed?"

"Every man may chase the hare  
So long as runs it free,  
Every man drinketh of the Burn  
That sings unto the sea." 60

"Every man's no, is not a 'Nay,'  
For now and evermore;  
I may yet swim unto the land  
When thrust out from the shore.

"What Murray o' Marshall Meadows hath,  
Do I not hold the same? 65  
He hath no more or I enough  
Of bravery and fame.

"If he has noble blood and birth,  
Strong limbs! why so have I; 70  
If Murray outrags me at a game  
Gude faith then let him try.

"Thy dochter is no sheep or steer  
That thou shouldst market her;  
I'll bid thee a bode, and give thee a fee, 75  
If thou bringst her to the fair."

Borthwick he thought awhile, and then  
Ettled the laugh in his eye,  
Then turn'd to Murray, and daffin spake  
To Cockburn ryghte courteously. 80

"I will not have ye fight this out, Much better it were I wisse, To set ye both at a trial of skill, In a game of pleasantness.		"Lay still within my arms, sweet luvie, 125 Lay still my Isabel; For the gully's deep and the scaur is steep, And the distance it is fell.	
"The laugh kills not as swords can do, 85 The tongue knit with a jest, Flytes at a stab and cannot wound The body with unrest.		"Give me a glance o' thine hazel eye, When I falter in my race, 130 Or breathe the breath of thy honey mou' Upon my heated face."	
"Who carries my dochter to Berwick Law, Here from, and back again; 90 No let or stop upon the ground Shall have my child for his pain.		"Love gives me strength, love gives me speed," Undauntedly he sung; And wi' the burden o' his sang, 135 The rocks around him rung.	
"For we come of the manly Borthwicks still, In the auld and auncient days, Who better loved the trick o' strength, 95 Than the dark and bloody ways.		"Seest thou the top of the mountain yet?" Unto his luvie he cried; "Nothing but heather and ling around," Fair Isabel said and sighed. 140	
"Call hither my dochter Isabel, Now Murray I speak it so, Carry my bairn to North Berwick Law, Or here thy suit forego." 100		"I see the Isle of May, and the Bass, And the Yewie and Lamb in the sea, The shores o' fife, the Dunbar coast, Wi' canny Edinbrie."	
Loud laughed the Lord o' Marshall's Mead, "I bear no maid," said he; "She that is lady o' my love, Must bear the weight o' me."		"O Isabel, I 'gin to faint, 145 For the way is long and steep;" The pretty maiden bowed her head, And long, long did she weep.	
"A craven's boast is quickly said," 105 The heir of Cockburn cried; "Come, Isabel, thou art fit one That I should make my bride		"O that I were a Bird this once, But now and for thy sake, 150 O Willie sweet, have courage yet, And one mair effort make.	
"Throw off thy shoes, my pretty bird, Thy girdle and pearl necklace; 110 A pin's point almost weighs a pound Before I end my race.		"O give me not to Murray's arms, I'll breathe upon thy face;" It freshened him, and he upward rushed, 155 New heartened in the race.	
"For to the top of North Berwick Law, Is three long miles and more, And the heavy toil up the mountain side 115 Will make it seem a score."		He staggered now, for his legs grew tired, And his arms were weak as tow; And as he strove to keep his feet, He flicker'd to and fro. 160	
He took her in his manly arms, And started in his race, Never a one who followed him Could keep up with his pace. 120		"That ever love should not be light, That ever that form of thine Should tire my heart, and stoutest limbs, And bid my courage tyne."	
And now he sung as the banks grew steep, And made him pant and blow; "Love gives me strength, love gives me speed, Love aids me where I go.		"O faint not yet, I see the top, 165 And a Saugh tree by a stone." Poor Willie he gathered up his strength, And his heart sent forth a groan.	

"My Isabel, my strength does fail,  
 And the top we have not won;" 170  
 "Oh Willie, dear, one struggle mair,  
 Ere strength and hope are gone."  
 He clenched his teeth and drew hard his  
 breath,  
 Like a man to win or die;  
 Then did he rush o'er scaur and bush, 175  
 And gained the mountain high!  
 He gained the Saugh tree, and he placed  
 Fair Isabel on a stone,  
 And forward fell upon his face  
 Wi' a deep and hollow groan. 180  
 Borthwick the youth raised in his arms,  
 "He'll come roun' when he's wurst."—  
 But the blood cam' ow're poor Willie's lips,  
 For his very heart had burst.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

There's a green grave on North Berwick  
 Law, 185  
 And a nuntie comes and sings,  
 And wi' the burden o' her sang  
 The valley 'neath her rings.  
 "Love gave him strength, love gave him  
 speed,"  
 So sings this mad damsel; 190  
 "Never a love was yet so fayne  
 But fortune it was f-ll."  
 A hunter ranged one early morn,  
 The top o' Berwick Law,  
 Wi' her cauld cheek on a cauld stane, 195  
 Withouten stir, withouten moan  
 You fair Mayden he saw.

### Sir Gillum of Mydeltown.

THIS is a tradition, common amongst the  
 Abhermon of Holy Island and the Main, which  
 I have woven into a ballad. The feat of Sir  
 Gillum is not original, some Irish Knight on  
 the coast of Ireland having performed the  
 same action; the prophecy and the results  
 being the same. Who Sir Gillum of Middel-  
 ton was, I am at a loss to discover. Romero,  
 who is introduced as King of the Holy Isle,  
 was governor thereof in the time of Edward  
 the Third; he was afterwards governor of  
 Coldingham, where he was surprised with his  
 companions, and brutally murdered by a ma-  
 rauding party of Scots. He was given to  
 piratical expeditions on his own account, and  
 inherited his plundering propensities from his  
 forefathers, who no doubt had often launched  
 their sea bark to the inspiring strains of the  
 Scalds and Minnesingers.

Bede calls Lindisfarn a Semi Island, and  
 as he justly observes, twice a continent in one  
 day; for at the flowing of the tide it is en-  
 compassed with water, and at the ebb there  
 is an almost dry passage both for horses and  
 carriages to and from the main land; from  
 which if measured in a straight line it is dis-  
 tant two miles eastward; but on account of  
 several quicksands, passengers are obliged to

make so many detours that the distance is  
 almost doubled. The water over these flats  
 at spring tide is only seven feet. At the  
 north-west part of the island, a tongue of  
 land runs into the sea about a mile in length.  
 At the southernmost point is a rock of a con-  
 ical figure, whereon is the Baron's "Castle of  
 red rock stone," almost perpendicular, sixty  
 feet in height, and crowned by a small for-  
 tress. There are four caves or *cores* as they  
 are called, to the north-north-east of the island,  
 and in one of these Sir Gillum

Stabled his dappled steed  
 In a cave on the eastern shore.

The largest of these caves is upwards of fifty  
 feet long, with an entrance just large enough  
 to admit a man.

The principal feature of any interest on this  
 island is its venerable abbey, now in utter  
 ruins.

"The abbey," says Pennant, "retains at  
 this day one singular beauty; the tower has  
 not formed a lantern, as in other cathedrals;  
 but from the angles, arches spring, crossing  
 each other diagonally to form a canopy roof."  
 One of these arches yet remains unloaded

with any superstructure, supported by the south-east and north-east pillars, and ornamented with zigzag moulding; a "granite rainbow," as a gentleman termed it. The whole abbey is composed of a soft red free-stone, and renders the aspect of the place dark and forbidding.

"In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,"

*Marmion.*

The rock on which the castle of "red rock stone" stands, is inaccessible save only by a winding path, belting the rock on the southern side. A fortress in this situation, before the use of gunpowder, must have been impregnable; the castle being above any engine's reach, and the rocks too high to be scaled. A small detachment was kept here during the war, but was discontinued in 1819.

When days are long and nights are short,  
And the sky is bright and sheen,  
And merrily sing the cushat and merle  
From out the leavis so green.

When trouts leap at a Summer fly, 5  
And bay be newly mawn,  
To see his lave in the Holy Isle,  
Gaed Gillum of Mydeltoun.

He cantered over the Fenham flats, 10  
When the tide was back the while,  
Which once a day doth change that spot  
From Continent to Isle.

The quicksands lurk by Manuel's head,  
And deep be Waren's Bay;  
Yet gallantly with cident hand 15  
Sir Gillum rude on his way.

Romero's daughter looked from her bower  
Over the wave-ribbed sand,  
And she spied Sir Gillum, her own true 20  
knight,  
Midway the isle and the land.

She donned her kirtle o' Lincoln's green,  
Which was of the silk so fair,  
And she went forth to the eastern shore,  
To taste the caller air.

Sir Gillum he stabled his dapple steed 25  
In a cave on the eastern shore;  
Its roof and sides were of the rock,  
And the sand drift was its door.

Romero is proud, and is almost King 30  
Of Farn and the Holy Isle;  
No man dare say to this Baron, "nay,"  
Yet hope to live the while.

Romero was drinking at the board,  
In his castle of red rock stone,  
A youth cam' in, and before his stool 35  
He laighly louted down.

"Thy dochter walks on the eastern shore  
With Gillum of Mydeltoun;"  
The Sea King, wi' gobelet in his hand, 40  
He strake the youth on the crown.

"Thou liest, thou churlish loon," he cried,  
"With Gillum of Mydeltoun!"  
And he churned his teeth like a boar in rage,  
And girmed at the trembling loon.

"Gillum, he slew my sister's sonne 45  
Last Whitsun tryst was a year;  
His mither sall weep his loss the night  
Were he a Soldan's peer.

"Bring me a rope, and an oaken staff,  
And I will bind him fast; 50  
Short be his shrift, for he shall swing  
From yonder tall top mast."

The mother wept for her dochter's fame,  
That ever she gave her birth;  
Quo' he, "Our abbey has dungeons enow 55  
To hide her shaine from earth."

He girded his sword unto his thigh;  
A sting that oft had stang;  
And he's away wi' henchman an' rope 60  
Mydeltoun's heir to hang.

These yonge luvvers walkit on the sea shore,  
The Baron he gnawed at his thoomb;  
O they were twa pullets in gleesome play,  
When the fox crawls thro' the broom.

Gillum he kissed fayre Annie's cheek, 65  
As pleasantly did they chat;  
The Baron he mutter't between his teeth,  
"I'll notch thy face for that."

He waited until the rising tide Covered the yellow sand ;	70	Four fishermen sprang to their boat, Four fishers I trow were they ;	
Then rose he up from the waving bent With his faulchion in his hand.		Wi' a heave and shout they ran her out, 115 And their boat launched in the sea.	
"I will not leave thee, fayre Annie, but kisse Thy sweete lips o'er and o'er ; An armful of rushes shall be my bed,	75	Three times the surging waters washed Fair Annie from her place, And thrice Sir Gillum held her fast, Within his close embrace.	120
In my steed's cave on the shore."			
"'Twere better thou goest," fayre Annie she cried, "For a swiieven I had of thee ; That a ratton it louped into my neck, And rugget me grievously."	80	Three miles and more is Fenham shore Unto the Holy Land ; And like a swan, the steed it swam, Till he reached the yellow sand.	
Sir Gillum he heard a voice loud cry, "Bold traytor, turn and stand !" And he saw the Baron upon the bent, Wi' his faulchion in his hand.		The steed it swam, and the coble shot, 125 Whilst the fishers rax'd at the oar, * Was ne'er such a race, the steed I say First landed at Fenham shore. * * * * *	
"Yield thee or fight thee, bold traytor, My top mast to swing down ;"	85	As Gillum rode up Chester Hill, He met a woman old ;	130
"I will do neither, an I wisse," Quoth Gillum of Mydeltoun.		She craved him there to give her alms, For in sooth her limbs were cold.	
"Thou art my Annie's father," he said, "Albeit an enemy ;	90	He drew a noble from his purse, And gave it yon oldern dame ; "Pray for me, gude wife," he said, "for the road	135
I will not battle against thy hand, For the love 'tween Annie and me."		Is not oft trod I came."	
The Baron and henchman closed on him, When Sir Gillum he drew his blade ; And whistled the sword around his head, 95 As stern defence he made.		She gave an eildricht laugh at the gold : Thy fortune I will prie, Not every knight so gallant and brave Doth give his gold so free."	140
He clove the henchman to the teeth Wi' a downright wicked blow ; Parted his head, as the halflings fell Upon his shoulders low.	100	She told him then some proven truths, That long ago had past ; "The bonny beast you ride upon Shall be your death at last."	
He threw the Baron a heavy fall, And bore fayre Annie away, Untill he gained the eastern neuk, And heard his charger neigh.		He patted the neck of his courser fleet, 145 "Good mother, you do but jest ; For Rupert is gentle, swift, and good, As a child at a nourice breast !"	
He placed fair Annie in saddle seat ;	105	"The word is written in heaven," she said, "And scartit in hell below ;	150
And then sprung up afore, And plunged his gude steed in "the sea," And swam for Fenham shore.		Rupert will lay thee on thy bier In mickle dool and woe."	
"A purse of gold for a coble boat, To catch yon cursed thief ;	110	"Alas and well a day !" he cried, "That ever it should so fall ; That I must slay the noblest steed	155
A beggarly Scot to be her mate, Good lord, I had as lief."		That was ever stabled in stall."	



He rode flecto Rupert down to the sands, For his herte was sad with woo; The tears were in Sir Gillum's eyes, For he loved that courser soo. 160	He passed where the bones o' his proud charger Were bleaching in the wind; And Sir Gillum he said, "A better steed In Englonde thou couldst not find, "Than was the flecto one that lieth here; The tod and the eorby crow 190 Have fed upon his peerless limbs, And his flesh and blood also.
Slowly Sir Gillum he lighted down, Took off the saddle and reins; Quo' he, "I am about to make Small guerdon for thy pains."	"'Twas told me once that my flecto Rupert," He said in laughing mood, "Should be my death; so I slew the steede, That my life should still be good." 196
He drew his sword so sharp and bright, 165 And turned away his eye, For his heart was soft, that he might not see That peerless charger die.	He careless kicked his horse's head, Whitening in sun an' the rain, When a splinter o' bone strake into his foot, And caused him mickle pain. 200
But love o' life will turn the scale, In man or beast at need; 170 Sir Gillum jaloused the safer way, Was e'en to kill his steed.	The leech he cannot cure that wound, And still it mortifies; In spite of skill, or of earthly will, Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun dies.
He struck flecto Rupert aneath the leg, The blood spun frae the wound, 175 Till the noble charger moaned in pain, And so fell on the ground.	"A foolish wierd has proven ryghte: 205 Farewell, my fayre Annie, For the faithful steed I slew in my need, Is now avenged on me.
He turned his eye to Sir Gillum's face, And said, but with nae tongue, "Did I carry thee thro' the rushing tide 180 For thee to do this wrong?" * * * * *	"Where Rupert's bones lie in the mist, O Annie, lay my corse; 210 And let that knight take most delight, To cherish the steed that has borne him in fyghte, And never slay his Horse."
Sir Gillum is happy, Sir Gillum is proud, For a mother is Annie his bride; And wi' a frien' in the sweet spring time, He walkit forth in his pride. 185	

### The Death of King Malcolm

Is founded on the historical facts subjoined. Alnwick Castle appears to have been a place of great strength immediately after the Norman Conquest; for in the reign of King William Rufus, it underwent a remarkable siege from Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, who lost his life before it, as did his son Prince Edward. The most authentic account of this event seems to be that given in the ancient Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum. This informs us, that the castle, though very strong, was in danger of being taken by assault; and being cut off from all hopes of succour, was on the point of surrendering, when one of the garrison undertook to rescue it by the following stratagem. He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender up the possession. Malcolm too hastily came forth to receive him, and received a mortal wound. The assailant escaped

through the river, which was then swollen with rain. The Chronicle adds, that his name was Hammond, and that the place of his passage over the river, was long after known by the name of "Hammond's Ford;" probably where the bridge was afterwards built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, incautiously advancing to revenge his father's death, received a wound, of which he died three days after. The spot where Malcolm was slain is distinguished by a cross, which was restored in 1774, by Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland, who was immediately descended from the unfortunate king, by his daughter Queen Mary, wife of King Henry I. of England. The west side of the cross bears the inscription, "Malcolm ye third, King of Scotlande was slain on this spot, besieging Alnwick Castle, Nov<sup>br</sup>. 13, A.D. M.XCIII." On the east side, "Malcolm's Cross decayed by time, was restored by his descendant, Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumb<sup>r</sup>, M.D.CCLXXIV." The Cross has three steps to the pedestal; on the north side are sculptured a crown and thistle, and on the south side a lion rampant, with other devices. The pedestal and capital of the old Cross still remain amongst the adjoining trees.

The sun was glinting thro' the shaws,  
And flowered the older troe,  
When Malcolm, King o' bruid Scotland,  
Rose up from the dew wet lea. 4  
Sing oh so mournfully, so dulefully.

He held wild Morkall in Alnwick Towers,  
Wi' a ring o' armed men;  
And all his warriors tented round,  
Were thousands three and ten. 10  
Sing oh, &c.

He pressed so sorely on the walls,  
They were like to eat the stane;  
They slaughtered hounds and pinin' yands,  
Picked rattons to the Bane. 15  
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he swore to eat his gloves,  
Or ere he yields the wa's,  
And they are made of good doe's hide,  
That louped in Durham's shaws. 20  
Sing oh, &c.

His bauldest men can haellings bear  
The weight o' their iron gaith;  
A mother wad scarcely ken't her son  
In that grisely band o' death. 25  
Sing oh, &c.

It was upon a day in Spring,  
When the scent came frae the thorn,  
The Scottie monarch summon't them,  
With three waulgs o' the horn. 30  
Sing oh, &c.

"Come daun from out your castell grey,  
That wons upon the hill,  
Or by the rood, we'se shed your blood,  
For we are sworn to kill." 35  
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he glinted ower the walls,  
"So draw off a space your men;  
I yield my trust nae help arrives,  
And Alnwick Castle's twen. 40  
Sing oh, &c.

"But give to me your kingly word,  
Ere I draw asp or bolt,  
Ten minutes to come, ten minutes to gae,  
Your faith and truth as a Scottie king, 45  
I ao meet you on the holt.  
Sing oh, &c.

"And I'll give up my Castle's keys  
To thee, thou Scottie king;  
The bravest men in a' the Merse  
Can dow but us they ding." 50  
Sing oh, &c.

"My hand and glove, my faith and troth,  
I give to thee also;  
And I'll grant thee thy liberty,  
With leave to come and go." 55  
Sing oh, &c.

Wight Hammond mounted then his steed,  
And he look'd to girth an' strap;  
And wi' the keys on his Border spear,  
Out ower the Brig he lap. 60  
Sing oh, &c.

He pricked his charger cannily,  
For the brute had na' that force;  
Nae corn in the garner, or outs in the bin,  
And the fire will leave a horse. 65  
Sing oh, &c.

There was a fechtin his mind,  
For his cheek was deadly wan;  
And he pursot his broos like one beset  
With a deep and deadly ban.  
Sing oh, &c.

70

His mind was set to do a deed,  
And he struck his rowells hard,  
The beust sprung forth with aa' corn in his  
wame,  
He near fell o'er the yird.  
Sing oh, &c.

75

He forded the AIn at the fall o' the hill,  
An arrow's flight from the towers,  
And on the knowe King Malcolm stood,  
Surroundit by his powers.  
Sing oh, &c.

80

Bauld Hammond check'd his bridle rein,  
Some ten yards frae the King;  
He lowered his bassen'd cap, and stood  
Up in his stirrup ring.  
Sing oh, &c.

85

"I hear the keys o' Alnwick Gates;"  
He said wi' sauey air;  
"I hold them forth, let him wha likes  
Come tak them gin' he dare."  
Sing oh, &c.

90

A score o' Chiefs put forth a stap,  
But Malcolm staid them a';  
"Now feint a hand shall tak those keys,  
Save him wha gives the law."  
Sing oh, &c.

95

He walkit thro' the yellow broom,  
Fell Hammond he waited near;  
He met him full, and in Malcolm's eye  
He thrust his Border spear;  
Sing oh, &c.

100

And turning round fled down the bank,  
And squattered thro' the ford,  
And gained the Castell; brig and baulk  
Right willingly were lower'd.  
Sing oh, &c.

105

Oh Jesu! 'twas a fearful sight  
To see that kingly man;  
Strake thro' the skull, whilst royal blood  
Left cheeks and haffets wan.  
Sing oh, &c.

110

Then sicean a cry o' wild revenge,  
Did earth and heaven stoun;  
The birds that skim'd along the air,  
For very fright fell down.  
Sing oh, &c.

115

The Scots are arming for the fight,  
O sicean a fearful shout,  
They rushed red wud to the Castle gates,  
Like a herd o' frightened nowt.  
Sing oh, &c.

120

Now haud thy ain thou wild Morkall,  
For the Scots rage all below;  
Thou'st fought in mouny a battle field,  
But never so wild a foe.  
Sing oh, &c.

125

From bendit bows, like winter's sleet,  
Shafts flyter thro' the sky;  
They bend the bonny mangonel,  
And the stanes in showers fly.  
Sing oh, &c.

130

Some on ilk ither's shoulters mount,  
Whilst reeking tar and pitch,  
With blocks and bars and hot water,  
Fell warriors in the ditch.  
Sing oh, &c.

135

O, O, the sin! O, O, the din!  
That men should warsle so,  
They backward bore the bloody King,  
From that green and fatal knowe.

140

Bauld Hammond's spear hath gashed his  
brows,  
His skull is bark't and riven,  
And the priest wi' words o' grace and love,  
The dying King hath shriven.  
Sing oh, &c.

145

Yedward the Prince, that fated thrust  
Doth honours to thee bring;  
Of braid Scotland and Combernauld,  
It makes thee mighty King.  
Sing oh, &c.

150

The battle sounded loud and clear—  
Frae' his bed o' rushes dried,  
Like one strong in life the King louped up,  
And his slogan wild he cried.  
Sing oh, &c.

155

Sightless and feckless did he turn  
 His face to the fechtin' band;  
 He could na' speak, but he fetch'd his breath  
 And deadly shook his hand. 160  
 Sing oh, &c.

O but for ae glance o' his eagle eye,  
 O' heaven's blessed light;  
 To die as should become a Chief,  
 In the midst o' yonder fight. 165  
 Sing oh, &c.

He warsled wi' his agony,  
 And to die like a mangy tyke—  
 His Kingly soul flew frae his lips,  
 In a wild unearthly shriek. 170  
 Sing oh, &c.

His soul and life fled from his flesh,  
 His hawkie eyes were shent;  
 He backward fell, a bloody corpse,  
 Ere his body touch'd the bent. 175  
 Sing oh, &c.

The deed stick to the bauld Hammond,  
 And for his joust sae grim,  
 Because he pierc'd King Malcolm's eye,  
 Piercy they cursen't him. 180  
 Sing oh, &c.

They biggitt a cross where Malcolm fell,  
 Where Hawthorn blossoms wave;  
 I tell na lie, for ye yet may see,  
 King Malcolm's bloody grave. 185  
 Sing oh so dulefully, sae mournfully.

### The Slaughter of the Bishop.

THE slaughter of the Bishop is mentioned in Brand's History of Durham; what was the offence of this prelate, the historian does not say; perhaps it was a question of tithes, or more probably some ecclesiastical change, to which the people offered resistance, and in the heat of their fury, they broke in upon him and slew him. "The old Chapel by the gate," as the Chronicler avers, might well answer to the old Chapel in Gateshead. The watch word of the murderers was "gude rodde, shorte rodde, slay ye the Bischoppe," meaning probably, a good riddance; or as "redde" stands for counsel in the old ballads, it may have meant the latter.

He hath broughte King William's honde.

That it was a weighty matter affecting some reformation in the Church, we are led to believe by the Priest being armed with King William's word (that is the parchment), with the law or order signed by the King (William I.).

The Black Friars and the White,  
 And eke the lowly Greye.

There were Monasteries of all these orders in Newcastle, during the period of which we

write. There are squares still known by the name of "Black Friars, White Friars," and several lanes called "Grey Friars, Low Friars, Crutched Friars," &c.

And, My masters, he sayd, what means this affair?

"Bodin in effair," a Border phrase, to come armed for battle.

Rose high as Saynt Nicholasse.

See the Ballad of "Earl Moray."

He clave the woode, when strange to tell  
 Out gushed a streame of bloode.

A miracle occurred on the feast of St. Oswin (which the author has copied in the present ballad). "On the feast of the passion of St. Oswin (a Saxon martyr and king), as a sailor was cutting a piece of wood on board his schippe at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he saw blood gush out of it in great abundance; re-collecting the festival he gave over work, but a companion of his, regardless of the miracle, persisted in his profane business; and upon striking the wood, the blood gushed out in still greater abundance. Both clergy and

laity were informed of this, and approved the miracle; the wood was carried to Tynemouth, where the Saint's bodie was interred, to be there preserved in testimony thereof."

Bede,  
Knowne for hys sanctitie.

See the life and writings of the Venerable Bede.

THE Bischoppe has come with King William's worde

To the Chapell by the gate;  
But he may rue his journeyings,  
Or ere it be too late.  
Gudereddo, shortredde, slay ye the Bischoppe.

The people are there, with hanging looks, 6  
And no man cries, "God blesse  
Thee thou Bischoppe of King Willyam,  
Arrayed in holynesse."  
Gude redde, &c. 10

He bath broughte Kyng Willyam's honde,  
Written on parchement fayre,  
Gif any like to see the wordes  
They in his face shall stave.  
Gude redde, &c. 15

The Black Friars and the White,  
And eke the lowlye Greye,  
Walk two's and two's wyth the proud Bischoppe,  
A fayre sighte by my fayre.  
Gude redde, &c. 20

In and upon the Gateshead streets,  
The people gather and fille,  
Wyth sticks stelle headed, staves and stones,  
The Durham Priest to kille.  
Gude redde, &c. 25

They gather about the holye chappelle,  
And talk of his perfidie;  
How that he has graspit all the tythes,  
And swept the fat off the lea.  
Gude redde, &c. 30

Ruddie his hue and whyte his haire,  
Firm was his browe; albeyte his eyes  
Flamed in his hede lyke coals of fyre,  
As rounde he looked in wonder wysse.  
Gude redde, &c. 35

The stowne of tongues growe threateninge,  
As the Bischoppe tended masse;  
But the shoutinge and the people's groans,  
Rose highe as St. Nicholasse.  
Gude redde, &c. 40

The Bischoppe rushed to the altarr stone,  
For he was a hasty manne;  
And, "My masters," he say'd, "what means  
this effeir?"  
When arose arounde the banne.  
Gude redde, &c. 45

They closed uppon the Durham Saynt,  
To split his shaven crowne,  
When he helde the preciousse crosse aloofe,  
Where our Savioure looked downe.  
Gude redde, &c. 50

But the howlinge men of the gate  
Preste on to slaye the Prieste,  
So he withdrow into the chappelle,  
As a sanctuarie of reste.  
Gude redde, &c. 55

Uppe came Ringan of Lymington,  
And Roger of the fenne,  
Nod of the Huddocks, St. Dunstone's Cooke,  
And a host of shrieking menne.  
Gude redde, &c. 60

The Bischoppe stooode, and his snowy hairs  
Were streaming in the blast;  
Quo he, "Have ye some reverence—"  
But the crosse from his gripe they cast.  
Gude redde, &c. 65

He hastened to the altarr steppes,  
And there his courage keppe;  
A lowsel lifted his partizan,  
And clave the chappelle steppe.  
Gude redde, &c. 70

He clave the woode, when strange to tell  
Out gushed a streame of bloode!  
"A mirackle," the Bischoppe criede  
From the altarr where he stooode.  
Gude redde, &c. 75

"It shalle not save thee," fierce Ringan sayde,  
And the Bischoppes skulle he clave,  
When bloode and brains flew all aboute,  
On chappelle walle and pave.  
Gude redde, &c. 80

There was a fearfulle erie went uppe  
For horror at what was done;  
They fled their wayes, and the Priestte was  
left

Deade! on the altarr stone.  
Gude redde, &c. 85

The Monkes of Jarowe came up the Tyne,  
Wyth St. Cuthbert's banner a' streame,  
And the dyrge rose for the Bischoppes soule,  
The rowers' songe betweene.  
Gude redde, &c. 90

They gatheret uppe the slaughtered Priestte,  
In his gory robes bedighte;  
Oh holye Chryste! his crimsonne bloodo  
Had dyed his stole so whyte.  
Gude redde, &c. 95

They never lyfted oarre or sayle,  
When they hove the bodie aborde;

When the boate it grounded in Jarrow Slake,  
As of its owne accorde.

Gude redde, &c. 100

Not all the meene in Christendie,  
Forbye Northumberlande,  
Coude thruste the boate a fadom's lengthe  
From off the tail of the sande:  
Gude redde, &c. 105

But a gentil winde came from the west,  
And they sung Saynt Cuthbert's hymn,  
And the bodie dryfted to the lande,  
As fast as itt coude swym.  
Gude redde, &c. 110

They buryed hym in soleun wyse,  
In Jarrow Monasterie,  
Where lived and prayed the holie Bede,  
Knowne for hys sanctitie.  
Gude redde, &c. 115

### The Outlandish Knight.

#### A BORDER BALLAD.

THIS Ballad is copied from a broad sheet in the possession of a gentleman of Newcastle; it has also been published in "Richardson's Table Book." The verses with inverted commas are added at the suggestion of a friend, as it was thought the Knight was not rendered sufficiently odious without this new trait of his dishonour. There is in Monk Lewis's Tales of Wonder, a translation from a German Ballad, on the same subject or nearly so; for the Knight goes to church, and meeting with a lovely mayden,

He skipped o'er benches one or two,  
"Oh lovely maid, I die for you;"  
He skipped o'er benches two or three,  
"Oh lovely maid, come walk with me."

The maiden complies; but it appears the Knight proves to be a "most perfidious monster," as Trinculo says of Caliban, for he entices the pretty maid to cross the river in a boat, and when in the centre of the stream he sinks with his prey into the waves. Camp-

bell's well known Ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," is on the same subject.

Whoe the author of the "Outlandish Knight" was, I have no means of discovering, as it is one of those Ballads that pass down the stream of time unclaimed, and whose authorship is left for the antiquary to discover.

An Outlandish Knight from the north lands  
came,  
And he came a wooing to me;  
He told me he'd take me to the north lands,  
And I should his fair bride be. 4

A broad, broad shield did this stranger wield,  
Whereon did the red cross shine;  
Yet never, I ween, had that strange Knight  
been  
In the fields of Palestine.

And out and spoke the stranger Knight,  
This Knight of the strange countrie; 10  
"O mayden fayr, with the raven hayre,  
Thou shalt at my bidding be.

"Thy sire he is from home, ladye,  
For he hath a journey gone;  
And his shaggy blood-hound is sleeping  
sound 15  
Beside the postern stone.

"Go bring me some of thy father's gold,  
And some of thy mother's fee;  
And steeds twain of the best, that in the  
stalls rest,  
Where they stand thirty and three." 20

\* \* \* \* \*

She mounted her on her milk white steed,  
And he on a dapple grey,  
And they forward did ride till they reached  
the sea side,  
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and spoke this stranger Knight, 25  
*This knight of the north countrie;*

"O mayden fayr with the raven hayre,  
Do thou at my bidding be.

"Alight thee from thy mylk white steed,  
And deliver it unto me; 30  
Six maids have I drowned where the billows  
sound,  
And the seventh one shalt thou be.

"But first pull off thy kirtle fine,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween, 35  
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken shoon,  
And deliver them unto me;  
Methinks they are too fine and gay, 40  
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy bonny green plaid,  
That floats in the breeze so free,  
It is woven fine with the silver twine,  
And comely it is to see."

"If I must pull off my bonny silk plaid, 45  
O turn thy back to me,  
And gaze on the sun, which has just begun  
To peer owre the salt, salt sea."

"Thou art too shameful, fayr maid," he sayd,  
"To wanton so with me; 50  
I've seen thee in thy holland smock,  
And all to pleasure me."

"If thou hast seen me in my smock,  
The more shame thee betide;  
It better beseem'd that tongue not tell, 55  
But rather my sinne to hide.

"Who ever tempted weak woman  
Unto a deece of evil;  
To tempt the first and then to twit, 60  
Beseemeth but the deyvil."

He turned his back on the fayr damselle,  
And looked upon the beam;  
She graspt him tight with her arms so white,  
And plunged him in the streame.

The streame it rushed, and the Knight he  
roar'd, 65  
And long with the waters strave;  
The water kelpies laughed with joy,  
As they smooored him in the wave.

"Lie there, lie there, thou false hearted  
Knight,  
Lie there instead of me; 70  
Six damsels fayr thou hast drownèd there,  
But the seventh has drownèd thee."

The ocean wave was the false one's grave,  
For he sunk right hastily;  
Tho' with bubbling voice he pray'd to his  
saint, 75  
And utter'd an Ave Marie.

## Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

THIS Ballad commemorates the matchless devotion and indomitable courage of Grizel Cochrane, when the tyranny and bigotry of James VI. towards his Scottish subjects, forced them to take up arms for the redressal of their grievances. One of the most formidable rioters as well as most prominent actors in Argyle's Rebellion, was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. For ages a destructive doom seems to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in one common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cause of its Chieftains. The same doom befell Sir John Cochrane; for he was surrounded by the King's troops, and though he made a desperate resistance, was overpowered and conveyed to prison in Edinburgh. His trial was brief, the judgment decisive, and the jailor waited but the arrival of his death warrant from London to lead him forth to execution, when Grizel Cochrane, the pride of his life, and the noble daughter of his house, determined on rescuing her father from the scaffold. Having received his blessing, she wended her solitary way to Borwick, disguised in a palmer's weeds: and robbed the man of the London Mail as described in the Ballad. Every exertion was made to discover the robber, but in vain. Three days had passed: Sir John Cochrane yet lived, and before another order for his execution could reach Edinburgh, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's Confessor might be successful. Grizel now became his only companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had now elapsed since the commission of the robbery, and protracted hope began to make sick the heart of the prisoner. The intercession of Dundonald had been unsuccessful, and a second time the bigoted and despotic monarch signed the warrant for Cochrane's death. "The will of Heaven be done," exclaimed the nobleman, when the jailor informed his prisoner of the circumstance. "Amen," said the heroic Grizzy with wild vehemence: "but my father *shall* not die." To save him, as the Ballad informs us,

She aiblins kenned a way.

Her masculine garments were again in requisition; again the rider had almost gained the Moor of Tweedmouth, bearing with him the doom of Cochrane; but Grizzy was at her post, and again despoiled him of his packet. By this second robbery Grizzy insured her father's life for fourteen days, the time then necessary to ride between London and the Scottish metropolis. But on this occasion, Dundonald and several Lords of great worth and consideration, used the time so effectually, that Sir John Cochrane was liberated and pardoned.

Grizel Cochrane, whose heroic conduct and filial affection we have imperfectly sketched, was, according to tradition, the great-grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great-great-grandmother of the celebrated Mr. Coutts, the Banker; but a few years ago the author of the *Border Tales* received a letter from Sir Hugh Stuart, son of Sir John, stating that his family would be glad to have such a heroine as Grizel connected with their genealogy; but that they were unable to prove such connexion. A few miles from Bedford may yet be seen a solitary clump of fir trees, walled round, and standing by the road side, which is yet called "Grizzy's clump," and pointed out as a part of the thicket from whence Cochrane's bonny dochter fired on the carrier of the mail. We have lost much of the wisdom of our ancestors, and amongst other matters, the folly of sending *one* horseman with the mail, who had already been despoiled of his charge.

The warlocks are dancing threesome reels.

Goswick Links, Kyles Mills, Lowlinns, &c., are places in the immediate vicinity of Grizzy's Clump. I am not aware that this Ballad was ever printed before, nor have I any knowledge if a Ballad on the same subject exists.

LISTEN now baith great and simple,

Whilst I croon to you my sang,  
Ere suchan anither damsell peers,

The world will cease to wag ere lang:

For she is the flower o'er a' the bower,

My blessings on Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.



Her feyther lay lang in the Embro jail,  
Wearin fast to his end,  
For his head maun be swept clean frae his  
shouthers, 9

When the warrant the King shall send;  
Singing waes me, wi' the tear in her e'e,  
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter mourn.

She kist her feyther's lyart locks,  
Unkemtt for mony a day;  
And she said, "To save my feyther's life, 15  
I aiblins ken a way:  
Gie me thy luvie, that I fortune prove?"  
Quo Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She rode awa' thro' the stragglin toun,  
Of beggart Hadingtoun, 20  
Syne by Dunbar, thro' the Coppersmith,  
'Till to Berwick she has come:  
And she rappit ryghte loud on the barred  
gates,  
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She slept all night, and she rose betimes, 25  
And cross'd the lang brig o' the Tweed;  
And ower the moor at Tweedmouth brae,  
Sair dragglit was her woman's weed;  
And lightin down by Haggerston Shaws,  
Did Cochrane's bonny Grizzy. 30

A clonk she drew frae her saddle bag,  
Wi' trunks and a doublet fyre,  
She cut off wi' a faulding knife,  
Her long and raven hair;  
And she dressed herself in laddies claiiths,  
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy. 36

The horseman rode intill Bedford toun,  
Wha' carry't the London Mail,  
Bauld Grizzy she sought the hostel out,  
And there wi' a couthy tale, 40  
Forgathered wi' the London post,  
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

She roared the loudest af them a',  
Quo the fallow, "My canty chiel,  
Deil blaw my pipes yere the crack o' the wa',  
And the best among the hail." 46  
In the dead of night did they gang to their  
beds,  
And so gaed Cochrane's dochter.

She rose ower the bed, ere the second cock,  
Went jimpily along the floor; 50

She's stown her fayther's death warrant,  
Whilst the lubbert loud did snore.  
She's gained the hills ere the hue and cry  
They raisit on Cochrane's dochter.

But the King can write anither brief, 55  
For a' the first be stown;  
And once again the fallow rode,  
Wi' the warrant frae London town:  
Now out and alas, what can she do?  
For the heart o' Grizzy sank. 60

The red sun went down o'er the sea,  
And the wind blew stiff and snell,  
And as it shot by Grizzy's lugs,  
It sounded auld Cochran's knell;  
"But downa despair, 'tis a kittle carle," 65  
Said Cochrane's bonny dochter.

The larch and the tall fir shrieked wi' pain,  
As they bent before in the wind,  
And down there fell the heavy rain,  
Till sense and o'en were blind; 70  
"A lang night 'tis ne'er sees a day,"  
Quoth Cochran's undaunted Grizzy.

The warlocks are dancing threesome reels,  
On Goswick's haunted links,  
The red fire shoots by Ladythorne, 75  
And 'am wi' the lanthorn fa's and sinks;  
On Kyloe's hills there's awfu' sounds,  
But they frightened not Cochrane's Grizzy.

The moon beams shot from the troubled sky,  
In glints o' flickerin light, 80  
The horseman cam skelping thro' the mire,  
For his mind was in affright;  
His pistol cocked he held in his hand,  
But the fient a fear had Grizzy.

As he cam' fornenst the Fenwicke woods, 85  
From the whin bushes shot out a flame;  
His dappled filly reared up in affright,  
And backward over he came;  
There's a hand on his craig, and a foot on his  
mouth,  
Twas Cochran's Bonny Grizzy. 90

"I will not tak thy life," she said,  
"But gie me thy London news;  
No bloode of thine shall fyle my blade.  
Gin me ye dinna refuse:" 94  
She's pri'd the warrant, and away she flew,  
Wi' the speed and strength o' the wild curlew.

Love will make a foe grow kind,  
 Love will bring blossom where bud is  
 naught,  
 Love hath softened a kingly mind; 99  
 Grizzy hath mercy to councillors taught.  
 Her friends at court have priven the life  
 O' Grizzy's banished fyther.

She's wedded unto a German knight,  
 Her hairnies blyth wi' her sire remain,  
 She's cast the kaddies clouts awa, 105  
 And her raven hair is growing again.  
 What think ye, gentles o' every degree,  
 O' Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy?

### Young Ratcliffe.

THE hero of this ballad, which appears for the first time in print, was James Ratcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded for high treason on Tower Hill, in 1716. The circumstances that led to his untimely fate (for he was only in his 26th year) are set forth in the ballad. His last request, to be buried with his ancestors at Dilton,—a romantic spot situated on the banks of a small stream that flows into the Tyne between Corbridge and Hexham,—was refused; but either a sham funeral took place, or his body was 'secretly conveyed from London; for, on the family vault being opened some years ago, the corpse was found in a high state of preservation. The ample estates of the Ratcliffe family were declared forfeited; and transferred to the use of Greenwich Hospital.

Young Ratcliffe looked frae Dilton ha',  
 When he heard the trumpets bray;  
 "And wha comes here in sic effeir?"  
 This nobleman did say.

There looted his ladye by his side,  
 And a buirdly dame was she,  
 She cam from a stock of ungentle bluid,  
 Albeit of high degree.

"It means," quo' she, "my gentle luv,  
 Jamie has taen the bent,  
 And whoso follows not his flag  
 Sall never be content,

"The pick o' a' the western hills,  
 With norderen Billies to boot,  
 Have thrown up caps for bonny James,  
 Sprung frae a royal root.

"Why hangs my luv ahint the rest,  
 Why mope in sullen mood?  
 One of less wealth wud be content,  
 To peril lands and blood." 20

Quo' Ratcliffe, "Gin that I had less,  
 I might be moved to fight;  
 But then to lose my heritage  
 Wad be a sorry sight."

"And shall it be my lord does halt,  
 Not knowing what to do?  
 The best of schemes will often fail,  
 If not gane boddy thro." 25

Out answered Derwentwater bold,  
 "Why prop a falling tree?" 30  
 When does the Stuart's kingly cause,  
 Lie rotting on the lea.

"Ill speed and bloodshed never yet  
 Brought fortune to a cause;  
 Never a man out prospered right,  
 That broke his country's laws." 35

"If he had right, and I less wealth,  
 I might adventure more;  
 But honey luv, thou knowst small ships  
 Should keep well in the shore." 40

Loud storm't the Lady o' Dilton Hall,  
 Wi' a glunching o' disdain;  
 "When others seek the smile o' kings,  
 To stay were ruth and shame.

"How could I live to hear my luv  
 Shamed as a coward man?  
 Were I a Lord, in the foremost rank  
 I' fight for King and lan'." 45

<p>"Och," then quo' he, "my hinny sweet, Wha nothing has to tyme May boldly fight, not he who owns Sic hills and dales as mine.</p>	50	<p>The robin cheeped a dolorous note, With the corn craik from the lea, The owlet gave an eerie skriegh, As he louped to saddle tree.</p>	95
<p>"I could not lose my bonny holts, Or shaws and knowes so green, Where poppling hy the moss grown stanes, The waters flash between.</p>	56	<p>He looked down on the shaws and woods, Syno up to his castle hall; On the waving trees, and flowery banks, By the burnie's wimpling fall.</p>	100
<p>"Were all around me not my ain, I'd freely gan the gate; Wha has nae fortune fights more bold Than one with large estate."</p>	60	<p>It raised sore tews in Ratcliffe's breast, To leave his plenished house; And the grooms out cried, "The game's nae worth, Sin Ratcliffe sings sae crouse."</p>	
<p>Quo' she, "Shame fa' upon Ratcliffe, Or ever I was told, My husband snooves awa from fight, For greed of yellow gold.</p>		<p>But he saw the eye of his buird Countesse Glint blythe and bonnily; "Forth fortune," he cried, "and fetters fill, Heigh, Jamie oure the lea."</p>	106
<p>"That over weary waefu' gear Should mar so fair a cause, That ever to stand by Jamie's side Should make my Ratcliffe pause.</p>	65	<p>Young Ratcliffe called for the stirrup cup, Ere he rode down the brae; He'so hid them never stint the wine, Whatever men may say.</p>	110
<p>"There's Kennmare's up wi' the western lads, Roy wi' the Highlandmen, And Lochiel's clan, wi' pipes to their teeth, Are skirling down the Glen;</p>	70	<p>He flung the glass right oure his shoulder, When he had drained the toast; He kist his glov't hand to the Ha', For oh he loved it most.</p>	115
<p>"There's Fenwickos, and Herries, and Fos- ters too, Wi' the feck of Cumberland, Are gaung to tryst on Stagshaw Bank, To meet Northumberland.</p>	75	<p>There's stir upon Newcastle Streets, In Morpeth Town there's noise; And Berwick Johnnies wi' Cambo Billies, Fratch wi' the Hexham boys.</p>	120
<p>"Think not I'd peril thy sweet life, Thy fame more rich I prize; A coward's name," quo' the wily dame, "When branded never dies.</p>	80	<p>The brash o' Alnwick shout and fling, Deil gin they never tire; And the news o' the rise thro' the country flies, Like the flash o' levin fire.</p>	
<p>"The smallest drop o' my Ratcliffe's blood Is far more dear to me Than all the ryches ever sunk In the waters of the sea."</p>		<p>To Jamie's flag cam ridin in, The flower of all that's fayre; But the fause Joblins, wi' the Johnsons coarse, Gude faith lad were na there.</p>	125
<p>He sprung away wi' a brow o' fire, Gave three skips thro' the ha'; And cried, "Hurrah for Jamie yet, What ever may befa'.</p>	85	<p>There was a battle in the North, 'Twas siccan a bloody fight, Where many noblemen were slain, And young Ratcliffe gat the wyte.</p>	130
<p>"Go saddle me my Marigold, That browses on the lea; My father's helmet and his sword, So likewise bring to me."</p>	90		

That siccan a cause suld ever fail ! The prince has fled the land ; Wi' Balmerin and auld Lovatt, Bauld Ratcliffe take his stand.	135	Kennure came, and Fenwickes ran, And they were stak and steady ; And a the word among them a', Was " Ratcliffe, keep ye ready."	165
And he has written a lang letter, Unto his Lady fair, " Ye maun come up to London town, To see your Lord once mair."	140	An aged man at the King's right hand, Says " Noble King, but hear me ; Gar her tell down ten thousand pounds, And gie her back her dearie."	170
When first she looked the letter on, She was baith red and rosy ; But ere she read a word or twa, She wallowt like a lily.		Quo' Geordie, " Not for all the goud That ever a King could tell, It shall not save young Ratcliffe's life, From the axe he's earned full well."	175
" Gae get to me my gude grey steed, My menzie a gae wi' me, For I shall neither eat nor drink Till London town shall see me."	145	And then appeared the fatal block, And synce the axe to head him ; And Ratcliffe coming down the stair, Wi' bands o' airn they lead him.	180
And she has muntit her good grey steed, Her menzie a gae'd with her ; And neither did she eat or drink Till London Town did see her.	150	But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strong, That gyved his noble limb, There was nae one in a' the court, That looked sae bra' as him.	
O she fell on her bonded knees, I wat's sho's pale and weary ; " O pardon, pardon, noble King, And gie me back my dearie."	155	He clasped his lady by the waist, And kist her lips sae red ; " Be mindful of my youngest bairn, When is his father dead."	185
" I hae born sons to my Ratcliffe dear, The last ne'er saw his daddie ; Oh pardon, pardon, noble King, Pity a wae'fu' ladie."	160	Geordy has taen sae sair a fright, He's no safe in his hall ; And the tane and the tither maun haud their gabs, Young Ratcliffe's head maun fall.	190
" Go bid the headis-man make haste," Our King did loudly cry ; " For as I live, or wear a crown, Yon bold traytor shall die,"		His blood has wattet the Tower block, And dyed his yellow hair ; His Countess sits wailing in Dilston Halls, But Ratcliffe is na there.	196

*The Fair Flower of Northumberland.*

THIS Ballad treats of the betrayal and desertion of a daughter of "the good Erle of Northumberland;" but which Earl, or in what age it happened, there are no means of ascertaining, further than he was a Scottish Knight, who proved untrue to his vows. "The fraud of man was ever so, since Summer first was leafy," so writes Shakspeare, who took it in turn from that truly old English Ballad, "It was a Friar of Orders Grey," attributed with I know not what justice to Beaumont and Fletcher. The last verse but one is added, as I thought the ends of Ballad justice would not be fulfilled, if the false Knight should escape condign punishment. Chopping the spurs from a Knight's heel, was the very height of degradation, a kind of knightly drumming out; whilst breaking the sword over the culprit's head was always resorted to, preparatory to execution for treasonable or disgraceful offences.

It was a Knight in Scotland born,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn  
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong, 5  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Where he could not walk or lay along,  
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 10  
The Erl's sweet daughter walks that way,  
And she is the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And passing by like ane angel bryght,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
The prisoner had of her a sight, 15  
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
The salt tears standing in his eye,  
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland. 20

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And let me not in prison die,  
And you the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair Sir, how should I take pity on you?  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 25  
Thou being a foe to our countrie,  
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 30  
"Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,  
For the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Having wife and children in thy country, 35  
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
I have no wife or children, I,  
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free, 41  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
I vow that I will marry thee,  
So soon as I come to fayre Scotland.

"Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 45  
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,  
Were I at home in fayre Scotland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 50  
And stole her fathers ring away,  
To help this Knight in fayre Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And all to help this forlorn Knight, 55  
To wend from her father in fayre Scotland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
She likewise took out of the stable,  
To ride with the Knight to fayre Scotland.

And to the jaylor she sent the ring, 61  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Who the Knight from prison forth did bring,  
To wend with her into fayre Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free, 65  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Who straight went to this fair lady,  
To wend with her to fayre Scotland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 70  
And with the lady away did ride,  
And she the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land.

They rode till they came to a water cleare,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
"Good Sir, how should I follow you here, 75  
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?"

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And on my saddle I shall not keep,  
And I the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land." 80

"Fear not the ford, fair lady," quo' he,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
"For long I cannot stay for thee,  
And thou the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land."

The lady prickt her gallant steed, 85  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And over the river swam with speed,  
And she the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land.

From top to toe all wet was she,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 90  
Thus have I done for love of thee,  
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode she all one winter's night,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Till Edinborough they saw in sight, 95  
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now chaw e," quo' he, "thou wanton Flower,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
If thou wilt be my paramour,  
Or get thee home to Northumberland, 100

"For I have a wife, and children five,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
In Edinborough they be alive,  
Then got thee home to Northumberland

"This favour thou shalt have to boot, 105  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
I'll have thy horse, go thou on foot,  
Go, get thee home to Northumberland."

"O false and faithless Knight," quo she,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 110  
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,  
And I the fayre Flower of Northumber-  
land?"

"Dishonour not a lady's name,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
But draw thy sword and end my shame, 115  
And I the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land."

He took her from her stately steed,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And left her there in extreme need,  
And she the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land. 120

Then sat she down full heavily,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
At length two Knights came ridin by,  
Two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee, 125  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
Saying, "Courteous Knights, take pity on me,  
For I am the fair Flower of Northumber-  
land.

"I have offended my father dear,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand; 130  
And by a false Knight, who brought me here  
From the good Erle of Northumberland."

They took her up behind them there,  
Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
And brought her to her home again, 135  
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

They chopped the spurs from the false  
 Knight's heels,  
 Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
 And broke his sword upon his head,  
 For wronging the Flower of Northumber-  
 land. 140

All you fair maydens, be warned by me,  
 Follow my love, come over the Strand;  
 Scots never were true, nor ever will be  
 To lord, or lady, or fair England.

## Syr John le Sprynge.

(VERY ANCIENT.)

THIS old ballad occurs in Sharpe's *Bishopric Garland*, a collection of Songs and Ballads published in the beginning of this century. The Knight, who was murdered in the arms of his leman, "in his bower at Houghton," as it is headed in Sharpe's Collection, would seem to have been a crusader, and had probably fought 'neath the "honour-giving banner" of Richard I. or Edward I. (who in the crusade was wounded by a poisoned dagger). At least the verses hint as much.

Ere the waning Crescent fled;  
 When the Martyr's palm and golden crown  
 Reward Chryst's soldiers dead.

The crescent was the symbol of Saladin, and it is on record, that an ancestor of the Percies won a Paynim standard in single fight from the Sultan of Trebizond, and afterwards adopted the cognisance as his own.

That Syr John le Sprynge was untrue to his marriage vow, is the only supposition we can put upon the concluding lines,

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,  
 And kiss no leman gay.

Infidelity seems to have been his crime; probably some of the kinsmen of the infuriated and jealous wife tracked the unfortunate Knight to the bower, and when

At dead of night, in the softe moonlyght,  
 In his garden bower he lay,

66

they broke in upon the guilty slumbers of the unguarded Knight.

St. George's banner was the "oriflamme" of the English Crusaders, and hence the ballad states that

He fell not in the battle field,  
 Beneath St. George's banner bryght.

St. George seems to have been the tutelary Saint of English Knights, from the days of King Arthur downwards.

The murdered Knight, it would appear, was buried in the "south aisle" of the Church in Houghton; and until a few years ago, there was in the south aisle, the figure of a Knight in armour, in the attitude of prayer; the tomb being curiously ornamented with sculptures of the Holy Family in niches. Above, on a slab of marble, were his arms, with this solemn inscription, "Praye for the Soule of Syr John le Sprynge."

The Knight's family would seem to have been an ancient one, and their castle was probably at Houghton, or near it; and to this they added their patronymic appellation, calling it Houghton le Sprynge, to distinguish it from another town of the same name, as there are several Houghtons in the shire of Durham.

PRAY for the soule of Syr John le Sprynge,  
 When the black Monks sing  
 And the vesper bells ring,  
 Praye for the soule of a murdered Knight,  
 Praye for the soule of Sir John le Sprynge. 5

He fell not before the paynim sword,  
Ere the waning Crescent fled;  
When the martyr's palm and golden crown  
Reward Chryst's soldiers dead.

He fell not in the battle field, 10  
Beneath St. George's banner bryght;  
When the peulyng cry of victory,  
Might cheer the soule of a dying Knyght.

But at dead of night, in the soft moonlight,  
In his garden bower he lay, 15  
And the dew of sleepe did his eyelids steep,  
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,  
In that guilty bower,  
Wyth his paramour, 20  
Did his soule from his body fleete,  
And through mist and mirk and moonlight  
grey,  
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,  
To the dreadful judgment seat.

In the southermost aisle his coat of mail, 25  
Hangs o'er the marble shrine;  
And his tylytyng spere is rustyng there,  
His helm and his gabardine.

And aye the mass priest sings his song,  
And putteth many a prayer; 30  
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,  
And aye the lamp burns there.

And still when that guilty night returns,  
On the eve of Seynt Butmahy bryght,  
The dying taper faintly burns 35  
Wyth a wan and wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,  
Like drops of agony,  
From the marble dank, whilst the armour's  
clank  
Affrights the priest on his knee. 40

And high overhead, with heavy tread,  
Unearthly footsteps pass,  
For the spirits of air are gathering there,  
And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep, 45  
And kiss no leman gay;  
For he that sinks in sin to sleepe,  
May never wake to pray.

Judge not, sinner as thou art,  
Commune with thy secret herte, 50  
And watch, for thou knowest not the houre,  
But to Jesus bryght, and Mary of night,  
Pray for the soule of the murdered Knight,  
That died in the moonlit bower.

### Lady Jean.

BOTHAL CASTLE, the scene of this Ballad, is situated on the Wansbeck, three miles from Morpeth. It was built by the ancestors of the "Bertram," mentioned in the Ballad of Lord Hepburn, and in ancient times it was a place of considerable strength. It is related by tradition, that a "Scotch Knight, named Dunbar, bearing a fox's tail in his helmet, as a challenge for any man to fight him, travelled throughout England, and going towards his own country, was encountered by Syr Robert Ogle, and slain with a pole-axe, which remained as a trophy until very lately in the great hall of Bothal Castle." The Lord Dacre, mentioned as the intended bridegroom in the Ballad, may have been the "Dacre" of

Flodden Field. (For an account of whose family, see *Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel."*) He was warden of the Eastern March in the reign of Henry VIII. The Umfraville or Umfraville, mentioned also as the lover of Lady Jean, was descended from a very powerful family, of which there were several branches. In the reign of Henry V. we find one "Sir Robert Umfraville," prosecuting John de Manners, Sheriff of Northumberland, and his son, for having killed William Heron, Esq., and Robert Atkinson.

There was formerly at Alnwick an Abbey of Premonstratensian Canons. In the Chronicles of this house, preserved in the library of King's College, Cambridge, there is an ac-



count of a banquet given by Walter de Hopscotes, the Abbot, A.D. 1376, on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to Henry, the Fourth Lord of Alnwick, and thirteen Knights, amongst whom occurs the name of "Ingram de Unfraville." The principal scion of the family settled at Otterbourne at a very early period; and we find that at the "Battle of Otterbourne" between the Douglas and Percy, Sir Ralph de Umphreville performed good "yeoman's service."

Who the author of this Ballad is, I know not: it appeared in "Richardson's Table Book," with the initials R. W. appended to it. It is an old Ballad, and like other renowned lyrics, whose authors are enveloped in mystery, it has become a "waif" and "stray" to any Poetical Lord of the Manor who may choose to lay claim to it. We may suppose Scott to have seen it; if so, I am strongly inclined to believe that it furnished the "Young Lochinvar" of the great Novelist. The incidents are nearly the same as in the "Bridal of Notherby," only the hero Umphreville, though much talked of, is like the "great Timoleon" in the "Grecian Daughter," never seen.

By Bothal's tower, sweet Wansbeck's stream  
Rins bickerin to the sea;  
Aloft, the breezes of the morn  
The banners waving free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonny bowers, 5  
There's mirth within the ha';  
But ours the cheek of Lady Jean,  
The tricklin tear drops fa'.

She sits within her chamber high, 10  
Her cousin's by her side;  
Yet sweir is she to don the dress  
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! Lord Dacre's on his way,  
Ye hae na time to spare; 15  
Come let me clasp that jimp girdle,  
And braid your glossy hair.

"Of a' the ladies in the land,  
Yese be surpassed by nane;  
The lace that's on your velvet robe, 20  
Wi' goud 'ill stand its lane.

"This jewelled chaplet ye'll put on,  
That broidered necklace gay;  
For we maun ha' ye huskit well  
On this your bridal day." 25

"O Ellen, you would think it hard  
To wed against your will;  
I never loved Lord Dacre yet,  
I dinna like him still.

"He kens, tho' oft he sued for love 30  
Upon his bended knee;  
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,  
He never gat frae me.

"And he has gained my mother's ear,  
My father's stern command; 35  
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,  
Although he claim my hand.

"O Ellen, softly list to me,  
I still may scape the snare;  
This morn I sent to Otterbourne, 40  
The tidings would be there.

"And hurrying on, comes Umphreville,  
His spur is sharp at need;  
There's nae in a' Northumberland  
Can boast a fleetier steed. 45

"Ah, well I ken his heart is true,  
He will, he must be here;  
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave  
The pousson o' his spear."

"Far is the way, the burns are deep, 50  
The broken muirs are wide;  
Fair lady, ere your true love comes  
You'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

"Wi' stately, solemn step, the priest  
Climbs up the chapel stair; 55  
Alas! alas! for Umphreville,  
His heart may well be sair.

"Keep back, keep back, Lord Dacre's steed,  
Ye mauna trot or gang;  
And haste ye, haste ye, Umphreville, 60  
Your lady thinks you lang."

In velvet sheen she wadna dress,  
Nae pearlins oure her shone,  
Nor broidered necklace sparkling bright, 65  
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up rose she frae her cushioned seat, And tottered like to fa'; Her cheek grew like the rose, and then Turned whiter than the wa'.		Up, up! I see ahaun the wa' Your true love's pennon'd spear,"	85
"O Ellen, throw the casement up, Let in the air to me; Look down within the castle yard, And tell me what you see."	70	And up fu' quick gat Lady Jean, Nae ailment had she mair; Wlyth was her look, and firm her step, As she ran down the stair.	
"Your fayther's stan'nin on the steps, Your mother's at the door; Out thro' the postern comes the train, Lord Daere comes before.	75	As thro' among the apple trees, An' up the walk she flew, Untill she reached her true love's side, Her breath she scarcely drew.	90
"Fu' yauld and gracefu' lights he down, Sae does his gallant band; And low he dolls his bonnett plume, And shakes your father's hand.	80	Lord Daere fain would see the bride He sought her bower alone; And dowf and blunket grew his looks, When Lady Jean was gone.	95
"List, lady, list! a bugle note, It soundeth faintly clear;		Sair did her father stamp and rage, Sair did her mother mourn; She's up and aff with Umphreville To honny Otterbourne.	100

### Sir Richard Whittington's Advancement.

THERE is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a romantic appearance in the history of Whittington, that we shall not relate it; but refer our readers to common tradition, or to the histories which are without any difficulty to be met with. Certain it is, that there was such a man; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer; and one who has left public edifices, and charitable works enough behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded a house of prayer; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choristers, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the city, and called it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield; and the fine library in Gray-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: as also a great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel and a library; in which the records of the city might be kept. He was chosen sheriff in the seventeenth year of the reign of king Richard the Second, and of the Christian

era 1333; William Stonden, by trade a grocer, being then mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the one and twentieth year of the same reign he was chosen mayor. Which honour was again conferred on him in the eighth year of king Henry the Fourth, and the seventh of king Henry the Fifth. It is said of him, that he advanced a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the last monarch. He married Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king, and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it (for this maintenance), bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir

William Whittington, and dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and dame Molde his wife, the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife: For king Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.

Here must I tell the praise  
Of worthy Whittington,  
Known to be in his days  
Thrice lord-mayor of London.

But of poor parentage 5  
Born was he, as we hear,  
And in his tender age  
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London then 10  
Came up this simple lad;  
Where, with a merchant-man,  
Soon he a dwelling had;

And in a kitchen plac'd,  
A scullion for to be;  
Where a long time he pass'd 15  
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was 20  
Turning at the fire;  
And to scour pots of brass,  
For a poor scullion's hire:

Meat and drink all his pay,  
Of coin he had no store;  
Therefore to run away,  
In secret thought he bore.

So from the merchant-man, 25  
Whittington secretly  
Towards his country ran,  
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along, 30  
In a fair summer's morn,  
London's bells sweetly rung  
Whittington's back return;

Evermore sounding so, 35  
Turn again, Whittington;  
For thou, in time, shalt grow  
Lord-mayor of London.

Whereupon, back again,  
Whittington came with speed,  
A servant to remain,  
As the Lord had decreed. 40

Still blessed be the bells,  
This was his daily song;  
This my good fortune tells,  
Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me, 45  
I will not prove unkind;  
London my love shall see,  
And my large bounties find.

But, see his happy chance! 50  
This scullion had a cat,  
Which did his state advance,  
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventur'd forth, 55  
To a land far unknown,  
With merchandize of worth,  
As is in stories shown:

Whittington had no more  
But this poor cat as then,  
Which to the ship he bore,  
Like a bravo valiant man. 60

Vent'ring the same, quoth he,  
I may get store of gold,  
And mayor of London be,  
As the bells have me told.

Whittington's merchandise, 65  
Carried to a land  
Troubled with rats and mice,  
As they did understand;

The king of the country there, 70  
As he at dinner sat,  
Daily remain'd in fear  
Of many mouse and rat.

Ment that on trenchers lay,  
No way they could keep safe;  
But by rats bore away, 75  
Fearing no wand or staff;

Whereupon, soon they brought  
Whittington's nimble cat;  
Which by the king was bought,  
Heaps of gold giv'n for that. 80

Home again came these men, With their ship laden so, Whittington's wealth began By this cat thus to grow;		Ten thousand pounds he gave To his prince willingly; And would no penny have For this kind courtesy.	105
Scullion's life he forsook, To be a merchant good, And soon began to look How well his credit stood.	85	As god thus made him great, So he would daily see Poor people fed with meat, To shew his charity:	110
After that, he was chose Sheriff of the city here, And then full quickly rose Higher as did appear:	90	Prisoners poor cherish'd were, Widows sweet comfort found; Good deeds, both far and near, Of him do still resound.	115
For to the city's praise, Sir Richard Whittington Came to be in his days Thrice mayor of London.	95	Whittington's college is One of his charities; Record reporteth this, To lasting memories.	120
More his fame to advance, Thousands he lent the king, To maintain war in France, Glory from thence to bring.	100	Newgate he builded fair, For prisoners to lye in; Christ-Church he did repair, Christian love for to win.	
And after, at a feast Which he the king did make, He burnt the bonds all in jest, And would no money take.		Many more such like deeds Were done by Whittington; Which joy and comfort breeds, To such as look thereon.	125

### Life and Death of Richard the Third.

A song of the life and death of king Richard III., who, after many murders by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was slain at the battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, by Henry VII. king of England.

IN England once there reigned a king,  
A tyrant fierce and fell,  
Who for to gain himself a crown,  
Gave sure his soul to hell:  
Third Richard was this tyrant's name, 5  
The worst of all the three;  
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,  
That worser could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)  
To be made England's king, 10  
Which he to gain that golden prize,  
Did many a wondrous thing:  
He slaughter'd up our noble peers,  
And chiefest in this land,  
With every one that likely was 15  
His title to withstand.

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,  
E're he could bring to pass,  
What he made lawless claim unto,  
As his best liking was; 20  
Sixth Henry's princely son he slew,  
Before his father's face,  
And weeded from our English throne  
All his renowned race.

This king likewise in London tower, 25  
 He murdering made away :  
 His brother duke of Clarence life,  
 He also did betray,  
 With those right noble princes twain,  
 King Edward's Children dear, 30  
 Because to England's royal crown  
 He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife also he slew,  
 Incestuously to wed  
 His own dear daughter, which for fear,  
 Away from him was fled : 36  
 And made such havock in this land,  
 Of all the royal blood,  
 That only one was left unslain,  
 To have his claims withstood. 40

Earl Richmond he by heaven preserv'd,  
 To right his country's wrong,  
 From France prepar'd full well to fight,  
 Brought o'er an army strong :  
 To whom lord Stanley nobly came, 45  
 With many an English peer,  
 And join'd their forces all in one,  
 Earl Richmond's heart to cheer.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,  
 How they were come on shore, 50  
 And how his forces day by day  
 Increased more and more :  
 He frets, he fumes, and ragingly  
 A maddening fury shows,  
 And thought it but in vain to stay, 55  
 And so to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,  
 His fearless army led,  
 In midst of whom these noble words,  
 Their valiant leader said, 60  
 Now is the time and place, sweet friends,  
 And we the soldiers be,  
 That must bring England's peace again,  
 Or lose our lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame, 65  
 And for our country's good,  
 Against a tyrant mark'd with shame,  
 For shedding English blood :  
 I am right heir of Lancaster,  
 Entitl'd to the crown, 70  
 Against this bloody \*boar of York,  
 Then let us win renown.

Meanwhile had furious Richard set  
 His army in array,  
 And with a ghastly look of fear, 75  
 Desparingly did say,  
 Shall Henry Richmond with his troops  
 O'er-match us thus by might,  
 That comes with fearful cowardice,  
 With us this day to fight? 80

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet  
 Win thus the crown away ?  
 No, Richard's noble mind foretels,  
 That ours will be the day :  
 For golden crowns we bravely fight, 85  
 And gold shall be their gain,  
 In great abundance giv'n to them,  
 That live this day unslain.

These words being spoke, the battels join'd  
 Where blows they bravely change, 90  
 And Richmond, like a lion bold,  
 Performed wonders strange ;  
 And make such slaughter through the  
 camp,  
 Till he king Richard 'spie  
 Who fighting long together there, 95  
 At last the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,  
 Usurping Richard dead,  
 King Henry fair Elizabeth  
 In princely sort did wed : 100  
 For he was then made England's king,  
 And she his crowned queen :  
 So 'twixt these houses long at strife,  
 A unity was seen.

\* Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason  
 of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

## The Doleful Death of Queen Jane,

WIFE TO KING HENRY VIII., AND THE MANNER OF PRINCE EDWARD'S BEING CUP OUT OF HER WOMB.

ONE would think it almost impossible that there should be the least doubt amongst writers, in any point so modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we search our historians, we shall hardly find any of them agreeing in the story of queen Jane. We shall not therefore pretend to advance anything concerning the manner of her death, but shall quote the opinions of some of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themselves.

Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's second queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was married the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vast majority), was delivered of a son at Hampton-court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do constantly run, that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and that she died of the incision the fourth day following." Echard, in his history of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us, "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, having been well delivered, and without any incision, as others have maliciously reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history of Henry VIII., asserts, "That the queen died two days after her delivery." And indeed he has the authorities of Hollingshead and Stow to support the assertion. Du Chesne, a native of France, who in his history of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of these times, he goes on thus: "La royne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte & presto a enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment & de peine, qu'il

lui fallut fendre le Costé par lequel on tira son fruit le douzième Jour d'Octobre a Windsor----- Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré au Chateau de Windsor."

WHEN as king Henry rul'd this land,  
He had a queen I understand;  
Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,  
King Henry's comfort and delight:  
Yet death, by his remorseless pow'r,      5  
Did blast the bloom of this sweet Flow'r;  
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;  
Jane your queen, the flower of England's  
dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,  
This gallant dame possess'd his bed;      10  
Where rightly from her womb did spring  
A joyful comfort to her king,  
A welcome blessing to the land,  
Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.  
O mourn, &c.      15

The queen in travail, pained sore  
Full thirty woful days and more,  
And no ways could deliver'd be,  
As every lady wish'd to see:  
Wherefore the king made greater moan,      20  
Than ever yet his grace had shown.  
O mourn, &c.

Then being something eas'd in mind,  
His eyes a slumbering sleep did find;  
Where dreaming he had lost a rose,      25  
But which he could not well suppose;  
A ship he had, a rose by name;  
Oh, no! It was his royal Jane.      20  
O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,  
A lady to him did repair,  
And said, O king! show us thy will;  
The queen's sweet life to save or spill.  
If she cannot deliver'd be,  
Yet save the flow'r, tho' not the tree.      35  
O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,  
For help from heaven prayed he,  
Mean while into a sleep they cast  
His queen, which evermore did last;  
And op'ning then her tender womb,  
Alive they took this budding bloom.  
O mourn, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought,  
And chear'd his father's drooping thought,  
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,  
Graced with virtue, wit and fame;  
And when his father left this earth,  
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.  
O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n;  
We from this joy were soon bereav'n:  
Six years he reigned in this land,  
And then obeyed God's command,  
And left his crown to Mary here,  
Whose five years reign cost England dear.  
O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,  
Fair Europe's pride, and England's star;  
The world's wonder; for such a queen  
Under heaven was never seen:  
A maid, a saint, an angel bright,  
In whom all princes took delight.  
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;  
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

### The Honour of a London 'Prentice.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS MATCHLESS MANHOOD AND BRAVE ADVENTURES DONE IN TURKEY, AND  
BY WHAT MEANS HE MARRIED THE KING'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

THE following song relates to a noble piece  
of chivalry performed in Queen Elizabeth's  
days, and therefore claims a place here;  
though it must be acknowledged we have not  
been able to discover who the hero was, nor  
any account of the facts on which the ballad  
is founded.

Or a worthy London 'prentice,  
My purpose is to speak,  
And tell his brave adventures  
Done for his country's sake:  
Seek all the world about,  
And you shall hardly find,  
A man in valour to exceed  
A 'prentice gallant mind.

He was born in Cheshire,  
The chief of men was he,  
From thence brought up to London,  
A 'prentice for to be.  
A merchant on the bridge,  
Did like his service so,  
That for three years his factor,  
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country  
One year he had not been,  
E'er he by tilt maintained  
The honour of his queen,  
Elizabeth his princess,  
No nobly did make known,  
To be the phoenix of the world,  
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,  
Well mounted on a steed,  
One score of knights most hardy  
One day he made to bleed;  
And brought them all unto the ground  
Who proudly did deny,  
Elizabeth to be the pearl  
Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country  
Therent began to frown,  
And will'd his son, there present,  
To pull this youngster down;  
Who at his father's words  
These boasting speeches said,  
Thou art a traytor English boy,  
And hast the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traitor,  
Thy speeches I defy,  
For which I'll be revenged  
Upon thee by and by.  
A London 'prentice still 45  
Shall prove as good a man,  
As any of your Turkish knights,  
Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him  
A box upon the ear, 50  
Which broke his neck asunder,  
As plainly doth appear.  
Now know, proud Turk, quoth he,  
I am no English boy,  
That can with one small box o'th' ear  
The prince of Turks destroy. 56

When as the king perceived  
His son so strangely slain,  
His soul was sore afflicted  
With more than mortal pain: 60  
And in revengo thereof,  
He swore that he should dyo  
The cruellest death that over man  
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepared 65  
This 'prentice to devour,  
Near famished up with hunger,  
Ten days within the tower,  
To make them far more fierce,  
And eager of their prey, 70  
To glut themselves with human gore,  
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,  
At length grew nigh at hand, 75  
When all the noble ladies  
And barons of the land,  
Attended on the king,  
To see this 'prentice slain,  
And bury'd in the hungry maws  
Of those fierce Lyons twain. 80

Then in his shirt of cambrick,  
With silks most richly wrought,  
This worthy London 'prentice  
Was from the prison brought,  
And to the Lyons given 85  
To stanch their hunger great,  
Which had not eat in ten days space  
Not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,  
This matter so contriv'd, 90  
That by this young man's valour  
They were of life depriv'd;  
For being faint for food,  
They scarcely could withstand  
The noble force, and fortitude, 95  
And courage of his hand;

For when the hungry Lyons  
Had cast on him their eyes,  
The elements did thunder  
With the echo of their cries: 100  
And running all amain  
His body to devour,  
Into their throats he thrust his arms,  
With all his might and power:

From thence by manly valour, 105  
Their hearts he tore in sunder,  
And at the king he throw them,  
To all the peoples wonder,  
This I have done, quoth he,  
For lovely England's sake, 110  
And for my country's maiden queen,  
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived  
His wrathful Lyons hearts,  
Afflicted with great terror, 115  
His rigour soon reverts,  
And turned all his hate  
Into remorse and love,  
And said it is some angel,  
Sent down from heav'n above. 120

No, no, I am no angel,  
The courteous young man said,  
But born in famous England,  
Where God's word is obey'd;  
Assisted by the heavens, 125  
Who did me thus befriend,  
Or else they had most cruelly  
Brought here my life to end.

The king in heart amazed,  
Lift up his eyes to heaven, 130  
And for his foul offences  
Did crave to be forgiven;  
Believing that no land  
Like England may be seen,  
No people better govern'd  
By virtue of a queen. 135



So taking up this young man,  
He pardon'd him his life,  
And gave his daughter to him,  
To be his wedded wife:

Where then they did remain, 140  
And live in quiet peace,  
In spending of their happy days  
In joy and love's increase.

### The Story of III May-day,

IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY VIII., AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED; AND HOW QUEEN CATHERINE BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND LONDON APPRENTICES.

THE following song is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the story. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges; and our author observes, ran away with the greatest part of the trade, whilst several of the natives wanted. Exasperated at this, several were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincoln, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Beke, to inflame the people by his sermons. The court perceived what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was sent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every housekeeper, under very severe penalties, to take care that all his servants and his whole family should be within doors by nine at night; and this the magistrates were to see punctually performed. This order was for some time very well observed, but still they wanted only an opportunity of rising, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the streets about eleven o'clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other, began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, and Sir Thomas Moore, who had been

their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and force they had not sufficient to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey: they rose, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincoln, with three or four more of the most guilty were hanged, drawn and quartered; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down, and the citizens were again restored to favour.

Pearse the stories of this land,  
 And with advisement mark the same,  
 And you shall justly understand  
 How ill May-day first got the name.  
 For when king Henry the eighth did reign, 5  
 And ruled our famous kingdom here,  
 His royal Queen he had from Spain,  
 With whom he lived full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,  
 Sometime his elder brother's wife: 10  
 By which unlawful marriage fell  
 An endless trouble during life;  
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd  
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,  
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,  
 Their journeys fast for England bends. 16

And with good leave were suffered  
 Within our kingdom here to stay:  
 Which multitude made victuals dear,  
 And all things else from day to day: 20  
 For strangers then did so increase,  
 By reason of king Henry's queen,  
 And privileg'd in many a place  
 To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then, 25  
 And who but strangers bore the bell?  
 Which was a grief to Englishmen,  
 To see them here in London dwell;  
 Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,  
 As prentices on Maying went, 30  
 Who made the magistrates believe,  
 At all to have no other intent.

But such a may-game it was known,  
 As like in London never were;  
 For by the same full many a one, 35  
 With loss of life did pay full dear:  
 For thousands came with bilbo blade,  
 As with an army they could meet,  
 And such a bloody slaughter made  
 Of foreign strangers in the street, 40

'That all the channels ran down with blood,  
 In every street where they remain'd;  
 Yea, every one in danger stood,  
 That any of their part maintain'd;  
 The rich, the poor, the old, the young, 45  
 Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,  
 By prentices they suffer'd wrong,  
 When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitude together went, 49  
 No whole troop could them withstand,  
 Nor yet by policy them prevent,  
 What they by force thus took in hand:  
 Till at the last king Henry's power,  
 This multitude encompass'd round, 54  
 Where with the strength of London's tower,  
 They were by force suppress'd and bound,

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,  
 On sign-posts at their masters doors,  
 By which the rest were kept in awe,  
 And frighted from such loud uproars: 60  
 And others which the fact repented,  
 (Two thousand prentices at least)  
 Were all unto the king presented,  
 As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied, 61  
 Through Temple bar and Strand they go,  
 To Westminster there to be tried,  
 With ropes about their necks also:  
 But such a cry in every street,  
 Till then was never heard or known, 70  
 By mothers for their children sweet,  
 Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments  
 Possess'd the court with trembling fear,  
 Whereout the queen herself relents, 75  
 Tho' it concern'd her country dear:  
 What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,  
 Have London's stately streets been wet,  
 Yet will I seek this country's good,  
 And pardon for these young men get. 80

Or else the world will speak of me,  
 And say queen Catherine was unkind,  
 And judge me still the cause to be,  
 These young men did these fortunes find:  
 And so disrob'd from rich attires, 85  
 With hairs hang'd down, she sully hies,  
 And of her gracious lord requires  
 A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms  
 Yet budding green, these youths I crave;  
 O let them not have timeless tombs, 91  
 For nature longer limits gave:  
 In saying so, the pearly tears  
 Fell trickling from her princely eyes;  
 Wherent his gentle queen he cheers, 95  
 And says, Stand up, sweet lady rise.

<p>The lives of them I freely give,          No means this kindness shall debar,          Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,          To serve me in my Bullen war. 100          No sooner was this pardon given,          But peals of joy rung through the hall          As tho' it thunder'd down from heaven,          The queen's renown amongst them all.</p> <p>For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,          She gave to them both thanks and praise,          And so from them did gently part, 107          And liv'd beloved all her days:          And when king Henry stood in need          Of trusty soldiers at command, 110          These prentices prov'd men indeed,          And fear'd no force of warlike band.</p> <p>For at the siege of Tours in France,          They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen;</p>	<p>At Bullen too they did advance, 115          St. George's lusty standard then;          Let Touraine, Tournay, and those towns          That good king Henry nobly won,          Tell London's prentices renowned, 119          And of their deeds by them there done.</p> <p>For ill May-day, and ill May-games,          Perform'd in young and tender days,          Can be no hindrance to their fames,          Or stains of manhood any ways:          But now it is ordain'd by law, 125          We see on May-day's eve at night,          To keep unruly youths in awe,          By London's watch in armour bright.</p> <p>Still to prevent the like misdeed,          Which once thro' headstrong young men          came; 130          And that's the cause that I do read,          May-day doth get so ill a name.</p>
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### Johnie of Breadislee.

THIS is styled by Sir Walter Scott "an ancient Nithsdale Ballad," the hero of which appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer; probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said that he possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous:—"Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, it is doubted if their owners were permitted to get them out again." But the date of Johnie's history must be very remote, for the scene of his exploits has been reduced from the condition of a deer-forest to that of a cultivated domain from a time "beyond the memory of tradition."\* There are several versions of the

ballad; the one we have selected is that printed by Sir Walter Scott:—"from the different copies." Mr. Motherwell reprints it, but gives also these fragments of a more ancient composition, entitled "Johnie of Braidisbank:"—

Johnie rose up on a May morning,  
 Called for water to wash his hands;  
 And he's awa to Braidisbanks,  
 To ding the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west, 5  
 And it's lang before the sun;  
 And there did he spy the dun deer lie,  
 Beneath a bush of brume.

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
 And he's wounded her in the side; 10  
 Out then spake his sister's son,  
 "And the neist will lay her pride."

\* Another tradition, according to Motherwell, assigns Braid in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of the "woful hunting;"—"and," writes Mr. Cunningham, "Breadislee, near Lochmaben, has been

pointed out as the more probable residence of the hero of the song; and the scenery in the neighbourhood, and the traditions of the country, countenance the supposition."

They've eaten sae muckle o' the gude venison,  
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the  
blude;

That they've fallen into as sound a sleep,  
As gif that they were dead.

It's down, and it's down, and it's down, down,  
And it's down amang the seroges;  
And there ye 'll espy twa bonny boys lie,  
Asleep amang their dogs.

They've waukened Johnie out o' his sleep,  
And he's drawn to him his coat;  
"My fingers five, save me alive,  
And a stout heart fail me not!"

And Mr. Motherwell suggests the introduction of the following beautiful stanza (preserved by Mr. Finlay), after the nineteenth stanza in the printed copy. It is, as he justly remarks, "so descriptive of the languor of approaching death," that it is surprising Sir Walter Scott should have omitted to adopt it:—

"There's no a bird in a' this forest  
Will do as mickle for me,  
As dip its wing in the wan water,  
And struk it on my o's bree."

Another copy has been printed by Robert Chambers—*Scottish Ballads*—partly taken from the ballads of Scott and Motherwell, and partly from the "recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a MS. copy submitted to him by Mr. Kinloch." He publishes, for the first time, no fewer than ten additional stanzas; we select three, as indicating that the hero held a higher station than that of a mere deer-stealer:—

His cheeks were like the roses red,  
His neck was like the snow;  
He was the bonniest gentleman,  
My eyes they ever saw.

His coat was o' the scarlet red,  
His vest was o' the same;  
His stockings were o' the worst laco,  
And buckles tied to the same.

The shirt that was upon his back,  
Was o' the holland fine;  
The doublet that was over that,  
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

The doublet, however, may have been a modern interpolation. Mr. Cunningham, also, prints a version, into which he has evidently introduced some improvements of his own. We copy the concluding verse:—

"O lay my brown sword by my side,  
And my bent bow at my feet;  
And stay the howling o' my gray dogs  
That sound may be my sleep."  
His dogs are dead, his bent bow broke,  
And his shafts that flew sae free;  
And he lies dead near Dunsdeer,  
Fair John of Breadislee.

The daring exploits of border outlaws are the themes of many ancient ballads; the reckless character of their lives, their indomitable courage, and continual escapes from their enemies and the law, suggested favourable topics to the old minstrels; several of them are singular for the adventures they describe, although few advance very high claims to poetic merit. One of the most striking is published by Ritson ("*Ancient Songs*"), and republished, with "better readings," by Scott. It is entitled by Ritson "*The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime*;" and by Scott, "*Hughie the Græme*." The following are the introductory verses:—

Gude Lord Seroopo's to the hunting gane,  
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;  
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,  
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Seroopo, this may not be?  
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;  
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,  
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
If God but grant me but life and time."

JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Called for water to wash his hands—  
"Gar loose to me the gude græie dogs  
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that, Her hands for dule she wrang-- "O Johnie! for my benison, To the greenwood dinna gang!	5	The buttons that were on his sleeve Were o' the goud sae gude: The gude graie hounds he lay amang, Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.	50
"Enough ye hae o' gude wheat bread, And enough o' the blude-red wine; And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie, I pray ye, stir frae hame."	10	Then out and spak the first forester, The heil man ower them a'-- "If this be Johnie o' Breadislee, Nae nearer will we draw."	55
But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow, His arrows, ane by ane; And he has gane to Durrisdear, To hunt the dun deer down.	15	But up and spak the sixth forester (His sister's son was he), "If this be Johnie o' Breadislee, We soon shall gar him die!"	60
As he came down by Merriemas, And in by the benty linc, There has he espied a deer lying Aneath a bush of ling.	20	The first flight of arrows the foresters shot, They wounded him on the knee: And out and spak the seventh forester, "The next will gar him die."	
Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap, And he wounded her on the side; But, atween the water and the brae, His hounds they laid her pride.		Johnie's set his back against an aik, His fute against a stane; And he has slain the seven foresters, He has slain them a' but ane.	65
And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae wool, That he's had out her liver and lungs; And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds, As if they had been earl's sons.	20	He has broke three ribs in that ane's side, But and his collar bane; He's laid him two-fald over his steed, Bade him carry the tidings hame.	70
They eat sae much o' the venison, And drank sae much o' the blude, That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds, Fell asleep as they had been dead.	30	"O is there nae a bonny bird, Can sing as I can say? Could flee away to my mother's bower, And tell to fetch Johnie away?"	75
And by there came a silly auld carle, An ill death mote he die! For he's awn' to Hislinton, Where the seven foresters did lie.	35	The starling flew to his mother's window stane, It whistled and it sang; And aye the ower word o' the tune Was--"Johnie tarries lang!"	80
"What news, what news, ye grayheaded carle, What news bring ye to me?" "I bring nae news," said the grayheaded carle, "Save what these eyes did see.	40	They made a rod o' the hazel bush, Another o' the slae-thorn tree, And mony, mony were the men At fetching o'er Johnie.	
"As I came down by Merriemas, And down among the soroggs, The bonniest childe that ever I saw Lay sleeping among his dogs.		Then out and spak his auld mother, And fast her tears did fa'-- "Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie, Frae the hunting to bide awa'.	85
The shirt that was upon his back Was o' the holland fine; The doublet which was over that Was o' the lincome twine.	45	"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee, The less gear and the mair; But I ne'er brought to Breadislee, What grieved my heart sae sair.	90

They've eaten sae mickle o' the gude venison,  
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the  
blude;

That they've fallen into as sound a sleep,  
As gif that they were dead.

It's doun, and it's doun, and it's doun, doun,  
And it's doun amang the scroggs;  
And there ye 'll espy twa bonny boys lie,  
Asleep amang their dogs.

They've waukened Johnie out o' his sleep,  
And he's drawn to him his coat;  
"My fingers five, save me alive,  
And a stout heart fail me not!"

And Mr. Motherwell suggests the introduction of the following beautiful stanza (preserved by Mr. Finlay), after the nineteenth stanza in the printed copy. It is, as he justly remarks, "so descriptive of the languor of approaching death," that it is surprising Sir Walter Scott should have omitted to adopt it:—

"There's no a bird in a' this forest  
Will do as mickle for me,  
As dip its wing in the wan water,  
And straik it on my e'e bree."

Another copy has been printed by Robert Chambers—Scottish Ballads—partly taken from the ballads of Scott and Motherwell, and partly from the "recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a MS. copy submitted to him by Mr. Kinloch." He publishes, for the first time, no fewer than ten additional stanzas; we select three, as indicating that the hero held a higher station than that of a mere deer-stealer:—

His cheeks were like the roses red,  
His neck was like the snaw;  
He was the bonniest gentleman,  
My eyes they ever saw.

His coat was o' the scarlet red,  
His vest was o' the same;  
His stockings were o' the worst lace,  
And buckles tied to the same.

The shirt that was upon his back,  
Was o' the bolland fine;  
The doublet that was over that,  
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

These stanzas, however, may have been a modern interpolation. Mr. Cunningham, also, prints a version, into which he has evidently introduced some improvements of his own. We copy the concluding verse:—

"O lay my brown sword by my side,  
And my bent bow at my feet;  
And stay the howling o' my gray dogs  
That sound may be my sleep."  
His dogs are dead, his bent bow broke,  
And his shafts that flew sae free;  
And he lies dead near Durisdeer,  
Fair John of Breadislee.

The daring exploits of border outlaws are the themes of many ancient ballads; the reckless character of their lives, their indomitable courage, and continual escapes from their enemies and the law, suggested favourable topics to the old minstrels; several of them are singular for the adventures they describe, although few advance very high claims to poetic merit. One of the most striking is published by Ritson ("Ancient Songs"), and re-published, with "better readings," by Scott. It is entitled by Ritson "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime;" and by Scott, "Hughie the Græme." The following are the introductory verses:—

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,  
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;  
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,  
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be?  
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;  
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,  
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
If God but grant me but life and time."

JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Called for water to wash his hands—  
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs  
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that, Her hands for dule sho wrang— "O Johnie! for my benison, To the greenwood dinna gang!	5	The buttons that were on his sleeve Were o' the goud sae gude: The gude graic hounds he lay amang, Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.	50
"Enough ye has o' gude wheat bread, And enugh o' the blude-red wine; And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie, I pray ye, stir frae hame."	10	Then out and spak the first forester, The heid man ower them a'— "If this be Johnie o' Breadislee, Nae nearer will we draw."	55
But Johnie's busk't up his gude head bow, His arrows, ane by ane; And he has gane to Durrisddeer, To hunt the dun deer down.	15	But up and spak the sixth forester (His sister's son was he), "If this be Johnie o' Breadislee, We soon shall gar him die!"	60
As he came down by Merriemas, And in by the benty line, There has he espied a deer lying Aneath a bush of ling.	20	The first flight of arrows the foresters shot, They wounded him on the knee: And out and spak the seventh forester, "The next will gar him die."	
Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap, And he wounded her on the side; But, atween the water and the brae, His hounds they laid her pride.		Johnie's set his back against an aik, His fute against a stane; And he has slain the seven foresters, He has slain them a' but ane.	65
And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae wool, That he's had out her liver and lungs; And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds, As if they had been earl's sons.	26	He has broke three ribs in that ane's side, But and his collar bane; He's laid him twa-fald over his steed, Bado him carry the tidings hame.	70
They eat sae much o' the venison, And drank sae much o' the blude, That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds, Fell asleep as they had been dead.	30	"O is there nae a bonny bird, Can sing as I can say?— Could flee away to my mother's bower, And tell to fetch Johnie away?"	75
And by there came a silly auld carle, An ill death mote he die! For he's awa' to Hislinton, Where the seven foresters did lie.	35	The starling flew to his mother's window stane, It whistled and it sang; And aye the ower word o' the tune Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"	80
"What news, what news, ye grayheaded carle, What news bring ye to me?" "I bring nae news," said the grayheaded carle, "Save what these eyes did see.	40	They made a rod o' the hazel bush, Another o' the slae-thorn tree, And mony, mony were the men At fetching o'er Johnie.	
"As I came down by Merriemas, And down among the scroggs, The bonniest childe that ever I saw Lay sleeping among his dogs.		Then out and spak his auld mother, And fast her tears did fa'— "Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie, Frae the hunting to bide awa'.	85
The shirt that was upon his back Was o' the holland fine; The doublet which was over that Was o' the lincome twine.	45	"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee, The less gear and the mair; But I ne'er brought to Breadislee, What grieved my heart sae sair.	90

But wao betyde that silly auld carle,  
 An ill death shall he die!  
 For the highest tree in Merriemas,  
 Shall be his morning's foe."

95

Now Johnie's gude hand bow is broke,  
 And his gude graie dogs are slain;  
 And his body lies dead in Darrisdeer,  
 And his hunting it is done.

100

### The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

THIS ballad was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" but other versions of it were, previously, in circulation, and it is stated by Sir Walter Scott to have been "a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest," where it is universally believed to be founded on fact. Sir Walter, indeed, "found it easy to collect a variety of copies;" and from them he collated the present edition—avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." A copy is contained in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;" another, in Buchan's "Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" it, no doubt, originated the popular composition beginning—

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,

by Hamilton, of Bangour, first published in Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany;" and suggested the ballad "The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. In Herd's collection, in Ritson's "Scottish Songs," and in the "Tea Table Miscellany," are to be found fragments of another ballad, entitled "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," of which this is the concluding stanza:—

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him braid and narrow;  
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig,  
 She found him drowned in Yarrow.

Indeed, "Yarrow stream" has been a fertile source of poetry, and seems to have inspired the poets; the very sound is seductive: and, as Mr. Buchan remarks, "all who have attempted to sing its praise, or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visitors,

have almost universally succeeded in their attempts." The ballad he publishes is entitled "The Braes of Yarrow;" it bears a close resemblance, in its more prominent features, to that collated by Sir Walter Scott, but is far more rugged and less poetic; take for example the opening verse:—

Ten lords sat drinking at the wine,  
 Intill a morning early;  
 There fell a combat them amang,  
 It must be fought—nae parly.

The version preserved by Mr. Motherwell was taken down "from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarran," and is chiefly valuable as showing the state in which the song is preserved in the west of Scotland. It is entitled "The Dowie Downs of Yarrow." The main incidents are similar to those contained in the ballad of Scott; but the style is, as may be expected, much inferior. The two introductory verses may suffice as a sample of the whole:—

There were three lords birling at the wine,  
 On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow;  
 They made a compact them between,  
 They would go fecht to-morrow.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,  
 And thou ne'er thoct her thy marrow;  
 Thou steald her frae her daddie's back,  
 When she was the rose o' Yarrow."

Another version was published by Robert Chambers, in his "Scottish Ballads,"—chiefly taken from a fragment in Herd's collection (which we have introduced in a note), a few stanzas and lines from Buchan's copy, and part of a ballad printed by Jamieson.



son, entitled 'Lizie Lindsay,'" which Jamieson gives in an imperfect, and Buchan in an entire, shape. Mr. Chambers, however, has been "under the necessity of altering several lines and verses, and re-writing others." Mr. Allan Cunningham, also, prints yet another version, principally copied from that of Sir Walter Scott, but omitting the three first verses, and reforming the remainder. Mr. Cunningham states, that "he had seen a fragment of the same song in the handwriting of Burns,"—of which he has given three verses; the first is as follows:—

"Where shall I gang, my ain true love,  
Where shall I gang to hide me?  
For weel I ken, i' yere father's bower,  
It wad be death to find me."  
"O go you to yon tavern house,  
And there count o'er your lawin;  
And if I be a woman true,  
I'll meet you in the dawin."

That the several versions of the story, scattered among the people, and preserved by them in some form or other, had one common origin, there can be little doubt. "Tradition," according to Sir Walter Scott, "places the event recorded in the song very early, and it is probable the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been modernized in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition." "The hero of the ballad," he adds, "was a knight of great bravery, called Scott;" and he believes it refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott, of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Annan's Treat is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected about eighty yards distant from each other, and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat." Sir Walter also informs us that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the betrothed bride of the murdered; and that the alleged cause of quarrel was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her mar-

riage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, hence the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat.

Late at o'en, drinking the wine  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
O stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow."— 5

"O fare ye weel, my ladyo gaye!  
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return  
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow." 10

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,  
As oft she had done before, O;  
She bolted him with his noble brand,  
And he's away to Yarrow. 15

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,  
Till down in a den, he spied nine armed men,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow. 20

"O! come ye here to part your land,  
The bonny forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand,  
On the dowie houns of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow. 25

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane  
And that's an unequal marrow;  
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow." 30

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow;  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
And ran his body thorough. 34

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,  
And tell your sister Sarah  
To come and lift her leafu' lord;  
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."— 40

"Yest'reen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;\*"   
 I fear there will be sorrow!   
 I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,   
 Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south, 45   
 From where my love repaireth,   
 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,   
 And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armèd men;   
 They've wrought me dole and sorrow; 50   
 They've slain—the comeliest knight they've   
 slain,   
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,   
 She gae'd wi' dole and sorrow;

And in the den spied ten slain men, 55   
 On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair   
 She search'd his wounds all thorough,   
 She kissed them till her lips grew red,   
 On the dowie houns of Yarrow. 60

"Now hand your tongue, my daughter dear!   
 For a' this breeds but sorrow;   
 I'll wed ye to a better lord   
 Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O hand your tongue, my father dear; 65   
 Ye mind me but of sorrow;   
 A fairer rose did never bloom   
 Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

### Belted Will.

THIS Ballad is founded on a legend appertaining to Thirlwall, whose proprietors in remote times were called Barons, and held under the Kings of Scotland as Lords of Tindale. The township and manor derives its name from the Roman *thralling* or barrier wall running through it. To "thirl," in the old Northumbrian dialect, means to bind or enthrall.

Thirlwall Castle stands on a rocky precipice above the river Tiffalt; there is no mention of it before 1369, in which year John de Thirlwall is called lord of it, and the manor of Thirlwall.

\* The following is the fragment given by Mr. Herd, "to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow :"—

"I dream'd a dreary dream last night;   
 God keep us a' frae sorrow;   
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,   
 Wi' my true love on Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, my sister dear,   
 I'll tell you a' your sorrow;   
 You pu'd the birk wi' your true love;   
 He's kill'd, he's kill'd, on Yarrow."

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,   
 To where my love repaireth,   
 Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,   
 And tell me how he fareth.

"But o'er yon glen run armèd men,   
 Have wrought me dule and sorrow   
 They've slain, they've slain, the comeliest swain,   
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

The legend on which part of the Ballad is founded is as follows. One of the Barons of Thirlwall returned from the foreign wars, laden with abundance of treasure, amongst which was a table of solid gold; his wealth was much spoken of, and often excited the cupidity of the numerous band of freebooters with which the Border abounded; but the well known bravery of the Baron and the strength of his followers prevented them from making an open attack. The gold table, it was affirmed, was guarded day and night by a hideous dwarf; some said it was the foul fiend himself. In a predatory excursion, the Baron was pursued home by the incensed Warden of the March, who stormed his castle, and slew the Baron and most part of his retainers. The castle was ransacked for the treasure; but the gold table, dwarf, and money bags had disappeared. Dungeons and vaults were searched, but nothing could be found; and after setting fire to the castle, the victors retired. The dwarf (according to tradition) during the heat of the engagement, removed the treasure, and throwing it into a deep well jumped in after it, when by his infernal art he closed the well over himself and his charge: and it is said that he still remains under the influence of a spell, only to be broken by the virtuous son of a widow. About fifty years

ago, a man who was ploughing in an adjoining field imagined that a certain part of the ground sounded hollow when the plough passed over it. This having excited his curiosity, he struck the earth violently, when he distinctly heard a stone drop, and strike the side wall repeatedly, and end in a hollow murmur at the bottom of some deep well or pit. Impressed with the belief that this was the dwarf's well, and that he was on the point of possessing unbounded wealth, he resolved, like Goldsmith's Miller, to proceed cautiously, and returning at the dead of night, to explore the subterraneous cavity. But, alas, for the instability of earthly hopes; on his return he was unable to discover the place: day after day he recrossed and searched the field, and night after night he struck the ground in vain; the hollow sound was heard no more, and the dwarf's well remains undiscovered to this very day.

Naworth Castle, the abode of that famous warrior Belted Will, stood near Brampton in Cumberland. It was burnt down in 1844. Lord Morpeth is erecting a stately edifice on its ashes. For a description of this Border soldier and his dwelling, see Scott's notes to his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey*, then deputy for his father, Lord Hunsden, Warden of the Eastern Marches (and afterwards Earl of Monmouth), a singular picture will be found of the rude and lawless state of society, at the period when the scene of the Ballad is laid.

They went along a close passage,  
Built in the Castle wall.

Discoveries made during the removal of the ruins, corroborate this and other allusions made in the Ballad.

THE Baron of Thirlwall came from the wars,  
Laden with treasure bold;  
Among the which a fayre tabel,  
All of the beaten gold.

And na man will speak of the Baron's wealth,  
Whatever he may say, 6  
And how a grisly dwarf does guard  
His treasure night and day.

Mony a Border freebooter  
Eyed Thirlwall's gude castell, 10  
Thinking to win the bags of gold,  
And eke the fayre tabel.

But the Baron hath retainers bold,  
And swatchers mony ane,  
And the castle walls are high to win, 15  
Howe'er they fidge and fuin.

The boldest ane o' a' his men  
Was Jockey of the Sheugh;  
The Baron loved him like a brither,  
And that was fair enoo. 20

Jock could warsle, run or lap  
Wi' ever a living man;  
Never a wight in Cumbernauld  
Could beat him at the span.

But Thirlwall's Baron beeded not 25  
The word o' Belted Will,  
Who dwells within the dark Naworth,  
The Border March to still.

Ife can rule all the Border roun',  
Wi' a peeled willoe wan; 30  
But Thirlwall's Baron geeks at him,  
And a' the laws o' the lan'.

So fast come tidings of ravin wrong  
To Belted Willy's ear;  
Quo' he, "By my belt I'll trap this man, 35  
If I catch him in effeir.

"But he is like a wily tod,  
That taketh to his hole,  
An I can catch him on the turn,  
Ise smoke him frae his hole. 40

"He reaves and harries ilka ane,  
Tho' he has gouns o' gold;  
Ise lay a trap for him bedeen,  
By which he shall be sold."

Thirlwall's Baron heard his speech, 45  
Wi' scorn amaisht he burst;  
"His anger it is like a haggis,  
That's hottest at the first."

Sore smiled the wily Belted Will,  
But in so dark a way; 50  
Better that smile were wanting there,  
Than on his lip to lay.

Jock o' the Sheugh tirlid at the string  
Of the Baron of Thirlwall's yett;  
"Up, up, and rise, my noble lord, 55  
Some plunder for to get.

' There are a swatch o' Englishers  
Coming frae Carlisle town,  
Well laden wi' the yellow gould,  
For Annan are they boun."

60

"Gae tak a dozen o' my men,  
And brattle o'er the lea,  
Lay wait and watch untill they pass  
The Downess witches tree.

"A dozen o' ye well may liek  
Three score o' English tykes,  
Tak a' they have, and leave them sae  
To tell o' this wha likes."

65

Then Jock banged o'er the broomy knowe,  
And reached the witches tree,  
And wi' his dozen freebooters,  
Lay down on thir bellie.

70

#### FYTTE SECOND.

Jock heard a sound, and looked up,  
"Ye fule," says one, "lig down,  
It's but a patrick on the wing,  
Or a reaving tod in the broome."

Quo' Jack, "Gude Willie ye say wrang,  
And so I'll prove to you;  
Its no ane tod, its a baker's dozen,  
That's low in the broome the noo."

5

There cam on twenty Englishers,  
Wi' cloaks and saddle bags;  
There cam on twenty travellers,  
Mounted on goodly naigs.

10

"A shame upon yon sorning crew,"  
Quo' Jock, "the deil me flay,  
Ise have half dozen o' yon yands  
Before that home I gae.

15

"That they suld ride so cantily,  
The deil pike out thar o'en,  
And the muckle fiend their baggies gnaw,  
For well stuffed has they been."

20

Cam on those twenty travellers,  
With lang cloaks flowing down,  
Cam on these twenty travellers,  
All thro' the yellow broome.

Then started up Jock and his men  
Wi' sic an awfu yell,  
Ye might have heard it at the top  
Of Skiddaw or Criffell.

25

"Come off your naigs ye sorning crew,  
Of southron pock-puddings,  
Or ye sall have the gude could steel,  
So gie us a' your things."

30

"Wese gie ye that," said ane o' them,  
"Yese no forget I wisse,  
This mony a day gude Jock o' the Sheugh,  
And that my Billie's this."

36

They throw the cloaks from off their hides,  
And back and breastplate shone;  
They grippit their swords, the first blow struck  
Was echoed with a groan.

40

Gude faith, but Jock had fund his match,  
For the Southrons hacked about;  
The Thirlwall boys were fuin to fight,  
But soon put to the route.

Of twelve o' Jock's gude freebooters  
But three fled owre the lea,  
The other nine lay still enauch  
Beside the witches' tree.

46

Poor Jock is down upon his back,  
Wi' a sair clour on the head;  
His billies all are stiffening,  
And three o' them are fled.

50

Out spoke the twenty travellers,  
"Why Jock, how's this o' a',  
Ye bid us to a meal gude faith,  
And then ye rin awa'?"

55

Quo' Jack, as they bund fast his arms,  
And raised him frae the lea,  
"Gif I had kenned ye were Belted Will's men,  
The devil might stopp'd ye for me."

60

#### FYTTE THIRD.

THE Baron o' Thirlwall looked abroad,  
From out his strong castell,  
And he saw three men come posting on,  
Out owre the fern and fell.

"I wad," said he, "they run a race,  
A thousand merks I lay  
Upon the wight in the red jerkin,  
He wins the race this day."

5

The three men burst in on his room,  
"My lord," then each one said,  
"Jock o' the Sheugh is wounded sair,  
And nine gude fallows dead."

10

The dark spot flew to the Baron's cheek, "Ye eowards one and a' Gae join your bluidy billie's then, Whatever may befal'."	15	Down steep steps they lower went, Till they reached the founding rock; At length the Earlie came to a door, And he shot back the lock.	60
He struck each man the neck intill, And they fell on the floor; "To fly without a single blow, Shows valour to be poor."	20	They went into a dungeon high, And Jock o' the Sheugh lay there; He raisit himself upon his crook, To look upon the pair.	
"Gif Belted Will suld harm a hair O' Jock o' the Sheugh his head, I'll put the Border in sicean a bleeze, Shall mak him flee with dread."		"Good e'en to ye," said Belted Will, "I am a serving man Unto the Warden o' the March, For as simple as I stan."	65
"Gif Jock o' the Sheugh hangs for this ploy, The hail o' the March sall weep, Nae man sall wauken in the morn, That gangs alive to sleep."	26	"My name is 'Thomas Featherstone, As I now tell to thee, Come of as good a kith and kin As any the north countrie."	70
"Mony a mither sall weep her lane, With outen wee and alack; Many a red cock craw betimes, In a farmer's garth or stack."	30	"I downa question ye, my man," Quo' Jock wi' gruesome mood; "But ye must mak me wun thro' walls, Or else do me nae good."	75
They brought these words to Belted Will, As at racket ball he played; But the only answer he loot full, "Wese sunc see that," he said."	35	"Haith lad, here's wine and gude pasty, Sae never fash your thoomb; Ye've been in sicean a state before, For a' ye look sae gloom."	80
He went up to his own chamber Wi' ano stout serving man; He stript him o' his earlie's clacthes, And naked there did stan."	40	"And that is true," quo' Thirlwall's Jock, "Sae gies the gude red wine;" They sat them down upon the floor, As in a chamber fine."	
He pat aff silk and sendal too, And plume, and belt, and a', And drew on druggett and hoddan grey; But he didna look sae braw."		"Then here's to thee!" quo Belted Will, The very words he spak; "The same to you," roared Jock o' the Sheugh, And slapped him on the back."	85
He went in that room a belted yerl, And a serving man cam out; He took a lamp frae the window neuk, And looked sharp aboot."	45	Jock told him o' his wickedness, From now since he could stand; The frolics of his wantonness, In England and Scotland."	90
He lifted up the painted arras, And a little door he spied; The lad and him went in the wall, Wi' quick and hasty stride."	50	Nine Englishmen he had murderet, Beside some orra thing: "No much to crack about," quo Jock, "Nor worth the mentioning."	95
They went along a close passage, Built in the Castle wall; Sometimes up heights, then over baulks, Syne forced to stoop and crawl"	55	How he had robbed and plundered a', On Sabbath and wor-day; "Are ye no sorry for these things?" Then Belted Will did say."	100

"Gude faith, my lad, I'm no that saft,  
For were I free the morn,  
I wad be off upon the auld score,  
As sure as ye were born."

Up rose his comrade frae the floor 105  
"At morning ye sull die;  
It were a shame to let ye scape,  
Living so wickedly.

"Had'st thou but said, Good lord, me save,  
I am a sinful man, 110  
There were some hopes o' thy convert,  
To lengthen out life's span.

"Thou hast rejoiced in all thou'st done,  
In guiltyness content;  
And thou shalt die:" so saying this, 115  
He from the dungeon went.

Puir Jock looked with a serious face,  
Frae's hand there dropped the gill;  
"Now save my soul, what have I said?  
That sure was Belted Will!" 120

#### FYFTE FOURTH.

By Brampton's town there stands an oak,  
Upon a hill so high;  
And Jock was broughten there betimes,  
Upon the tree to die.

They strapped him to the highest branch,  
Of all that goodly tree,  
And there the righteous chaplain prayed  
For Jock's soul solemnlie.

Thirlwall's Baron saw the sight,  
And swore revenge to have;  
For better part o' a summer's day  
He nothing did but rave.

He sent a messenger sae bold  
To Will, wha cried in scorn,  
"Better he looks intill his nest,  
I'll burn it ere the morn."

The Baron fled to his castell,  
And guarded it sae grim;  
"The fiend tak Belted Will," he cried,  
"Tis word and blow wi' him." 20

But scarcely had the midnight fell,  
When spite o' a' his care,  
Belted Will his castell stormed,  
For a' he fought so sair.

A tar barrel and reeking pent, 25  
They laid unto his nest,  
Threw open gates and wide windows,  
And the night wind did the rest.

The Baron fled frae room to room,  
By the flames o' his own ha', 30  
"He's gien me light to go to bed,  
Whatever may befu'."

He rushed into his inner room,  
Where his golden table lay;  
The devil in likeness o' a dwarf 35  
Kept watch there night and day.

Belted Will pursued him hard,  
Amid the flame and stour,  
For he cut the skirt frae the Baron's cloak,  
As he whisked thro' the door. 40

"Save me now thou gruesome elf,  
And my saul and body's thine;"  
The dwarf he jabbered hideously,  
But never made a sign.

Belted Will called for a ram, 45  
To bash the doorway down,  
The red flames thro' the keyhole flashed,  
And filled wi' reek the room.

"My soul and bodie," the Baron said,  
Abjuring Chryst his sign; 50  
The devil he grippit him in his arms,  
"Now, Baron, art thou mine."

The door gaed splint'ring frae the posts,  
In rushed the enemy;  
But Baron, dwarf, and goud table, 55  
I wat they could na see.

And legends say the ugsome dwarf  
Threw all into a well,  
And by the glamour o' his art, 60  
Cast over all a spell:

Which never may be rendered vayn  
But by a widow's son;  
And he shall find the gold table,  
When years away have run.

Belted Will looked up at the tower,  
Where flashed the flames so red,  
"The Baron's soul mair be in hell,"  
The Border Warden said.

"Now by my word, I rather had  
Met him upon the field;"  
Then Thirlwall's freebooters cried out,  
"Ho! Belted Will, we yield."

Of horse and foot five hundred strong  
Were mustered on that morn,  
To keep the castle o' gude Thirlwall,  
Wi' sword, and spear, and horn.

65 They drove them untill Cumbernauld,  
All that were prisoners taen;  
But many by the Warden's men  
In the blazing towers were slain. 80

70 And better they were, who on that night  
Had fallen in the strife,  
Than thus to live of hope bereft,  
A captive's weary life.

To count the sad return o' day, 85  
For many a lonely hour,  
75 All thro' the night thro' the cold daylight,  
In Naworth's dungeon tower.





# Glossary.

The Scottish words are denoted by s., French by f., Latin by l., Anglo-Saxon by a. s., Icelandic by isl., &c.  
For the etymology of the words in this volume, the reader is referred to Junii Etymologium Anglicanum, Editid Ed.  
Lye, Oxon. 1743, folio.

## A.

*A' Au*, s. all.  
*Abucke*, back.  
*Abone, aboon*, s. above.  
*Aboven ous*, above us.  
*Abowght*, about.  
*Abraide*, abroad.  
*Adye*, suffer, to pay for.  
*Acton*, a kind of armour made of taffeta, or leather quilted, &c., worn under the haborgoon, to save the body from bruises, f., *Hucqueton*.  
*A deid of nicht*, s. in deid of night.  
*Adrad*, afraid.  
*Advoutry, Advouterous*, adultery, adulterous.  
*Aff*, s. off.  
*Afore*, before.  
*Aft*, s. oft.  
*Agayne*, against.  
*Agoe*, gone.  
*Ahte*, ought.  
*Aik*, s. oak.  
*Ain, Awin*, s. own.  
*Aith*, s. oath.  
*Alate*, of late.  
*Al*, albeit, although.  
*Allemayne*, f. Germany.  
*Al gife*, although.  
*Algayte*, by all means.  
*Alyes*, probably corrupted for *al-gates*, always.  
*Amonge*, at the same time.  
*An*, and.  
*Ancient*, a flag, banner.  
*Ancyent*, standard.  
*And*, if.  
*Ane*, s. one, an, a.  
*Angel*, a gold coin worth 10s.  
*Ann*, if.  
*Aut*, and.  
*Apnyde*, satisfied, contented.  
*Aplyht, Al aplyht*, quite complete.

*Aquoy*, coy, shy.  
*Are, Goddys are*, God's heir or son, i. e., Jesus Christ, who is also God himself.  
*Array*, dress, clothing.  
*Arrayed*, freighted, furnished.  
*Aras, Arros*, arrows.  
*Arceir*, archer.  
*Aryabushe*, harquebussie, an old fashioned kind of musket.  
*Ase*, as.  
*Assinle*, assigned.  
*Assoyld, Assoyled*, absolved.  
*Astate*, estate, also a great person.  
*Astonied*, astonished, stunned.  
*Astound, Astonyed*, stunned, astonished, confounded.  
*Ath, Athe, o' th'*, of the.  
*Attowre*, s. out, over, over and above.  
*A Theyde*, of Tweed.  
*Avowe*, a vow, an oath.  
*Auld*, s. old.  
*Aureat*, golden.  
*Austere*, stern, austere.  
*Avowe*, vow.  
*Avoyd*, void, vacate.  
*Awat*, s. away.  
*Axed*, asked.  
*Ayance*, against.  
*Ayenat*, against.  
*Aye*, ever, also, ah, alas.  
*Azein, Agein*, against.  
*Azont*, s. beyond.  
*Azont the ingle*, s. beyond the fire.

The fire was in the middle of the room.

In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow window; the fire is in a grate like a malt-kiln

grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room.—*Mr. Lamb.*

## B.

*Ba'*, s. ball.  
*Bachelere*, knight.  
*Baile, bale*, evil, hurt, mischief, misery.  
*Bairne*, s. child.  
*Bairn*, s. child.  
*Bairded*, s. bearded.  
*Baith, s. Bathe*, both.  
*Bale*, evil, mischief, misery.  
*Bulow*, s. a nursery term, hush, lullaby, &c.  
*Balysbete, Better our bales*, remedy our evils.  
*Bane*, bone.  
*Ban*, curse, *Banning*, cursing.  
*Banderolles*, streamers, little flags.  
*Band*, bond, covenant.  
*Bar*, baro.  
*Bargan*, business, commission.  
*Bar-hed, bare-head*, or perhaps *barred*.  
*Barne, Berne*, man, person.  
*Base court*, the lower court of a castle.  
*Basnete, Basnite, Basnyte, Basonet, Basconnette*, helmet.  
*Battes*, heavy sticks, clubs.  
*Baud*, s. bold.  
*Bauzen*, s. *Skinne*, perhaps sheep's leather dressed and coloured red, f. *Barane*, sheep's leasher. In Scotland, sheepskin mittens, with the wool on the inside, are called *bauson* mittens. *Bauson* also signifies a badger, in old English, it may therefore signify perhaps badger's skin.  
*Bayard*, a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Ay-

mon rode is called Bayard  
Montalbon, by Skelton, in his  
"Phillip Sparrow."

*Bearing arrow*, an arrow that en-  
ries well. Or perhaps bearing  
or hurring, i. e., whirling or  
whirling arrow, from isl. *Bir*.  
ventus, or a. s.

*Bene*, fremitus.

*Bearn, Bairn*, s. a child, also hu-  
man creature.

*Be*, s. by, *Be that*, by that time.  
*Beil*, bade.

*Beir*, offer, engage.

*Bedeene*, immediately.

*Bedight*, bedecked.

*Bedone*, wrought, made up.

*Bedyls*, beandles.

*Bedys*, beads.

*Befall*, befallen.

*Bejoir*, s. before.

*Bejorn*, before.

*Begylde*, beguiled, deceived.

*Beheard*, heard.

*Behests*, commands, injunctions.

*Behove*, behoof.

*Belive*, immediately, presently.

*Belyffe*, p. *Belive*, immediately, by  
and by, shortly.

*Bende-bow*, a bent bow, qu.

*Bene, Bean*, an expression of con-  
tempt.

*Ben*, be, are.

*Ben, Bene*, been.

*Ben*, s. within the inner-room.

"But o' house," means the outer  
part of the house, outer room, viz. that  
part of the house into which you first  
enter, suppose from the street. "Ben  
o' house," is the inner room, or more  
retired part of the house. The daughter  
did not lie out of doors. The cottagers  
often desire their landlords to build  
them a But and a Ben. (Vid. Gloss.)—  
*Mr. Lamb.*

*Ben*, s. within doors.

Of the Scottish words *BEN* and *BUT*,  
*BEN* is from the Dutch *BINNEN*, Lat.  
*intra, intus*, which is compounded of  
the preposition *Br* or *Bz* (the same as  
*Br* in English), and of *in*.

*Benison*, blessing.

*Bent*, s. long grass, also wild  
fields, where bents, &c., grow.

*Bent*, bents, (where bents, long  
coarse grass, &c., grow), the  
field, fields.

*Benygne, Benigne*, benign, kind.

*Beoth*, be, are.

*Bernes*, barns.

*Beere*, s. beer.

*Bereth*, (Introd.) beareth.

*Be the pryze*, bare the prize.

*Berys*, beareth.

*Beeseme*, become.

*Besett*, laid out, bestowed.

*Beshrew me*, a lesser form of im-  
precation.

*Beshradde*, cut into shreds.

*Besmirehe*, to soil, discolour.

*Besprent*, besprinkled.

*Bestudde*, situated, placed.

*Beste*, beest, art.

*Bested*, abode.

*Bestin*, boasts.

*Bestraughted*, distracted.

*Beth*, be, are.

*Be that*, by that time.

*Beete*, did beat.

*Beit*, better, bett, did beat. *Ware*  
*hytt bett*, lay it out to mere ad-  
vantage.

*Bevrates*, discovers, betrays.

*Bickarte*, bickored, skirmished.

(It is also used sometimes in the  
sense of, "swiftly coursed,"  
which seems to be the sense, p.  
53, col. 1.—*Mr. Lamb.*)

*Mr. Lamb* also interprets "*Bickma-  
ra*," by rattling, e. g.  
And on that sleep Ulysses head,  
Sad curses down does micken.  
*Translat. of Ovid.*

*Bill, &c.*, I have delivered a pro-  
mise in writing, confirmed by  
an oath.

*Bi mi leauté*, by my loyalty, ho-  
nour.

*Birk*, s. birch tree.

*Blan, Blanne, did blin*, i. e. lin-  
ger, stop.

*Blane, Blanne, did blin*, i. e. lin-  
ger, stop.

*Blare*, to emblazon, display.

*Blaw*, s. blow.

*Blee*, colour, complexion.

*Bleid*, s. *Blede*, blood.

*Blent*, blended.

*Blent*, ceased.

*Blinne*, cease, give over.

*Blinkan, Blinkand*, s. twinkling.

*Blinking*, squinting.

*Blink*, s. a glimpse of light, the  
sudden light of a candle seen  
in the night at a distance.

*Blinka*, s. twinkles, sparkles.

*Blis*, blessed.

*Blive, Belive*, s. immediately.

*Bloomed*, beset with bloom.

*Blude, Bluid red*, blood, s. blood  
red.

*Bluid, Bluidy*, s. blood, bloody.

*Blygne*, stop, cease, give over.

*Blyth, Blithe*, s. sprightly, joyous.

*Blyth*, s. joy, sprightliness.

*Blythe, Blyue*, blithe, with spirit.

*Blyve, Belive*, s. instantly.

*Boare*, bare.

*Bode*, abode, stayed.

*Boist, Boisteris*, s. boast, boasters.

*Bookeman*, clerk, secretary.

*Bollys*, bowls.

*Bolles*, shafts, arrows.

*Bomen*, bowman.

*Bom*, favour, request, petition.

*Bome*, a favour, request, petition.

*Bonny, Bonnie*, s. comely.

*Bore*, born.

*Borrowed*, warranted, pledged, was  
exchanged for.

*Borrowe, Borrowe*, pledge, surety.

*Borowe*, to redeem by a pledge.

*Boie*, boot, advantage.

*Boot, Boote*, advantage, help, as-  
sistance.

*Boote*, gain, advantage.

*Bot*, s. but, sometimes it seems  
used for both, or, besides, more-  
over.

*Bot and*, (it should probably be  
both and), and also

*Bot*, s. without, *Bot dreid*, with-  
out dread, certainly.

*Bougill*, s. bugle-horn, hunting  
horn.

*Bougills*, s. bugle horns.

*Bouule, Bouyud, Bouoned*, pre-  
pared, got ready, the word is  
also used in the north in the  
sense of went or was going.

*Bowne*, to dine, going to dine.

*Bowne* is a common word in the  
North for going, e. g. Where  
are you bowne to, where are  
you going.

*Bower, Bowre*, any bowed or  
arched room, a parlour, cham-  
ber, also a dwelling in general.

*Bowre*, bower, habitation, cham-  
ber, parlour, perhaps from isl.

*Bowan*, to dwell.

*Bowre-woman*, s. chamber-maid.

*Bowre-window*, chamber-window.

*Bowendes*, bounds.

*Bowne*, ready.

*Bowne*, ready, *Bowmed*, prepared.

*Bowne ye*, prepare ye, got ready.

*Bowys*, bows.

*Brade, Braid*, s. broad.

*Brae*, s. the brow or side of a hill,  
a declivity.

*Braes of Yarrow*, s. the hilly  
banks of the river Yarrow.

*Braid*, s. broad, large.

*Brakes*, tufts of fern.

*Brand*, sword.

*Brandes*, swords.

*Brast*, burst.

*Braste*, burst.

*Brave*, s. brave.

*Braifly*, s. bravely.

*Brayd*, s. arose, hastened.

*Brayd attoure the bent*, s. hastened  
over the field.

*Brayde*, drew out, unsheathed.

*Breech*, breeches.

*Breeden bale*, breed mischief.

*Brede*, breadth. So Chaucer.

*Brede*, bread.  
*Bred banner*, broad banner.  
*Brenand-drake*, *p.* may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or fire-work so called. Here it seems to signify burning embers, or fire brands.  
*Breng*, *Bryng*, bring.  
*Brenn*, *s.* burn.  
*Breere*, *Breere*, briar.  
*Brest*, burst, broke.  
*Brether*, brethren.  
*Bridal*, (properly bride-all), the nuptial feast.  
*Brigue*, *Brigg*, bridge.  
*Brimme*, public, universally known, *a. s.* *Bryme*, idem.  
*Bried*, carved, *vid.* *Brytlynge*. Gloss. vol. 1.  
*Broad-arrow*, *s.* a broad forked headed arrow.  
*Brooche*, *Brouche*, 1st, a spit. 2dly, a bodkin. 3dly, any ornamental trinket. Stone buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs, are called in the north, brooches, from the *f.* *brocho*, a spit.  
*Branch*, an ornamental trinket, a stone buckle for a woman's breast, &c., *vid.* *Brooche*. Gloss. vol. 3.  
*Brocht*, *s.* brought.  
*Brochys*, ornamental pins, or buckles, like the Roman *fibula*, (with a single prong) for the breast or head-dress.  
*Brodinge*, pricking.  
*Brooke*, bear, endure.  
*Brooke*, enjoy.  
*Brook her with winne*, enjoy her with pleasure, *a. s.* *brook*.  
*Browd*, broad.  
*Broxt*, brought.  
*Brytlynge*, *Brytling*, cutting up, quartering, carving.  
*Buen*, *Bueth*, been, be, are.  
*Bugle*, bugle-horn, a hunting-horn, being the horn of a bugle, or wild bull.  
*Buik*, *s.* book.  
*Burgens buds*, young shoots.  
*Burn*, *Bourn*, brook.  
*Bushment*, ambushment, ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.  
*Busket*, *Buskt*, dressed.  
*Busk ye*, *s.* dress ye.  
*Busk*, dress, deck.  
*Busk and boun*, *i. e.* make yourselves ready and go; *Boun*, to go. (north country.)  
*Buskt them*, prepared themselves, made themselves ready.

*But*, *s.* boot, advantage, good.  
*But if*, unless.  
*But without*, *But let*, without hindrance.  
*But*, *s.* without, out of doors.  
*But*, or *Butt*, is from the Dutch *Butt*. Lat. *castra*, *prior*, *proterquam*, which is compounded of the same preposition, *By* or *He*, and of *Butt*, the same as our *In* English.  
*Butt*, *s.* out, the outer room,  
*Buttes*, butts to shoot at.  
*Bydys*, *Bides*, abides.  
*Byears*, *Becres*, biors.  
*Bye*, buy, pay for, also, *Abey*, suffer for.  
*Byll*, *Bill*, an ancient kind of halbert, or battle axe.  
*Byn*, *Bine*, *Bin*, been, be, are.  
*Dyrche*, birch-trees, birch-wood.  
*Byre*, *s.* cow-house.  
*Dyste*, beast, art.  
*By thre*, of three.

## C.

*Cudgily*, *s.* merrily, cheerfully.  
*Cutiff*, a slave.  
*Caldie*, *callyd*, called.  
*Cullcer*, a kind of musket.  
*Camscho*, *s.* stern, grim.  
*Cannas*, *s.* cannot.  
*Can eane*, *Gan*, began to cry.  
*Can curtesye*, know, understand good manners.  
*Can*, *Gan*, began.  
*Cannes*, wooden-cups, bowls.  
*Cantabanqui*, ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.  
*Cantlew*, places, corners.  
*Canty*, *s.* cheerful, chatty.  
*Capul*, a poor horse.  
*Capull hyde*, horse-hide.  
*Care-bed*, bed of care.  
*Carle*, churl, clown. It is also used in the north for a strong hale old man.  
*Carline*, *s.* the feminine of carle.  
*Carpe*, to speak, recite, also to censure.  
*Carpyng*, reciting.  
*Carpe of care*, complain through care.  
*Carlish*, churlish, discourteous.  
*Cast*, mean, intend.  
*Caw*, *s.* call.  
*Cauld*, *s.* cold.  
*Caute*, *vid.* *Kaute*.  
*Caytiffe*, cutiff, slave, despicable wretch.  
*Certos*, certainly.  
*Cetywall*, *Sotivall*, the herb valerian; also, mountain spikenard. See Gerard's Herbar.

*Chanteclere*, the cock.  
*Chap*, knock.  
*Chaste*, chastise, correct.  
*Chayme*, chain.  
*Chays*, chase.  
*Check*, to slap.  
*Check*, to rate at.  
*Che*, (Somerset dialect), *I*.  
*Chefe*, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.  
*Cheis*, *s.* choose.  
*Cheke*, choked.  
*Chevaliers*, *f.* knights.  
*Chill*, (Som. dial.) *I* will.  
*Child*, knight, children, knights.  
*Child*, *s.* is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word fellow.  
*The Child*, *i. e.* the fellow.  
*Chould*, (ditto) *I* would.  
*Christentie*, Christendom.  
*Christentye*, *Chrystiante*, Christendom.  
*Church-ale*, a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a church.  
*Churl*, clown, a person of low birth, a villain.  
*Chyff*, *Chyfe*, chief.  
*Chylder*, children, children's.  
*Chyldet*, brought forth, was delivered.  
*Cloiths*, *s.* clothes.  
*Clattered*, beat so as to rattle.  
*Clawde*, clawed, tore, scratched; figuratively beat.  
*Clad*, *s.* clothed.  
*Cleading*, *s.* clothing.  
*Clad*, *s.* clad, clothed.  
*Clenking*, clinking, jingling.  
*Clenesse*, cleanness, chastity.  
*Clepe*, call.  
*Cleaped*, *Cleped*, called, named.  
*Clerke*, scholar.  
*Clerks*, clergymen, literati, scholars.  
*Cliding*, *s.* clothing.  
*Clim*, the contraction of Clement.  
*Clough*, a north-country word for a broken cliff.  
*Clowch*, clutch, grasp.  
*Clyppynge*, embracing.  
*Coatr*, cot, cottage.  
*Cockers*, a sort of buskins or short boots fastened with laces or buttons, and often worn by farmers or shepherds. In Scotland they are called Cutikins, from Cute, the ankle. "*Cokers*, fishermen's boots."—(Littleton's Dictien.)  
*Cohorted*, incited, exhorted.  
*Cokeney*, seems to be a diminutive for cook, from the Latin coquinator, or coquinarus. The meaning seems to be that "every five and five had a cook

or scullion to attend them."—  
*Chaucer's Cant. Tales*, 8vo, vol.  
iv. p. 253.

*Collayne*, Cologno steel.

*Cold roat*, (a phrase), nothing to  
the purpose.

*Cold*, could, know.

*Coleyne*, Cologno steel.

*Cam*, came.

*Cambré*, encumber, be too many  
for.

*Comen*, *Commyu*, come.

*Confetered*, confederated, entered  
into a confederacy.

*Con*, *can*, *gan*, began. Item. *Con-  
springe*, (a phrase), sprung.

*Con jare*, went, passed.

*Con thanks*, give thanks.

*Cop head*, the top of anything, sax.

*Corage*, heart, spirit, inclination,  
disposition.

*Cordwain*, cordwayne, properly  
Spanish or Cordovan leather;  
here it signifies a more vulgar  
sort.

*Corsiare*, courser, steed.

*Coat*, coast side.

*Coote*, coat.

*Cote*, cot, cottage. Item, coat.

*Cutydallye*, daily, every day.

*Conde*, cold. Item, could.

*Could be*, was. *Could dye*, died  
(a phrase).

*Could bear*, a phrase for bare.

*Could creip*, s. crept. *Could say*,  
said.

*Could weip*, s. wept.

*Could his good*, know what was  
good for him. Or perhaps could  
live upon his own.

*Countie*, count, earle.

*Coupe*, a pen for poultry.

*Couthen*, knew.

*Couth*, could.

*Covetise*, covetousness.

*Countrie*, Coventry.

*Cramasie*, s. crimson.

*Craneky*, merry, sprightly, exult-  
ing.

*Cranion*, skull.

*Credence*, belief.

*Crevie*, crevice, chink.

*Cricke*, s. properly an ant, but  
means probably any small in-  
sect.

*Crinkle*, run in and out, run into  
flexures, wrinkle.

*Cristes cors*, Christ's curso.

*Croft*, an enclosure near a house.

*Croiz*, cross.

*CrOOK my knee*, make lame my  
knee. They say in the north,  
"The horse is crookit," i. e.  
lame. "The horse crooks," i. e.  
goes lame.

*CrOOK*, twist, wrinkle, distort.

*Croech*, crutch.

*Crowneth*, crown ye.

*Crowt*, to pucker up.

*Crumpling*, crooked; or perhaps  
with crooked knotty horns.

*Cryance*, belief, f. *Creancer*, [whence  
recrulant]. But in p. 12, col. 1,  
&c., it seems to signify fear, f.

*Cruinte*.

*Cule*, cool.

*Cum*, s. come, came.

*Cummer*, s. gossip, friend, f. *Com-  
mire*, *Compere*.

*Cure*, care, heed, regard.

*Curtes*, courteous.

## D.

*Dale*, s. deal, *Bot give I dale*, un-  
less I deal.

*Dame*, mistress. *Oure dameys  
peny*, Our mistress's penny.

*Dampned*, dunned.

*Dampned*, condemned.

*Dun*, an ancient title of respect,  
from Lat. Dominus.

*Drunk*, moist, damp.

*Danske*, Denmark, query.

*Darr'il*, s. hit.

*Darb*, perhaps for *Thar*, there.

*Dart the tree*, s. hit the tree.

*Daukin*, diminutive of David.

*Daunger hunt*, coyness holdeth.

*Daves*, (introd.), days.

*Dealun*, *deland*, s. dealing.

*Deare day*, charming pleasant  
day.

*Dease*, *Deis*, the high table in a  
hall, from f. *Dais*, a canopy.

*Dee*, s. die.

*De*, *dey*, *dy*, die.

*Dece is do*, deed is done.

*Deed* (introd.) doud.

*Deid*, s. *Deide*, deed. Item, dead.

*Deid-bell*, s. passing-bell.

*Dell*, deal, part. *Every dell*, every  
part.

*Dell*, narrow valley.

*Dele*, dent.

*Deit*, dealt.

*Deelye dight*, richly fitted out.

*Demains*, demesnes, estate in  
lands.

*Deme*, deemed, judge, doomed.

*Deemed*, doomed, judged, &c.;  
thus, in the Isle of Man, judges  
are called deemsters.

*Den*, grave.

*Denay*, deny (rhythmi gratia).

*Dent*, a dint, blow.

*Deint*, s. deemed, esteemed.

*Deip*, s. *Depe*, deep.

*De'r*, s. *Deere*, *Dere*, dear.

*Deir*, s. dear. Item, hurt, trouble,  
disturb.

*Deol*, dole, grief.

*Deepe-fette*, deep-fetched.

*Depured*, purified, run clear.

*Deere*, hurt, mischief.

*Deerly*, precious, richly.

*Dere*, *Dye*, die.

*Dere*, *Deere*, dent, also hurt.

*Deiked*, darkened.

*Dern*, s. secret, I dern in secret.

*Deserece*, describe.

*Deserje*, *Describe*, describe.

*Devys*, devise, the act of bequeath-  
ing by will.

*Dight*, decked, put on.

*Dight-dicht*, s. decked, dressed,  
prepared, fitted out, done.

*Dill*, dole, grief, pain. *Dill I  
drye*, pain I suffer. *Dill was  
dight*, grief was upon him.

*Dill*, still, calm, mitigate.

*Din*, *Dinne*, noise, bustle.

*Ding*, knock, beat.

*Dint*, stroke, blow.

*Disemat*, discussed.

*Diana*, s. does not.

*Dia*, this.

*Distere*, the horse rode by a  
knight in the tournament.

*Dites*, ditties.

*Dochter*, s. daughter.

*Do gladly*, eat heartily.

*Dois*, s. *Doye*, doves.

*Dole*, grief.

*Dol*. See *Deol*, *Dule*.

*Dolours*, dolorous, mournful.

*Dolefulump*, sorrowful gloom, or  
heaviness of heart.

*Dolwyn*, delved, buried.

*Don*, down.

*Dosend*, s. dosing, drowsy, torpid,  
benumbed, &c.

*Doth*, *Dothe*, doeth, do.

*Doubt*, fear.

*Doublet*, a man's inner garment,  
waistcoat.

*Doubteous*, doubtful.

*Doughetie*, i. e. doughty man.

*Doughte*, *Doughete*, *Doughetie*,

*Doughtye*, doughty, formidable.

*Doughtiness of dent*, stardiness of  
blows.

*Downe*, s. am not able: properly,  
cannot take the trouble.

*Doute*, doubt. Item, fear.

*Douted*, doubted, feared.

*Douty*, doughty.

*Doster*, daughter.

*Dox-trogh*, a dough-trough, a  
kneading-trough.

*Dradde*, drended, feared.

*Drake*. See *Brenand Drake*.

*Drap*, s. drop.

*Draping*, s. dropping.

*Dre*, suffer.  
*Drede*, fear, doubt.  
*Dreid*, s. *Dreide*, *Drede*, dread.  
*Dreips*, s. dips, drops.  
*Dreiry*, s. dreary.  
*Dreiræ*. The word properly signified love, courtship, &c., and hence a love-token, or love-gift; in which sense it is used by Bp. Douglas.  
*Drie*, s. suffer.  
*Drough*, drew.  
*Drougers*, drovers, such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.  
*Drowe*, drew.  
*Drye*, suffer.  
*Dryghnes*, dryness.  
*Dryng*, drink.  
*Dryears*, drovers.  
*Duble dyse*, double (false) dice.  
*Dude*, did. *Dudest*, didst.  
*Dughtie*, doughty.  
*Dule*, s. *Dual*, *Dol*, *dole*, grief.  
*Duellan*, *Duelland*, s. dwelling.  
*Dyan*, *Dyand*, s. dying.  
*Dyce*, s. dice, chequer-work.  
*Dyd*, *Dyde*, did.  
*Dyght*, *dight*, dressed, put on, put.  
*Dyht*, to dispose, order.  
*Dyne*, s. dinner.  
*Dynte*, dint, blow, stroke.  
*Dyngysyng*, disguising, masking.  
*Dyrt*, vid. *Dight*.

## E.

*Eame*, *Eme*, uncle.  
*Eard*, s. earth.  
*Earn*, s. to curdle, make cheese.  
*Eathe*, easy.  
*Eather*, s. either.  
*Ech*, *Eche*, *Eiche*, *Elke*, each.  
*En*, s. *Eie*, eye. *Een*, *Eyne*, eyes.  
*En*, even, evening.  
*Effund*, pour forth.  
*Eftsoon*, in a short time.  
*Eiked*, s. added, enlarged.  
*Ein*, s. even.  
*Eir*, *Euir*, s. e'er, ever.  
*Eke*, also; *Eike*, each.  
*Eldern*, s. elder.  
*Eldridge*, *Sentice*, *Elriche*, *Elritch*, *Elriche*; wild, hideous, ghostly. Item, lonesome, uninhabited, except by spectres, &c. Gloss. to A. Ramsey, *Elritch*, laugh. Gen. Shep. a. 5.

In the ballad of Sir Cawline, we have "Eldridge Hill," pt. 1, ver. 63, Eldridge Knight, pt. 1, v. 63, pt. 2, v. 86. Eldridge Sword, pt. 1, v. 148. So Gavin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "Eliche Brethir," i. e. brethren; and in his Prologue, he thus describes the night owl,

"Lathlof of forme, with erukit cam-scho beik,  
 Ugsome to here was his wyld Elriche skrik."

In Dunbar's MS. Poems (fol. 135, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical rhymody of a decrepit old woman, travelling in the other world, in which,  
 "Scho wanderit, and zeld, by to an Elrich well."

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, *Elriche*, &c., is explained by "wild, hideous, lat. *Trux. immanis*;" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossary.

*Elke*, each.

*Elumynge*, embellishing. To illumina a book was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.

*Ellyconys*, s. Helicons.

*Elvish*, peevish, fantastical.

*Eme*, kinsman, uncle.

*Endyed*, dyed.

*Eyn*, s. *Eyn*, eyes, *Ene*, s. even.

*Enharpid*, hooked or edged with mortal dread.

*Enkankered*, cankered.

*Enouch*, s. enough.

*Enuec*, follow.

*Entendement*, f. understanding.

*Ententifly*, to the intent, purposely.

*Envie*, *Envy*, malice, ill-will, injury.

*Er*, *Ere*, before, ara, *Ere*, ear.

*Erat*, s. heretofore.

*Erminable*, interminable, unlimited.

*Euled*, aimed.

*Evannished*, s. vanished.

*Everiche*, every, each.

*Everychone*, every one.

*Everych*, one, every one.

*Eueboughts*, or *Eue-boughts*, s. are small enclosures, or pens into which the farmers drive (Scotland, weir) their milch ewes morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with fall-dykes, i. e. earthen dykes.

*Eyre*, heir.

*Eysell*, vinegar.

*Ezar*, azure.

## F.

*Fach*, *Feche*, fetch.

*Fader*, *Fatherie*, s. *Fadur*, father, fathers. *His fadur eyre*, his father's heir.

*Fadge*, s. a thick loaf of bread, figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.

*Fa*, s. fall.

*Fa's*, s. thou fallest.

*Fain*, *Fayne*, glad, fond.

*Faine*, *Fayne*, feign.

*Faine of fighte*, fond of fighting.

*Fair of fair*, s. of a fair and healthful look. (Ramsay) perhaps, far off (free from) fear.

*Fallan*, *Falland*, s. falling.

*Falls*, s. thou fallest.

*Fals*, falso. Item, fallett.

*Falsar*, a deceiver, hypocrite.

*Falsing*, dealing in falsehood.

*Fannes*, instruments for winnowing corn.

*Fang*, seize, carry off.

*Fardon*, fared, flashed.

*Fare*, go, pass, travel.

*Fare*, the price of a passago, shot, reckoning.

*Farley*, wonder.

*Farell*, deceit. See Skelton's

*Booke of Courte*. The meaning of the text is nevertheless still obscure, though it should seem to be the origin of our modern phrase to curry favour.

*Faulcone*, faulecon.

*Faunt*, faucht, s. fought. It, fight.

*Faun*, s. fallen.

*Fay*, *Faye*, faith.

*Fayere*, fair.

*Fayne*, fain, glad.

*Faytors*, deceivers, dissemblers, cheats.

*Feure*, *Fere*, *Faire*, mate.

*Feat*, nice, neat.

*Featonuly*, neatly, dexterously.

*Feble*, *Febull*, *Febyll*, poor, wretched, miserable.

*Fe*, fee, reward; also bribe. But properly fee is applied to lands and tenements which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of superiority to a higher lord. Thus, *in fee*, i. e. in feudal service, l. foudum, &c.—*Blount*.

*Feffe*, onfeoff.

*Feil*, s. *Fele*, many. So Hardinge has Lords *fele*, i. e. many Lords.

*Feir*, s. *Fere*, fear.

*Felay*, *Feloy*, fellow.

*Fele*, *Fell*, furious, akin.

*Fend*, defend.

*Fendys pray*, &c., from being the prey of the fiends.

*Fee*, reward, recompense; it also signifies land when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as knight's fee, &c.

*Fere*, fear. Item, companion, wife, husband, lover, friend.

*Ferliet*, s. wondered.

*Ferly*, wonder, also wonderful.

*Fersly*, fiercely.

*Fertyng*, fighting.

*Fesante*, pheasant.

*Fette*, fetched.

*Fetteled*, prepared, addressed, made ready.

*Fet*, fetched.

*Fega*, s. predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality.

*Feyt*, faith.

*Fie*, beasts, cattle.

*Fillan*, *Filland*, s. filling.

*Fible*, field.

*Finaunce*, fine, forfeiture.

*Find frost*, find mischance or disaster. A phrase still in use.

*Firth*, *Frith*, s. a wood. It, an arm of the sea, i. frotum.

*Fill*, division, part.

*Fitts*, i. a. "divisions or parts in music" are alluded to in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. III. sc. 1. See Mr. Stoeven's note. So in Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* (A. 3, sc. 8), the king says "My army's but a weak and sickly guard, Yet God before, tell him we will come on."

*Fit*, *Fyt*, *Fytte*, part or division of a song. Hence *Fytt*, is a strain of music.

*Fit*, s. foot.

*Fit*, s. foot.

*Fisteen*, fifteen.

*Flayne*, flayed.

*Fles*, p. fleece.

*Fleyke*, a largo kind of hardlo. Cows are frequently milked in hovels made of fleykes.

*Flindars*, s. pieces, splinters.

*Flowan*, s. flowing.

*Flyt*, shift.

*Flyte*, to contend with words, scold.

*Folys*, fools.

*Fom*, *Fome*, sea.

*Foo*, foes.

*Forebode*, commandment, God forbode, *Over Gods forbode*, [Prater Dei preceptum sit.] q. d. God forbid.

*Fond*, contrive, also endeavour, fly, try.

*Fonde*, found.

*Foue*, fues.

*Force*, no force, no matter.

*Forred*, regarded, heeded.

*Fordo*, undo, ruin, destroy.

*Foregoe*, quit, give up, resign.

*Forewearied*, much wearied.

*Forsend*, prevent, defend.

*Fosend*, avert, hinder.

*For-fought*, overfought.

*Formare*, former.

*For*, on account of.

*Forrede*, regarded, heeded.

*For*, I do no *for*, I don't care.

*Forst*, heeded, regarded.

*Forst*, forced, compelled.

*Forsters of the fe*, foresters of the king's demesnes.

*Forst*, drunk.

*Forthot*, thought of, remembered.

*Forthy*, therefore.

*Forthynketh*, repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.

*Fou*, *Fow*, s. full, also fuddled.

*Fou*, *Fow*, s. full. Item, drunk.

*Fourde*, *Fawarde*, the van.

*Forwacht*, overwatched, kept awake.

*Fræ*, s. fro, from.

*Fræ* they begin, from their beginning, from the time they begin.

*Freake*, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, person, human creature, also a whim or maggot.

*Freake*, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, human creature, fellow.

*Fre-bore*, free-born.

*Freky*, persons.

*Freits*, s. ill-omens, ill-luck, any old superstitious saw, or impression.

An ingenious correspondent in the North thinks *Fræt* is not an unlucky omen, but "that thing which terrifies" viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. Fright is pronounced by the common people in the North *Fræe*.

*Freere*, *Fere*, mate, companion.

*Freere*, *Fryars*, friars, monks.

*Freyke*, humour, indulge, freakishly, capriciously.

*Freyned*, asked.

*Frie*, s. *Fre*, free.

*Fræ*, from.

*Fræward*, forward.

*Furth*, forth.

*Fayson*, *foyson*, plenty, also substance.

*Faekia*, a cant word for a fart.

*Fyars*, (intro.) fierce.

*Fyckill*, fickle.

*Fyll*, fell.

*Fyled*, *fyling*, defiled, defiling.

*Fyr*, fire.

*Fyft*, fit, part, canto.

*Fytte*, strain.

## G.

*Gaberlunzie*, *Gaberlunye*, s. a wallet.

*Gaberlunzie-man*, s. a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar.

*Gadlings*, gadders, idle fellows.

*Gadryng*, gathering.

*Gae*, s. gave.

*Gae*, *Goes*, s. go, goes.

*Gaed*, *Gade*, s. went.

*Ga*, *Gais*, s. go, goes.

*Gair*, s. gear, dress.

*Galliard*, a sprightly kind of dance.

*Gamon*, to make game, to sport, n. s. Damanian, jocular. Hence *mekgamon*.

*Gane*, *Gan*, began.

*Gane*, s. gone.

*Gang*, s. go.

*Gangde*, gained.

*Garde*, *Gurred*, made.

*Gare*, *Gar*, s. make, cause, force, compel.

*Gargyle*, from *Garguille*, f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of greyhounds, lions, &c.

*Gar*, s. to make, cause, &c.

*Garland*, the ring within which the prick or mark was set to be shot at.

*Garl*, *Gurred*, s. made.

*Gayed*, made gay (their clothes).

*Gear*, *Geire*, *Geir*, *Gair*, s. goods, effects, stuff.

*Gederado ys host*, gathered his host.

*Gef*, *Gere*, give.

*Geid*, s. gave.

*Geece will away*, this matter will turn out, affair terminate.

*Gertr*, (intro.) pierced.

*Gest*, not, feat, story, history, (it is just in MS.)

*Getinge*, what he had got, his plunder, booty.

*Gere*, *Gerend*, givo, given.

*Gibed*, jeered.

*Gir*, *Gien*, s. give, given.

*Giff*, if.

*Gife*, *Giff*, if.

*Gi*, *Gie*, s. give.

*Gillore*, (Irish) plenty.

*Gimp*, *Gimp*, s. neat, slender.

*Gin*, s. an, if.

*Gin*, *Gyn*, engine, contrivance.

*Gins*, begins.

*Gip*, an interjection of contempt.

*Girt*, s. pierced, *Thorough-girt*, pierced through.

*Gice oure*, s. surrender.

*Gire*, *Gif*, *Giff*, if.

*Glaive*, f. sword.

*Gledc*, a red-hot coal.

*Glee*, merriment, joy.

*Glen*, s. a narrow valley.

*Glente*, glanced, alight.

*Glie*, s. glee, merriment, joy.

*Glist*, s. glistened.

*Glose*, set a false gloss or colour.

*Glowr*, s. stare, or frown.

*Gloze*, canting dissimulation, fair outside.

*God*, goods, merchandise.

*Goddcs*, goddess.

*Gode*, (intro.) good.

*Gode*, goods, property.  
*Goog*, gonc.  
*Good*, p. so. a good deal.  
*Good-e'ens*, good e'enings.  
*Goon*, go.  
*Gode*, *Godness*, good, goodness.  
*God-before*, i. e. God be thy guide,  
 a form of blessing.  
*Goggling eyes*, goggle eyes.  
*Gone*, (intro.) go.  
*Gorget*, the dress of the neck.  
*Gowan*, s. the common yellow  
 crow-foot, or goldcup.  
*Gowd*, s. *Gould*, gold.  
*Graine*, scarlet.  
*Gratified gowden*, s. was capari-  
 soned with gold.  
*Gramarcy*, thanks, *grand mercie*.  
*Gramercye*, i. e. I thank you, f.  
*Grand-mercio*.  
*Grange*, granary, also a lone  
 country house.  
*Graythed*, s. decked, put on.  
*Grea-hounds*, grey-hounds.  
*Greese*, fat, (a fat hart) from f.  
 graisso.  
*Grees*, a step, a flight of steps,  
*Grees*.  
*Gree*, s. a prize, a victory.  
*Greened*, grew green.  
*Grennyng*, grinning.  
*Greet*, s. weep.  
*Gret*, groat, grieved, swoln, ready  
 to burst.  
*Grut*, *Grat*, great.  
*Greeses*, *Groves*, bushes.  
*Groomers*, attendants, servants.  
*Groundwa*, groundwall.  
*Groewende*, *Groeynd*, ground.  
*Groones*, grounds, (rhythmi gratia.  
 Vid. Sowno.)  
*Growte*, in Northamptonshire is a  
 kind of small beer extracted  
 from the malt after the strength  
 has been drawn off. In Devon  
 it is a kind of sweet ale medi-  
 cated with eggs, said to be a  
 Danish liquor.  
*Growte* is a kind of fare much used  
 by Danish sailors, being boiled groats,  
 (i. e. hulled oats) or else shelled barley,  
 served up very thick, and butter added  
 to it. (Mr. Lambie.)  
*Grippel*, griping, tonacious, mi-  
 serly.  
*Grype*, a griffin.  
*Gryse*, a species of fur.  
*Grynely groved*, dreadfully  
 groaned.  
*Guile*, *Gaid*, *Geud*, s. good.  
*Guerdon*, reward.  
*Gule*, rod.  
*Gybe*, jest, joke.  
*Gyle*, guile.  
*Gyles*, guiles.

*Gyn*, engine, contrivance.  
*Gy, d*, g. led, lashed.  
*Gyse*, s. guise, form, fashion, way,  
 manner, method.

## II.

*Hadde ase he brew*, have as he  
 brews.  
*Haberyeon*, f. a lesser coat of mail.  
*Hable*, able.  
*Haggis*, a sheep's stomach stuffed  
 with a pudding made of mince-  
 meat, &c.  
*Ha, Hac*, s. have. Item, hall.  
*Ha*, s. hall.  
*Ha*, have. *Ha*, s. hall.  
*Hail, hale*, s. whole, altogether.  
*Hatched, Halsed*, saluted, em-  
 braced, fell on his neck, from  
 halse, the neck, throat.  
*Hulsome*, wholesome, healthy.  
*Hult*, holdeth.  
*Hume, Humward*, home, home-  
 ward.  
*Handbow*, the long-bow, or com-  
 mon bow, as distinguished from  
 the cross-bow.  
*Hun*, have, 3 pers. plur.  
*Hare swords*, their swords.  
*Haried, harried, harped, harowed*,  
 robbed, pillaged, plundered.  
 "He harried a bird's nest."—  
 Scott.  
*Harowed*, harassed, disturbed.  
*Harlocke*, perhaps charlocke, or  
 wild rape, which bears a yellow  
 flower, and grows among corn,  
 &c.  
*Harnisine*, harness, armour.  
*Hartly lust*, hearty desire.  
*Harwoe*, harrows.  
*Hastardis*, perhaps hasty rash  
 fellows, or upstarts, qu.  
*Hatche*, a low or half door.  
*Hauld*, s. to hold. Item, hold,  
 strong, bold.  
*Haus-bone*, s. the neck-bone,  
 (halse-bone) a phrase for the  
 neck.  
*Haves*, (of) effects, substance,  
 riches.  
*Hav*, have.  
*Haviour*, behaviour.  
*Hawberk*, a coat of mail consist-  
 ing of iron rings, &c.  
*Hawkin*, synonymous to *Halkin*,  
 dimin. of Harry.  
*Hayll*, advantage, profit, (for the  
 profit of all England,) n. s. Huel,  
 salus.  
*Heal*, hail.  
*Heave*, here, hair.  
*Hear*, here.

*Heatheness*, the heathen part of  
 the world.  
*Hech*, hatch, small door.  
*Hecht to lay thee law*, s. promised,  
 engaged to lay thee law.  
*Hede*, Hied, he'd, he would, heed.  
*Hed*, *Hede*, head.  
*Hedur*, hilher.  
*Hee's*, s. he shall, also he has.  
*He, Hec, Hye*, high,  
*He, Hie*, hasten.  
*He, Hye*, to hie or hasten.  
*Heicht*, s. height.  
*Heiding-hill*, s. the 'heading (i. e.  
 behending) hill. The place of  
 execution was anciently an ar-  
 tificial hillock.  
*Heil*, s. hell, health.  
*Heir*, s. here, hear.  
*Hela*, health.  
*Helen*, heal.  
*Helpath*, help ye.  
*Hem, Em*, them.  
*Henne*, hence.  
*Hend*, kind, gentle.  
*Hende*, civil, gentle.  
*Hente*, (intro.) help, pulled.  
*Hent, Hente*, held, laid hold of,  
 also received, take.  
*Heo*, (intro.) they.  
*Heere*, hear.  
*Here*, their, hear, hair.  
*Hore*, here, their.  
*Herknech*, hearken ye.  
*Hert, Hertia*, heart, hearts.  
*Hes*, s. has.  
*Hest*, hast.  
*Hest*, command, injunction.  
*Hett, Hlight*, bid, call, command.  
*Het*, hot.  
*Hether*, hither.  
*Hether*, s. heath, a low shrub that  
 grows upon the moors, &c. so  
 luxuriantly as to choke the  
 grass, to prevent which the in-  
 habitants set whole acres of it  
 on fire, the rapidity of which  
 gave the poet that apt and noble  
 simile, in p. (Mr. Hutchinson.)  
*Heuch*, s. a rock or steep hill.  
*Hevede, Hevedest*, had, hast.  
*Heveriche, Hevenrich*, heavenly.  
*Heukes*, heralds' coats.  
*Heayne in to*, hewn in two.  
*Heuyng, Howinge*, hewing, hack-  
 ing.  
*Hey-day guise*, frolic, sportive  
 frolicsome manner.  
 This word is perhaps corruptly  
 given, being apparently the same with  
*HAYDREIES*, or *HEYDREIVS*, which  
 occurs in Spenser, and means a "wild  
 frolic dance."—Johnson's Dictionary.  
*Heynd, Hend*, gentle, obliging.  
*Heyre*, high, *Heyd*, s. hied.

*ht A-hicht*, s. on height.  
*dances to wail*, s. high (or  
 'ent) ladies to wail, or, hasten,  
 dies, to wail, &c.  
 , go, run.  
*Hyge, He, Hec*, high.  
*h, hyc*, come, hasten, return  
 readily.  
*ht, engaga, engaged, promised*,  
 aimed, called.  
*Hie, he*.  
*lys*, hills.  
*t, taken off, flayed*, Sax. *hylden*.  
*ich-boys, Hench*, properly  
 nunch-men, pages of honour,  
 ages attending on persons of  
 fice.  
*id, s. behind*.  
*ide, Hend*, gentle.  
*ys, s. hangs*.  
*my, s. honey*.  
*o, Hep*, the berry which con-  
 tains the stones or seeds of the  
 log-rose.  
*o, Hir lane*, s. her, herself alone.  
*rael, s. herself*.  
*t, it, Hit be write*, it be written.  
*de, hood, cap*.  
*o, ho*, an interjection stopping  
 or desisting, hence stoppage.  
*Hen*, probably a corruption for  
 jolly.  
*lden, hold*.  
*de, whole. Holl*, idem.  
*oly, s. slowly*.  
*lies*, woods, groves, in Norfolk  
 a plantation of cherry-trees, is  
 called a "cherryholt," also  
 sometimes "hills."  
 Holtes seems evidently to signify  
 his in the following passage from Tur-  
 ville's "Songs and Sonnets," 12mo.  
 87, fol. 66.  
 Ye that frequent the hills,  
 And highest HOLTES of all,  
 Assist me with your skilful quilles,  
 And listen when I call."  
 also in this other verse of an ancient  
 poet.  
 "Underneath the HOLTES so hoar."  
*'oltis hair*, s. hoar hills.  
*'oly-roode*, holy cross.  
*'oly, wholly, or perhaps hole*,  
 whole.  
*'om, Hem*, them.  
*'ouden wyngae*, hands wring.  
*'oudridth, Hondred*, hundred.  
*'one, hand*.  
*'onge, hang, hung*.  
*'ontyng, hunting*.  
*'up-halt, limping, hopping, and*  
 halting.  
*'osc, stockings*.  
*'ount, hunt*.  
*'oude, give the sacrament*.  
*'oved, heaved, or perhaps hover-*  
 ed, hung moving, (Gl. Chauc.)

*Hoved* or *haven* means in the  
 North swelled. But Mr. Lambie  
 thinks it is the same as *hound*,  
 still used in the North, and ap-  
 plied to any light substance  
 heaving to and from an undulat-  
 ing surface. The vowel is often  
 used there for the consonant v.  
*Howers, Hovers*, hours.  
*Huerte*, heart.  
*Huggle*, hug, clasp.  
*Hye, Hyest*, high, highest.  
*Hyght*, promised.  
*Hyghte*, on high, aloud.  
*Hyne*, a hind is a servant.  
*Hyp-halt*, lame in the hip.  
*Hyndatoure*, s. behind, over, or  
 about.  
*Hyse*, his, also is.  
*Hyt*, (intro.) it.  
*Hyynes*, highness.

## I.

*Ich, I, Ich biqueth*, I bequeth.  
*Iclipped*, called.  
*Iff, if*.  
*I fere*, to gather.  
*I feth*, in faith.  
*Ifardly*, s. ill-favoured, uglily.  
*Id, I'd*, I would.  
*Ile, I'll*, I will.  
*Ilka, s. each, every one*.  
*Ilke, every Ilk, every one*.  
*Ilk, This Ilk*, s. this same.  
*Ilk one*, each one.  
*I-love, lost, I-strike*, stricken.  
*Im, him*.  
*Impe*, a little demon.  
*In fere, I fere*, to gather.  
*Ingle, s. fire*.  
*Inoue, enough*.  
*Into, s. in*.  
*Intres*, entrance, admittance.  
*Io forth*, corruptly printed so,  
 should probably be *loo*, i. e.  
 halloo.  
*Ireful*, angry, furious.  
*Ise, I shall*.  
*Is, is, his*.  
*I troue*, (I believe) verily.  
*Its weir, s. it shall no'er*.  
*I-tuned*, tuned.  
*I-ween*, (I think) verily.  
*I wisse*, (I know) verily.  
*I wot, (I know)* verily.  
*I wys, I wis, (I know)* verily.  
*Iye, eye*.  
*Janglers*, talkative persons, tell-  
 tales, also wranglers.  
*Jenkin*, diminutive of John.  
*Jimp, s. slender*.  
*Joglers*, jugglers.  
*Jo, s. sweet-heart, friend. Jo is*

properly the contraction of joy,  
 so rejoice is written *rejoce* in  
 old Scottish MSS. particularly  
 Bannatyne's—*passim*.  
*Jow, s. joll or jowl*.  
*Jupe*, an upper garment, fr. a  
 petticoat.

## K.

*Kall, call*.  
*Kame, s. comb*.  
*Kameing*, s. combing.  
*Kan, can*.  
*Kantle-piece*, corner.  
*Karle, carle, churl, Karlis of*  
*kynd*, churls by nature.  
*Kauk, s. chalk*.  
*Kauled, called*.  
*Kawte and keene*, cautious and  
 active, i. cautious.  
*Keipand, s. keeping*.  
*Keel, s. raddle*.  
*Kele, cool*.  
*Kempee*, soldiers, warriors.  
*Kempere-man*, soldier, warrior,  
 fighting-man.  
 "Germanis camp, exercitum, aut lo-  
 cum ubi exercitus castrametatur, sig-  
 nificat: inde ipsi viri Castronisi, et  
 militaris kemper, et kempher et kemper,  
 et kimber, et kamper, pro variolae dia-  
 lectorum vocatur. Vocabulum hoc  
 nostro sermone nondum penitus exo-  
 levit: Norfolciensis enim plebs, et  
 prolestarum sermone dicunt." *He is a*  
*kemper old man*, i. e. "Senex vegetus  
 est." "Hinc Umbra suum nomen;  
 Kimber enim homo bellicosus pugil,  
 robustus milites, &c. significat." She-  
 ringham de Anglor. nontis orig. pag.  
 87. Rerius au tem Lazius [apud eun-  
 dum, p. 49]. "Umbros, a bello quod  
 kamf, et Saxonice kamp, nuncupatos  
 erodiderim, unde bellatores, viri dicit  
 kemper, die kemper."  
*Kempt, combed*.  
*Kems, s. combs*.  
*Kend, s. knew*.  
*Ken, Kenet, know, knowest*.  
*Kene, keen*.  
*Keepe, care, heed*. So in the old  
 play of Hick Scornor (in the  
 last leaf but one), "I keepe not  
 to clymbe so hye," i. e. I study  
 not, care not, &c.  
*Keper, &c.*, those that watch by  
 the corpse shall tie up my  
 winding-sheet.  
*Kever-cheses*, handkerchiefs, (vid.  
 intro.)  
*Kid, Kyd, Kithe*, made known,  
 shown.  
*Kilted, s. tucked up*.  
*Kind, Kinde*, nature, p. to *carpis*  
*our kind*, it is natural for us to  
 talk of.  
*Kirk, s. church*.  
*Kirk-way, s. church-wall, or per-*  
 haps church-yard-wall.



*Kirm*, s. churn.  
*Kirtle*, a petticoat, woman's gown.  
*Kiata*, s. ghosts.  
*Kit*, cut.  
*Kirk and kin*, acquaintance and kindred.  
*Kithe or Kin*, acquaintance nor kindred.  
*Knave*, servant.  
*Kneen*, knees.  
*Knellan, Knelland*, s. knelling, ringing the knell.  
*Knicht*, s. knight.  
*Knight's fee*, such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and horse.  
*Knolls*, *Knolls*, little hills.  
*Knylet*, knelt.  
*Koward*, coward.  
*Kowe*, cow.  
*Kurteis*, courteous.  
*Kuntrey*, country.  
*Kynd*, nature.  
*Kythe*, appear, also make appear, show, declare.  
*Kythed*, s. appeared.  
*Kyrtell*, vid. *Kirtle*. In the intro. it signifies a man's under garment.  
*Kale*, in his *Actes of English Votaries* (2d part, fol. 63), uses the word *KYRTLE* to signify a Monk's Froek. He says Roger, Earl of Shrowbury, when he was dying, sent "to Clunyake, in France, for the *KYRTLE* of Hugh the Abbot there," &c.  
*Kye, Kine*, cows.

## L.

*Laake*, want.  
*Lagh*, laugh.  
*Laughing*, laughing.  
*Laid* unto her, imputed to her.  
*Laith*, s. loth.  
*Laithly*, s. loathsome, hideous.  
*Lambs-wool*, a cant phrase for ale and roasted apples.  
*Lane, Lain*, s. lone. *Her lane*, alone by herself.  
*Lang*, s. long.  
*Langsome*, s. long, tedious.  
*Lante*, lent.  
*Lap*, s. leaped.  
*Largeesse*, f. gift, liberality.  
*Lause*, less.  
*Lauch, lauched*, s. laugh, laughed.  
*Lamde*, lawn.  
*Layden*, laid.  
*Laye*, law.  
*Lay-land*, land that is not ploughed, green-sward.  
*Lay-lande*, lands in general.  
*Layne*, lain, Vid. *Leane*.  
*Lagne, lien*, also laid.

*Lea, lea*, field, pasture.  
*Leal, Leil*, s. loyal, honest, true, f. loyal.  
*Leane*, conceal, hide, Item, lye, (query.)  
*Leanyde*, leanned.  
*Learned*, learned, taught.  
*Lease*, lying, falsehood. With-outen lease, verily.  
*Leasyng*, lying, falsehood.  
*Lee, len*, the field, plain, open field.  
*Lee*, s. lie.  
*Leeche*, physician.  
*Leeching*, doctoring, medicinal care.  
*Leek*, phrase of contempt.  
*Leffe*, (Intro.) *Leefe*, dear.  
*Lefe, Leve*, dear. *That is the lefe*, that is so dear to thee; whom thou art so fond of; dear, or beloved. *Be hym lefe*, or *be hym loth*, let him like it or not; let him be agreeable or unwilling.  
*Leid*, s. lyed.  
*Leiman, Leman*, lover, mistress.  
*Leir*, s. Lere, learn.  
*Leive*, s. leave.  
*Leman, Lemman*, mistress, concubine, lover, gallant, paramour.  
*Lene*, lend.  
*Lenger*, longer.  
*Lengeth in*, resideth in.  
*Leer*, look.  
*Lere*, face, complexion, a. s. *blenye*, facies, vultus.  
*Lere*, learn.  
*Lerned*, learned, taught.  
*Lesse*, s. lose.  
*Lett, Lutte*, hinder, slacken, leave off, *Late*, let.  
*Lette*, delay. *Lette not for this*, be not hindered or prevented by what has happened from proceeding.  
*Lettest*, hinderest, detainest.  
*Let*, hinder, hindered.  
*Lettyng*, hindrance, i. e. without delay.  
*Leuch, Leugh*, s. laughed.  
*Leue*, believe.  
*Leve London*, dear London, an old phrase.  
*Leeceh*, believeth.  
*Lever*, rather.  
*Leves und Bowes*, leaves and boughs.  
*Lewd*, ignorant, scandalous.  
*Lewds*, foolish.  
*Leyke, Like*, play.  
*Leyre, lere*, learning, lore.  
*Libbards-bane*, a herb so called.  
*Libbard*, leopard.  
*Lightly*, s. lightly, easily, nimbly.  
*Lie, s. Lee*, field, plain.

*Liege-men*, vassals, subjects.  
*Lig*, s. lie.  
*Lightly*, easily.  
*Lightsome*, cheerful, sprightly.  
*Liked*, pleased.  
*Limitoure*, friars licensed to beg within certain limits.  
*Limitacionne*, a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.  
*Lingell*, a thread of hemp rubbed with resin, &c., used by rustics for mending their shoes.  
*Lire*, flesh, complexion.  
*Lith, Lithe, Lythe*, attend, hearken, listen.  
*Lither*, idle, worthless, naughty, froward.  
*Liver*, deliver.  
*Liverance*, deliverance, (money, or a pledge for delivering you up.)  
*Lodlye*, loathsome. Vid. *Lothly*.  
*Lo'e, Loed*, s. love, loved.  
*Lought, Lowe, Lugh*, laughed.  
*Loo*, halloo!  
*Lokes*, lock of wool.  
*Longes*, belongs.  
*Lope*, leaped.  
*Lorrel, Losel*, a sorry worthless person.  
*Lordyngge*, &c., sirs, masters, gentlemen.  
*Lore*, lesson, doctrine, learning.  
*Lore*, lost.  
*Lore*, doctrine.  
*Loet, losed, loosed*.  
*Lothly*, (vid. *Lodlye*) loathsome.  

The adverbial terminations *some* and *ux* were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus as we have *Lothly* for loathsome, so we have *Usome* for usance, not very remote from *Ugly*, in Lord Sumer's Version of *Æneid*, 11. vi. "In every place the *ugsome* sights I saw."

*Loud and still*, phrase, at all times.  
*Lough*, laugh, laughed.  
*Louked*, looked.  
*Lounge*, (Intro.) lung.  
*Loun, s. Loun, Loon*, rascal, from the Irish *Líun*, slothful, sluggish.  
*Lourd, Lour*, s. *Lever*, had rather.  
*Louted, Lowtede*, lowed, did obeisance.  
*Loves*. *Of all loves*, an adjuration frequently used by Shakspeare and contemporary writers.  
*Loveth*, love, plural number.  
*Lowe*, a little hill.  
*Lowds and stytle*, windy and enlm.  
*Louke*, laughed.  
*Louns*, s. blazes, rather opposed to windy, boisterous.  
*Loute, Lout*, bow, stoop.  
*Lude, Luid, Luist*, s. loved.

*Luef*, love.  
*Luee*, *Luee*, s., loves, love  
*Lwicks*, s., looks.  
*Lurden*, *Lurdeyne*, sluggard, drone.  
*Lyon*, *Lyand*, s., lying.  
*Lyard*, gray, a name given to a horse from its gray colour, as *Bayard*, from bay.  
*Lynde*, *Lyne*, the lime tree, or collectively lime trees, or trees in general.  
*Lys*, lies.  
*Lyatynth*, (Intro.) listen.  
*Lyth*, *Lythe*, *Lythsome*, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.  
*Lyren na More*, live no more, no longer.  
*Lyzt*, light.

## M.

*Maden*, mado.  
*Mahound*, *Mahowne*, Mahomet.  
*Muir*, s., *Mure*, more.  
*Muil*, s., might.  
*Majeste*, *Muist*, *Mayeste*, may'st.  
*Making*, se. verses, versifying.  
*Mahys*, *Makes*, mates.  
 As the words make and mate were in some cases used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the words cake and cate seem to have been applied with the same indifference: this will illustrate that common English Proverb, "to turn Cat (i. e. Cate) in pan." A Pan-cake is in Northamptonshire still called a Pan-cate.  
*Male*, coat of mail.  
*Mane*, man. Item, moan.  
*Mane*, *Maining*, s., moan, moaning.  
*Mangonel*, an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c., before the invention of gunpowder.  
*March perti*, in the parts lying upon the marches.  
*March-pine*, *March-pane*, a kind of biscuit.  
*Margarite*, a pearl, l.  
*Marrow*, s., equal.  
*Mark*, a coin, in value 13s. 4d.  
*Mart*, s., mared, hurt, damaged.  
*Must*, *Maste*, may'st.  
*Masterye*, *Mayestry*, a trial of skill, high proof of skill.  
*Maugre*, spite of, ill will (I incur).  
*Mangre*, in spite of.  
*Maugre*, *Maugre*, spite of.  
*Muen*, s., must.  
*Muen*, s., *Mun*, must.  
*Mavis*, s., a thrush.  
*Muwt*, s., malt.  
*Mayd*, *Mayde*, maid.  
*Maye*, maid, (rhythmi gratia.)  
*Mayne*, force, strength, horse's mane.

*Maze*, a labyrinth, anything entangled or intricate  
 On the top of Catherine-Hill, Winchester, (the usual play-place of the school,) was a very perplexed and winding path running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a *Miz-Maze*. This senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the flagia from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.  
*Mean*, moderate, middle sized.  
*Meany*, retinue, train, company.  
*Meed*, *Meede*, reward.  
*Meid*, s., mood.  
*Meise*, s., soften, reduce, mitigate.  
*Meit*, s., *Meet*, fit, proper.  
*Mell*, honey; also, meddle, mingle.  
*Me*, men, *Me con* (men 'gan).  
*Men of armes*, gens d'armes.  
*Menivere*, a species of fur.  
*Mense the faught*, s. p. measure the battle. To give to the mense, is to give above the measure. Twelve, and one to the mense, is common with children in their play.  
*Menzie*, s., *Moury*, retinue, company.  
*Merehen*, marches.  
*Messager*, f. messenger.  
*Me-thunketh*, methinks.  
*Met*, *Meit*, s., *Meto*, meat, fit, proper.  
*Meynd*. See *Meany*.  
*Mickle*, much, great.  
*Micht*, might.  
*Midge*, a small insect, a kind of gnat.  
*Mightie*, mighty.  
*Minged*, mentioned.  
*Minny*, s., mother.  
*Minstral*, s., minstrel, musician, &c.  
*Minstrelsie*, music.  
*Mirke*, s., dark, black.  
*Mirkie*, dark, black.  
*Mirry*, s., *Mori*, merry.  
*Misdoubt*, suspect, doubt.  
*Miscreants*, unbelievers.  
*Mishap*, misfortune.  
*Miskaryed*, miscarried.  
*Miskeen*, mistake, also, in the Scottish idiom, "let a thing alone." (Mr. Lambe.)  
*Mister*, s., to need.  
*Mither*, s., mother.  
*Mode*, mood.  
*Moening*, by means of, f.  
*Mold*, mould, ground.  
*Mo*, *Moc*, more.  
*Mome*, a dull, stupid person.  
*Monund*, moaning, bemoaning.  
*Mone*, moon.  
*Mon*, s., month.  
*Monday*, Monday.

*Morre*, originally and properly signifies a hill, (from a. s. *mop*, nouns,) but the hills of the North being generally full of bogs, a *Moor* came to signify boggy, marshy ground, in general.  
*Morre*, hills, wild downs.  
*Morrownyges*, mornings.  
*Morne*, To morn, to-morrow in the morning.  
*Morne*, s., on the morrow.  
*Mornyng*, mourning.  
*Mort*, death of the deer.  
*Mosses*, swampy grounds, covered with peat moss.  
*Most*, must.  
*Mote I there*, might I thrive.  
*Mought*, *mot*, *mote*, might.  
*Mowe*, may, *Mau*, s., mouth.  
*Muchele boast*, *Mickle boast*, great boast.  
*Mude*, s., mood.  
*Mulne*, mill.  
*Mun*, *Mawn*, s., must.  
*Mure*, *Murea*, s., wild downs, heaths, &c.  
*Murne*, *Murnut*, *Murning*, s., mourn, mourned, mourning.  
*Musis*, muses.  
*Myllan*, Milan steel.  
*Myne-ye-ple*, perhaps, many plies, or folds. *Monyple* is still used in this sense in the North. (Mr. Lambe.)  
*Myrry*, merry.  
*Myseurd*, misused, applied to a bad purpose.  
*Myzt*, *Myzty*, might, mighty.

## N.

*Naithing*, s., nothing.  
*Nams*, names.  
*Na*, *Nae*, s., no, none.  
*Nane*, s., none.  
*Nar*, nor. Item, than.  
*Natheless*, nevertheless.  
*Nat*, not.  
*Near*, s., *Ner*, *Nere*, ne'er, never.  
*Neat*, oxen, cows, large cattle.  
*Neatherd*, a keeper of cattle.  
*Neatresse*, a female keeper of cattle.  
*Neigh him neare*, approach him near.  
*Nee*, *Ne*, nigh.  
*Neir*, s., *Nere*, ne'er, never.  
*Nere na were*, were it not for.  
*Neist*, *Nyest*, next, nearest.  
*Newfangle*, *Newfangled*, fond of novelty, of new fashions, &c.  
*Nicked him of naye*, nicked him with a refusal.

*Nicht*, s. night.  
*Nipt*, pinched.  
*Noble*, a gold coin, in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.  
*Nobles*, noblesse, nobleness.  
*Nollis*, noddles, heads.  
*Nom*, took, *Nome*, name.  
*Nonee*, purpose, *For the nonee*, for the occasion.  
*Nan*, none, *None*, noon.  
*Norland*, s. northern.  
*Norse*, s. Norway.  
*North-gules*, North Wales.  
*Non*, now.  
*Naurice*, s. nurse.  
*Nout*, *Nocht*, s. nought, also not, seems for 'ne mought.'  
*Naught*, nought.  
*Nodels*, noddles, heads.  
*Noye*, annoy, query.  
*Nozt*, naught, not.  
*Nurtured*, educated, bred up.  
*Nye*, *Ny*, nigh.  
*Nyzt*, night.

## O.

*Obraid*, s. upbraid.  
*Ocht*, s. ought.  
*Ofelyng*, superior, paramount, opposed to underling.  
*O gin*, s. *O if*, a phrase.  
*Onfoughten*, *Unfoughten*, unfought.  
*On-loft*, aloft.  
*On*, one, an.  
*On*, one, *On man*, one man.  
*One*, on.  
*Ony*, s. any.  
*Onys*, onco.  
*Or*, *Ere*, before; *on* seems to have the force of the Latin *vel* and to signify *even*.  
*Or-ere*, before.  
*Or-eir*, before over  
*Orisons*, s. prayers, f. *ORAISONS*.  
*Ost*, *Oste*, *Oost*, host.  
*On*, *Oure*, you, your. Ibid., our.  
*Out alas!* exclamation of grief.  
*Out-brayde*, draw out, unsheathed.  
*Out-horn*, the summoning to arms by the sound of a horn.  
*Out over*, s. quite over, over.  
*Outtake*, an out-ride, or expedition. To *take*, s. is to go fast. Outtake is a common term among shepherds. When their sheep have a free passage from enclosed pastures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good outtake. (Mr. Lamb.)  
*Ouare of none*, hour of noon.  
*Ouches*, bosses or buttons of gold.  
*Owene*, *Awen*, *Ain*, s. own.  
*Owre*, *Owr*, s. o'er.

*Owre*, s. over.  
*Owre word*, s. the last word, the burthen of a song.  
*Owt*, out.

## P.

*Pall*, a cloak or mantle of state.  
*Palle*, a robe of state. *Purple and pall*, i. e. a purple robe or cloak, a phrase.  
*Palmer*, a pilgrim, who, having been at the Holy Land, carried a palm branch in his hand.  
*Paramour*, lover. Item, a mistress.  
*Parde*, *Pardie*, verily, f. *par dien*.  
*Pareyall*, equal.  
*Partake*, participate, assign to.  
*Parti*, party, a part.  
*Pattering*, murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the Paternoster was anciently hurried over, in a low, inarticulate voice.  
*Pa*, s. the river Po.  
*Pauky*, s. shrowd, cunning, sly, or saucy, insolent.  
*Paves*, a pavise, a large shield that covered the whole body, f. *pauvois*.  
*Pavilliane*, pavillion, tent.  
*Pay*, liking, satisfaction, hence well apaid, i. e. pleased, highly satisfied.  
*Paynim*, pagan.  
*Pearline*, a coarse sort of bonelace.  
*Pece*, *Pieca*, sc. of cannon.  
*Pele*, a baker's peel.  
*Penon*, a banner or streamer, borne at the top of a lance.  
*Pentarchye of tenses*, five tenses.  
*Parchmine*, f. parchment.  
*Perelous*, *perilous*, perilous, dangerous.  
*Per fuy*, verily, f. *par foy*.  
*Peere*, *Pere*, *Peer*, equal.  
*Peer*, *Peerless*, equal, without equal.  
*Perficht*, perfect.  
*Peering*, peeping, looking narrowly.  
*Perill*, danger.  
*Perkin*, diminutive of Peter.  
*Perlese*, peerless.  
*Pees*, *Pece*, peace.  
*Persit*, *Persced*, pierced.  
*Parte*, part.  
*Partyd*, parted.  
*Petye*, pity.  
*Peyn*, pain.  
*Philomene*, Philomel, the nightingale.  
*Pibrochs*, s. Highland war-tunes.

*Piecr*, s. a little.  
*Pight*, *Pyght*, pitched.  
*Pild*, peeled, bald.  
*Pine*, furnish, starve.  
*Pious chanson*, a godly song, or ballad.

Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first row of the Rubrick," which has been supposed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the red-lettered titles of old ballads. In the large collection made by Mr. Pepsys. I do not remember to have seen one single ballad with its title printed in red letters.

*Pite*, *Pittye*, *Pyle*, pity.  
*Plaine*, complaint.  
*Plaining*, complaining.  
*Playand*, s. playing.  
*Play-faves*, playfellows.  
*Pleasance*, pleasure.  
*Pleiv*, complain.  
*Plett*, s. platted.  
*Plowmell*, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North; in the Midland counties its stand is used a plow-hatchet.  
*Plyzt*, plight.  
*Poll-cat*, a cant word for a whore.  
*Pollis*, *Powltis*, *Polls*, head.  
*Pompt*, pompous.  
*Pondered*, a term in Heraldry, for sprinkled over.  
*Popinguy*, a parrot.  
*Porcupig*, porcupine, f. porcepig.  
*Porterner*, perhaps pocket or pouch. *Pautoniere* in fr. is a shepherd's scrip (vide Colgrave.)  
*Portres*, portresses.  
*Powls*, polls, heads.  
*Powness*, pounds, (rhyth. gratia.)  
*Pow*, *Pou*, *Powed*, s. pull, pulled.  
*Preas*, *Presse*, press.  
*Preced*, pressed, *Presced*.  
*Prent*, f. ready.  
*Prestly*, *Prestlye*, readily, quickly.  
*Pricked*, spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.  
*Pricke-wand*, a wand set up for a mark.  
*Priches*, the mark to shoot at.  
*Priefe*, prove.  
*Pricing*, s. proving, tasting.  
*Prova*, proof.  
*Prowess*, bravery, valour, military gallantry.  
*Prowds*, prowess.  
*Prude*, pride. Item, proud.  
*Pryke*, the mark, commonly a hazle wand.  
*Pryme*, daybreak.  
*Puing*, s. pulling.  
*Puissant*, strong, powerful.  
*Pulde*, pulled.  
*Purchased*, procured.

# GLOSSARY.

; love.  
*Lucas*, s. loves, love  
*Lucas*, s. looks.  
*Lucas*, *Lurdayne*, sluggard,  
 rone.  
*Lucas*, s. lying.  
*Lucas*, gray, a name given to a  
 orse from its gray colour, as  
*Lucas*, from bay.  
*Lucas*, *Lyne*, the lime tree, or  
 collectively lime trees, or trees  
 n general.  
*Lucas*, lies.  
*Lucas*, (Intro.) listen.  
*Lucas*, *Lythe*, *Lythasome*, pliant,  
 flexible, easy, gentle.  
*Lucas* na *More*, live no more, no  
 longer.  
*Lucas*, light.

## M.

*Lucas*, mado.  
*Lucas*, *Mahowne*, Mahomet.  
*Lucas*, s. *Mure*, more.  
*Lucas*, s. might.  
*Lucas*, *Maist*, *Mayeste*, may'st.  
*Lucas*, so. verses, versifying.  
*Lucas*, *Makes*, mates.

As the words make and mate were  
 some cases used promiscuously by  
 ancient writers; so the words cake and  
 ate seem to have been applied with  
 the same indifferency: this will illus-  
 trate that common English Proverb,  
 'to turn Out (i. e. Cate) in pan.' A  
 Pan-cake is in Northamptonshire still  
 called a Pan-cake.

*Male*, coat of mail.  
*Mane*, man. Item, moan.  
*Mane*, *Maining*, s. moan, moaning.  
*Mangonel*, an engine used for dis-  
 charging great stones, arrows,  
 &c., before the invention of  
 gunpowder.  
*March perti*, in the parts lying  
 upon the marches.  
*March-pine*, *March-pane*, a kind  
 of biscuit.  
*Margarite*, a pearl, l.  
*Marrow*, s. equal.  
*Mark*, a coin, in value 13s. 4d.  
*Mart*, s. marred, hurt, damaged.  
*Maist*, *Maste*, may'st.  
*Masterye*, *Mayestry*, a trial of skill,  
 high proof of skill.  
*Maugre*, spite of, ill will (I incur).  
*Maugre*, in spite of.  
*Mauger*, *Maugre*, spite of.  
*Mauu*, s. must.  
*Mauu*, s. *Mun*, must.  
*Mavis*, s. a thrush.  
*Maut*, s. malt.  
*Mayd*, *Mayde*, maid.  
*Maye*, maid, (rhythmi gratia.)  
*Mayne*, force, strength, horse's  
 mane.

*Maze*, a labyrinth, anything en-  
 tangled or intricate

On the top of Catherine-Hill, Win-  
 chester, (the usual play-place of the  
 school,) was a very perplexed and  
 winding path running in a very small  
 space over a great deal of ground,  
 called a *Miz-Maze*. The senior boys  
 obliged the juniors to tread it, to pre-  
 vent the figure from being lost, as I  
 am informed by an ingenious corre-  
 spondent.

*Mean*, moderate, middle sized.  
*Meany*, retinue, train, company.  
*Meed*, *Meede*, reward.  
*Meid*, s. mood.  
*Meise*, s. soften, reduce, mitigate.  
*Meit*, s. *Meet*, fit, proper.  
*Mell*, honey; also, meddle, min-  
 gle.

*Me*, men, *Me con* (men 'gan).  
*Men of armes*, gens d'armes.  
*Menivere*, a species of fur.  
*Mense* the *faught*, s. p. measure  
 the battle. To give to the  
 mense, is to give above the  
 measure. Twelve, and one to  
 the mense, is common with  
 children in their play.

*Monzie*, s. *Meaney*, retinue, com-  
 pany.  
*Merches*, marchos.  
*Messenger*, f. messenger.  
*Me-thunketh*, methinks.  
*Met*, *Meit*, s. *Meet*, meet, fit, pro-  
 per.

*Meyné*. See *Meany*.  
*Mickle*, much, great.  
*Micht*, might.  
*Midge*, a small insect, a kind of  
 gnat.

*Mightie*, mighty.  
*Minged*, mentioned.  
*Mining*, s. mother.  
*Minstral*, s. minstrel, musician, &c.

*Minstrelsie*, music.  
*Mirke*, s. dark, black.  
*Mirkie*, dark, black.  
*Mirry*, s. *Meri*, merry.  
*Misdoubt*, suspect, doubt.  
*Miscreants*, unbelievers.  
*Mishap*, misfortune.  
*Misharyed*, miscarried.  
*Misken*, mistake, also, in the Scot-  
 tish idiom, "let a thing alone."  
 (Mr. Lamb.)

*Mister*, s. to need.  
*Mither*, s. mother.  
*Mode*, mood.  
*Moiening*, by means of, f.  
*Mold*, mould, ground.  
*Mo*, *Moe*, more.  
*Mome*, a dull, stupid person.  
*Mound*, meaning, bemoaning.  
*Mone*, moon.  
*Mon*, s. month.  
*Monynday*, Monday.

*More*, originally and properly sig-  
 nifies a hill, (from a. s. *more*,  
 moun,) but the hills of the  
 North being generally full of  
 bogs, a *Moore* came to signify  
 boggy, marshy ground, in gene-  
 ral.

*Mores*, hills, wild downs.  
*Morrownynges*, mornings.

*Morne*, To morn, to-morrow in the  
 morning.

*Morne*, s. on the morrow.  
*Mornynge*, mourning.

*Mort*, death of the deer.  
*Mosses*, swampy grounds, covered  
 with peat moss.

*Most*, must.

*Mote I thee*, might I thrive.

*Mought*, mot, mote, might.

*Mowe*, may, *Mou*, s. mouth.

*Muchels bost*, *Mickle boast*, great

boast.

*Mude*, s. mood.

*Mudne*, mill.

*Mun*, *Moun*, s. must.

*Mure*, *Mures*, s. wild downs,

heaths, &c.

*Murne*, *Murnt*, *Murning*, s. mourn,

mourned, mourning.

*Musins*, muses.

*Myllan*, Milan steel.

*Myne-ye-ple*, perhaps, many plies,

or folds. *Monyple* is still used

in this sense in the North.

(Mr. Lamb.)

*Merry*, merry.

*Mysuryd*, misused, applied to a

bad purpose.

*Myzt*, *Myzty*, might, mighty.

## N.

*Naithing*, s. nothing.

*Nams*, names.

*Na*, *Nae*, s. no, none.

*Nane*, s. none.

*Nar*, nor. Item, than.

*Nathelless*, nevertheless.

*Nat*, not.

*Near*, s. *Ner*, *Nere*, ne'er, never.

*Neat*, oxen, cows, large cattle.

*Neatherd*, a keeper of cattle.

*Neatresse*, a female keeper of cat-

tle.

*Neigh him neare*, approach him

near.

*Nee*, *Ne*, nigh.

*Neir*, s. *Nere*, ne'er, never.

*Nere ne were*, were it not for.

*Neist*, *Nyest*, next, nearest.

*Newfangle*, *Newfangled*, fond of

novelty, of new fashions, &c.

*Nicked him of naye*, nicked him

with a refusal.

*Nicht*, s. night.  
*Nipt*, pinched.  
*Noble*, a gold coin, in value 20 groats, or 8s. 8d.  
*Nobles*, *Noblesse*, nobleness.  
*Nollys*, noddles, heads.  
*Nom*, look, *Nome*, name.  
*Nonce*, purpose, *For the nonce*, for the occasion.  
*Non*, none, *None*, noon.  
*Norland*, s. northern.  
*Norse*, s. Norway.  
*North-gales*, North Wales.  
*Now*, now.  
*Nourice*, s. nurse.  
*Nout*, *Nocht*, s. nought, also not, seems for 'no mought.'  
*Nonght*, nought.  
*Nowls*, noddles, heads.  
*Noye*, annoy, query.  
*Nozt*, nought, not.  
*Nurtured*, educated, bred up.  
*Nye*, *Ny*, nigh.  
*Nyzt*, night.

## O.

*Obraid*, s. upbraid.  
*Ocht*, s. ought.  
*Ofertyng*, superior, paramount, opposed to underling.  
*O gin*, s. *O if*, a phrase.  
*Onfoughten*, *Unfoughten*, unfought.  
*On-loft*, aloft.  
*On*, one, an.  
*On*, one, *On man*, one man.  
*One*, on.  
*Ony*, s. any.  
*Onys*, once.  
*Or*, *Ere*, before; *on* seems to have the force of the Latin *rel* and to signify *even*.  
*Or-ere*, before.  
*Or-eir*, before ever.  
*Orisons*, s. prayers, f. *ORATIONS*.  
*Ost*, *Oste*, *Oost*, host.  
*Ou*, *Oure*, you, your. *Ibid.*, our.  
*Out alas!* exclamation of grief.  
*Out-brayde*, drew out, unshothled.  
*Out-horn*, the summoning to arms by the sound of a horn.  
*Out over*, s. quite over, over.  
*Outrake*, an out-ride, or expedition. To *raik*, s. is to go fast. *Outrake* is a common term among shepherds. When their sheep have a free passage from enclosed pastures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good *outrake*. (Mr. Lambe.)  
*Oware* of none, hour of noon.  
*Owches*, bosses or buttons of gold.  
*Owene*, *Awen*, *Ain*, s. own.  
*Oure*, *Our*, s. o'er.

*Owere*, s. over.  
*Owere word*, s. the last word, the burthen of a song.  
*Owt*, out.

## P.

*Pall*, a cloak or mantle of state.  
*Palle*, a robe of state. *Purple and pall*, i. e. a purple robe or cloak, a phrase.  
*Palmer*, a pilgrim, who, having been at the Holy Land, carried a palm branch in his hand.  
*Paramour*, lover. Item, a mistress.  
*Parde*, *Perdie*, verily, f. *par dieu*.  
*Pareyall*, equal.  
*Partake*, participate, assign to.  
*Parti*, party, a part.  
*Pattering*, murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the Paternoster was anciently hurried over, in a low, inarticulate voice.  
*Pat*, s. the river Po.  
*Pauky*, s. shrewd, cunning, sly, or saucy, insolent.  
*Paves*, a pavise, a large shield that covered the whole body, f. *pauvois*.  
*Pavilliane*, pavillion, tent.  
*Pay*, liking, satisfaction, hence well apaid, i. e. pleased, highly satisfied.  
*Paynim*, pagan.  
*Pearline*, a coarse sort of bone-lace.  
*Pece*, *Piece*, sc. of cannon.  
*Pele*, a baker's peel.  
*Pennon*, a banner or streamer, borne at the top of a lance.  
*Pentarchye of tenses*, five tenses.  
*Perrhmine*, f. parchment.  
*Perelous*, *parlous*, perilous, dangerous.  
*Per fay*, verily, f. *par foy*.  
*Peere*, *Pere*, *Peer*, equal.  
*Peer*, *Peerless*, equal, without equal.  
*Perficht*, perfect.  
*Peering*, peeping, looking narrowly.  
*Perill*, danger.  
*Perkin*, diminutive of Peter.  
*Perlese*, peerless.  
*Pees*, *Pese*, pence.  
*Persit*, *Penreed*, pierced.  
*Perte*, part.  
*Partyd*, parted.  
*Patyte*, pity.  
*Peyn*, pain.  
*Philomane*, Philomel, the nightingale.  
*Pibroche*, s. Highland war-tunes.

*Piece*, s. a little.  
*Pight*, *Pyght*, pitched.  
*Pild*, preied, bald.  
*Pine*, furnish, starve.  
*Pious chanson*, a godly song, or ballad.

Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first row of the *Rutrick*," which has been supposed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the red-lettered titles of old ballads. In the large collection made by Mr. Popsy, I do not remember to have seen one single ballad with its title printed in red letters.

*Pite*, *Pittye*, *Pyte*, pity.  
*Plaine*, complaint.  
*Plaining*, complaining.  
*Playand*, s. playing.  
*Play-feres*, playfellows.  
*Pleasance*, pleasure.  
*Plein*, complain.  
*Plett*, s. platted.  
*Plowmell*, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North; in the Midland counties in its stead is used a plow-hatchet.  
*Plызt*, plight.  
*Poll-ent*, a cant word for a whore.  
*Pollys*, *Powls*, *Polls*, head.  
*Pompal*, pompous.  
*Pondered*, a term in Heraldry, for sprinkled over.  
*Popinguy*, a parrot.  
*Porecupp*, porcupine, f. *porcepig*.  
*Portemar*, perhaps pocket or pouch. *Pautoniere* in fr. is a shepherd's scrip (vide Colgrave.)  
*Portres*, portresses.  
*Powls*, polls, heads.  
*Powones*, pounds, (rhyth. gratia.)  
*Pow*, *Pou*, *Powed*, s. pull, pulled.  
*Prens*, *Prese*, press.  
*Preced*, pressed, *Presed*.  
*Prest*, f. ready.  
*Prestly*, *Prestlye*, readily, quickly.  
*Pricked*, spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.  
*Pricke-wand*, a wand set up for a mark.  
*Pricker*, the mark to shoot at.  
*Priefe*, prove.  
*Pricing*, s. proving, tasting.  
*Prove*, proof.  
*Prowess*, bravery, valour, military gallantry.  
*Prowes*, prowess.  
*Prude*, pride. Item, proud.  
*Pryke*, the mark, commonly a hazle wand.  
*Pryme*, daybreak.  
*Puing*, s. pulling.  
*Puisant*, strong, powerful.  
*Pulde*, pulled.  
*Purchased*, procured.

*ryel*, an ornament of embroidery.  
*ryelled*, embroidered.  
*ryayed*, provided.

## Q.

*quadrant*, four-square.  
*quail*, shrink, flinch, yield.  
*quaint*, cunning, nice, fantastical.  
*quarry*, in hunting or hawking is the slaughtered game, &c.  
*quat*, s. quitted.  
*quay*, *Quhey*, s. a young heifer, called a *Wmic* in Yorkshire.  
*quean*, sorry, base woman.  
*quell*, subdue, also kill.  
*quell*, cruel, murderous.  
*quellch*, a blow or bang.  
*quere*, quire, choir.  
*quest*, inquest.  
*quia*, s. who.  
*quhair*, s. where.  
*quhar*, s. where.  
*quhan*, *Whan*, s. when.  
*quhaneer*, s. whom o'er.  
*quhatlen*, s. what.  
*quhat*, s. what.  
*quhen*, s. when.  
*quhy*, s. why.  
*quicke*, alive, living.  
*quillets*, quibbles, i. quidlibet.  
*quitt*, requito.  
*quo*, quoth.  
*quyle*, s. while.  
*quyrry*. See *Quarry*, above.  
*quyte*, requited.  
*quyt*, s. quito.  
*quyknit*, s. quickened, restored to life.

## R.

*Rade*, s. rode.  
*Rae*, a roe.  
*Raik*, s. to go a-pace, *Raik* on *raw*, go fast in a row.  
*Raine*, reign.  
*Raise*, s. rose.  
*Ranted*, s. were merry. Vide Gloss. to *Gentle Shepherd*.  
*Rashyng*, seems to be the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.  
*Raught*, reached, gained, obtained.  
*Rayne*, *reane*, rain.  
*Rayne*, rae.  
*Razt*, *Raugh*, or self-bereft.  
*Reuchless*, careless.  
*Reude*, *Rede*, advise, hit off.  
*Reud*, advice.  
*Rea'me*, *Reaume*, realm.  
*Reas*, raise.  
*Reave*, bereave.

*Recht*, regarded.  
*Recle*, *Read*, advise, advice.  
*Rede*, *Roude*, read.  
*Redress*, care, labour.  
*Refe*, bereave, or perhaps *Rire*, split.  
*Refe*, *Reve*, *Reeve*, bailiff.  
*Reft*, bereft.  
*Register*, the officer who keeps the public register.  
*Reid*, s. advise.  
*Reid*, s. reed, *Rede*, red.  
*Reidroan*, s. red-roan.  
*Reek*, s. smoke.  
*Reckles*, *Reckless*, regardless, void of care, rash.  
*Remeid*, s. remedy.  
*Reneth*, *Renning*, runneth, running.  
*Renn*, run.  
*Renish*, *Renisat*, perhaps a derivation from *Reniteo*, to shine.  
*Renyed*, refused.  
*Rescous*, rescues.  
*Reave*, bailiff.  
*Reve*, bereave, deprive.  
*Revers*, s. robbers, pirates, rovers.  
*Revelth*, regrets, has reason to repent.  
*Rew*, s. take pity.  
*Rewth*, ruth, *Rewe*, pity.  
*Ryall*, *Ryal*, royal.  
*Richt*, s. right.  
*Riddle*, seems to be a vulgar idiom for unriddle; or is perhaps a corruption of *reade*, i. e. advise.  
*Rile*, make an inroad.  
*Rin*, s. run. *Rin my errand*, a contracted way of speaking for "run on my errand." The pronoun is omitted. So the French say *fairo messago*.  
*Rise*, shoot, bush, shrub.  
*Rive*, rife, abounding.  
*Roche*, rock.  
*Roods cross*, crucifix.  
*Rood-lost*, the place in the church where the images were set up.  
*Rood*, *Ronde*, cross, crucifix.  
*Ronne*, ran, *Roone*, run.  
*Roufe*, roof.  
*Route*, go about, travel.  
*Routh*, ruth, pity.  
*Rouened*, *Rouynd*, whispered.  
*Row*, *Roud*, s. roll, rolled.  
*Rowyned*, round.  
*Rough*, rout.  
*Rudd*, ruddiness, complexion.  
*Rude*, s. *Rood*, cross.  
*Ruell-bones*, perhaps bones diversely coloured, f. *Riole*, or perhaps small bone rings from the f. *rouelle*, a small ring or hoop.—Cotgrave's Dict.

*Ruen*, *Rueth*, pitieth.  
*Rugged*, pulled with violence.  
*Rushy*, should be *Rashy gair*, rushy stuff, ground covered with rushes.  
*Ruthful*, rueful, woful.  
*Ruth*, pity.  
*Rueth*, pity, woe.  
*Rydere*, ranger.  
*Ryde*, i. e. make an inroad.  
*Rynd*, rent.  
*Rynchys*, rushes.  
*Rywe*, rue.  
*Ryzt*, right.

## S.

*Safer*, sapphire.  
*Soft*, s. soft.  
*Saif*, s. safe.  
*Sair*, s. sore.  
*Saim*, s. same.  
*Sall*, s. shall.  
*Saif*, s. save, *Savely*, safely.  
*Saisede*, seized.  
*Sark*, shirt, shift.  
*Sar*, *Sair*, s. sore.  
*Sa*, *Sae*, s. so.  
*Sat*, *Sete*, set.  
*Saut*, s. salt.  
*Savvye*, saved.  
*Saw*, *Say*, speech, discourse.  
*Say*, *Amay*, attempt.  
*Say*, saw.  
*Say us no harm*, say no ill of us.  
*Sayne*, say.  
*Scant*, scarce. Item, scantiness.  
*Schall*, shall.  
*Schappad*, perhaps swapped, *Vid loo*.  
*Schattered*, shattered.  
*Schaw*, s. show.  
*Schene*, s. *Sheen*, shining, also brightness.  
*Schip*, s. ship.  
*Schiple*, s. shipless.  
*Scho*, *Sche*, s. she.  
*Schone*, shone.  
*Schowte*, shot, let go.  
*Schowte*, *Schowtte*, shout.  
*Schwill*, s. shrill.  
*Schuke*, s. shook.  
*Selat*, slate, little table-book of slates to write upon.  
*Scomfit*, discomfit.  
*Scot*, tax, revenue, a year's tax of the kingdom, also shot, reckoning.  
*Scathe*, hurt, injury.  
*Sed*, said.  
*Seik*, s. *Seke*, s. seek.  
*Sek*, sack.  
*Sel*, *Soll*, self.  
*Selver*, *Siller*, silver.  
*Seneschall*, steward.

- Sene*, seen.  
*Sen*, s. since.  
*Senvy*, mustard seed, f. *senvie*.  
*Sertayne*, *Sertenlye*, certain, certainly.  
*See*, *Sees*, s. sea, seas.  
*Se*, *Sene*, *Seying*, see, seen, seeing.  
*Seething*, boiling.  
*Seetywall*, see *Cetywall*.  
*Seve*, seven.  
*Sey you*, say to, tell you.  
*Sey*, s. say, a kind of woollen stuff.  
*Seyd*, s. saw.  
*Shave*, *Be shave*, be shaven.  
*Shawe*, little woods.  
*Shear*, entirely, (penitus).  
*Sheele*, *She'll*, she will.  
*Sheene*, *Shene*, shining.  
*Sheets*, *Shetes*, s. sheets.  
*Shee's*, she shall.  
*Sheene*, shining.  
*Shent*, shamed, disgraced, abused.  
*Shepenes*, *Shipens*, cow-houses, sheep-pens, n. s. *Seypen*.  
*Sheere*, *Shree*, a great slice or luncheon of bread.  
*Shield-bone*, the blade bone, a common phrase in the north.  
*Shimmered*, s. glittered.  
*Shimmering*, shining by glances.  
*Shirt of male or mail*, was a garment for defence, made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some the hauberk was so formed.  
*Shoen*, s. *Shoone*, shoes.  
*Shoke*, shookest.  
*Shold*, *Sholde*, should.  
*Shope*, shaped.  
*Shope*, betook me.  
*Shorte*, s. shorten.  
*Sho*, *Scho*, s. she.  
*Shote*, shot.  
*Shraddes*, Vid. locum.  
*Shread*, cut into small pieces.  
*Shreeven*, *Shriven*, confessed her sins.  
*Shrew*, a bad, an ill-tempered person.  
*Shreward*, a male shrew.  
*Shrift*, confession.  
*Shrive*, confess. Item, hear confession.  
*Shroggs*, shrubs, thorns, briers. G. Doug. *Seroggis*.  
*Shullen*, shall.  
*Shulde*, should.  
*Shunted*, shunned.  
*Shurting*, recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gawin Douglas's Gloss.  
*Shyars*, shires.  
*Shynand*, s. shining.  
*Sib*, kin, akin, related.
- Sich*, *Sie*, s. such, *Sich*, s. sigh.  
*Sicke-like*, s. such-like.  
*Side*, s. long.  
*Sied*, s. saw.  
*Sigh-clout*, (*Sythe-clout*), a clout to struin milk through, a straining clout.  
*Sighan*, *Sighand*, s. sighing.  
*Sik*, *Sike*, such.  
*Siker*, surely, certainly.  
*Siller*, s. silver.  
*Sindul*, s. seldom.  
*Sitteth*, sit ye.  
*Sith*, since.  
*Skaitth*, *Scath*, harm, mischief.  
*Skulk*, perhaps from the Germ. Schalek, malicious, perverse (Sie Dan. Skalek nequitia, malicia, &c. Sheringham de Ang. Orig. p. 318); or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen, to squint. Hence our northern word *Skelly*, to squint.  
*Skinker*, one that serves drink.  
*Skinkled*, s. glittered.  
*Skomfit*, discomfit.  
*Skott*, shot, reckoning.  
*Slade*, a breadth of greensward between plow-lands or woods, &c.  
*Slaited*, s. whetted, or perhaps wiped.  
*Slattered*, slit, broke into splinters.  
*Slaw*, slow, (Se. Abel).  
*Slean*, *Slane*, slain.  
*Sleath*, slayeth.  
*Slee*, s. slay, also sly.  
*Sle*, *Slee*, *Sley*, *Slo*, slay, *Sleest*, slayest.  
*Sleip*, s. *Slepe*, sleep.  
*Slode*, slit, split.  
*Slone*, slain.  
*Slo*, *Sloe*, slay.  
*Sloughe*, slow.  
*Smithers*, s. smothers.  
*Sna'*, *Snaw*, s. snow.  
*Soll*, *Saulle*, *Soule*, soul.  
*Soldain*, *Soldan*, *Sowden*, sultan.  
*Sonn*, s. *Son*, sun.  
*Sond*, a present, a sending.  
*Sone*, soon.  
*Sort*, company.  
*Soothly*, truly.  
*Sooth*, truth, true.  
*Soth*, *Sothe*, *South*, *Southe*, *Soath*, truth.  
*Soth-Ynglonde*, South England.  
*Sowdan*, *Sowdain*, sultan.  
*Souldan*, *Soldan*, *Sowdan*, sultan.  
*Sould*, s. *Suld*, should.  
*Souling*, victualling. *Soule* is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread; n. s. supple, Job. xxi. 5. (or to *sowie*, may be from the
- French word saouler, "to stuff and cram, to glut." Vid. Cotgrave).  
*Sowden*, *Sowdain*, sultan.  
*Sowne*, sound, (rhyt. gr.)  
*Suore*, sour.  
*Sowre*, *Sowre*, sora.  
*Souter*, shoemaker.  
*Soy*, f. silk.  
*Spak*, *Spaik*, s. spake.  
*Speere*. Vide locum.  
*Spec*, *Spak*, *Spack*, s. spake.  
*Sped*, speeded, succeeded.  
*Speik*, s. speak.  
*Speir*, s. *Spere*, *Speare*, *Speere*, *Spire*, ask, inquire.  
 So Chaucer, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas,  
 "\_\_\_\_\_ He soughte north and south,  
 And oft he spied with his mouth."  
 I. e. inquired.—not spied, as in the new edition of Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 234.  
*Spence*, *Spense*, expense.  
*Spendyd*, probably the same as spanned, grasped.  
*Speered*, *Sparred*, i. e. fastened, shut.  
 So in an old "Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c., 4to. Emprinted by Wynkyn de Worde," we are exhorted to "spere (i. e. shut or bar) the wyndowes agens the south," fol. 5.  
*Spillan*, *Spilland*, s. spilling.  
*Spill*, *Spille*, spoil, come to harm.  
*Spill*, spoil, destroy, kill.  
*Spindles and whorles*, the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels.  
 The rock, spindles, and whorles are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland, at this time. The thread for shoemakers, and even linen webs, and all the twines of which the Tweed salmon nets are made, are spun upon spindles. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than spinning wheels. Mr. Lambie.  
*Spardes*, spurless, without spurs.  
*Spole*, shoulder; f. *espaule*. It seems to mean, "arm-pit."  
*Sprente*, spured, sprung out.  
*Sprunging*, froth that purges out.  
*Spurn*, *Spurne*, a kick. See *Tear*.  
*Spude*, spied.  
*Spylt*, spoiled, destroyed.  
*Spyt*, *Spyte*, spite.  
*Squelsh*, a blow, or bang.  
*Stabille*, perhaps 'stablish.  
*Stahart*, *Stadworth*, stout.  
*Stadworthlye*, stoutly.  
*Stane*, s. *Stean*, stone.  
*Stark*, stiff, entirely.  
*Startopes*, buskins, or half boots worn by rustics, laced down before.

*Stead, Steele*, place.  
*Stean*, s. stone.  
*Steedye*, steady.  
*Stel*, stool, *Steilly*, s. steely.  
*Stele*, steel.  
*Steil*, s. *Stede*, stood.  
*Steir*, s. stir.  
*Storris*, stars.  
*Sterne*, stern, or perhaps, stars.  
*Stert*, start, started.  
*Sterte, Startel*, started.  
*Steven*, timo.  
*Steven*, voice.  
*Still*, quiet, silent.  
*Stint*, stop, stopped.  
*Stiraula* stage, a friend interpreted this, "many a stirring travelling journey."  
*Stonderes*, standers by.  
*Stoup of weir*, pillar of war.  
*Stound, Stonde*, (Intro.) spaco, moment, hour, time.  
*Stound*, time, *A-stound*, a-while.  
*Stour, Stouer, Stoure*, fight, disturbance, &c. This word is applied in the north to signify dust agitated and put into motion, as by the sweeping of a room.  
*Stower, Stoure*, stir, disturbance, fight.  
*Stoun*, stolen.  
*Stoure*, strong, robust, fierce.  
*Str*, *Strae*, s. straw.  
*Streight*, straight.  
*Strickene, Stricken*, struck.  
*Strit*, street.  
*Strick*, strict.  
*Strike*, stricken.  
*Stroke*, struck.  
*Stude, Stuid*, s. stood.  
*Styntye*, stinted, stayed, stopped.  
*Styrt*, start.  
*Suar*, sure.  
*Summere*, a sumpter horse.  
*Sum*, s. some.  
*Sumpters*, horses that carry clothes, furniture, &c.  
*Sune*, s. soon.  
*Suore by ys chin*, sworn by his chin.  
*Succase*, cease.  
*Suite, Swith*, soon, quickly.  
*Swapte, Swapped, Swopede*, struck violently, Scot. *Sweep*, to scourge, (rid. Gl. Gaw. Dougl.) or perhaps exchanged; see blows, so "*Swap or Swoop*" signifies.  
*Swaird*, the grassy surface of the ground.  
*\*Swarde, Swarved*, climbed, or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties, *Swarm*, To *swarm*, is to draw oneself up a

tree, or any other thing, climbing to it with the legs and arms, as hath been suggested by an ingenious correspondent.

*Swa, Su*, so.  
*Swaet, Swaeth, Swotte*, did sweat.  
*Swear*, swear.  
*Sweilde, Sweird*, sword.  
*Sweare*, swearing, oath.  
*Sweaven*, a dream.  
*Sweet*, s. *Sweete*, sweet.  
*Sweire, Seire*, neck.  
*Sweppyls*. A *Sweppyl* is that staff of the flail, with which corn is beaten out, vulg. a *Supple*, called in the midland counties, a *Swindgell*, where the other part is termed the *hand-staff*.  
*Swinkers*, labourers.  
*Swith*, quickly, instantly.  
*Swoyke*, sigh.  
*Swoying*, whoring.  
*Swyppyn*, striking fast, (Cimb. *Swipen*, cito agere, or rather "scourging" from *volvere*, raptare).—Scot. *Sweep*, to scourge.  
*Vido*. Glossary to Gawin Douglas.  
*Sych*, such.  
*Syde-shear, Sydis-shear*, on all sides.  
*Syld*, side.  
*Syne*, s. then, afterwards.  
*Syhemell, Ishmael*.  
*Syth*, since.  
*Syzt*, sight.

## T.

*Taiken*, s. token, sign.  
*Taint*, s. *Tane*, token.  
*Take*, taken.  
*Talents*, perhaps golden ornaments, hung from her head to the value of talents of gold.  
*Targe*, target, shield.  
*Tear*, this seems to be a proverb, "That tearing, or pulling, occasioned his spurn or kick."  
*Teene, Tene*, sorrow, indignation, wrath, properly injury affront.  
*Teenefu*, s. full of indignation, wrathful, furious.  
*Te he!* interjection of laughing.  
*Teir*, s. *Tere*, tear.  
*Tent*, s. head.  
*Termugant*, the god of the Sarracens. See a memoir on this subject in page 75.

The old French romancers, who had corrupted *termogant* into *tervugant*, couple it with the name of Mahomet, as constantly as ours; thus, in the old Roman de Blanchardin,  
 "Cy guer pison tuit Apolin,  
 Et Mahomet et Tervugant."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his tale entitled "La Pluie de Roy de France," says,  
 "Et roviaut Mahom. Judin, et Tervugant."

Aye! maint auhe die unen melon extravaçant."

Ment. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, tom. 20, 4to, p. 502.

As *termugant* is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and can only be explained from the elements of that language; its being corrupted by the old French romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.

*Terry*, diminutive of *Thierry*, Theodoricus, Didericus. Lat. also of Terence.

*Te*, to, *Te make*, to make.

*Tha*, them, *Thah*, though.

*Thair*, their, *Thair, Thare*, there.

*Thame*, s. them.

*Tham*, s. then.

*Thare, Theire, Ther, Thore*, there.

*Thear, Ther*, there.

*Thee*, thrive, *Mote he thee*, may he thrive.

*The God*, seems contracted for *The he*, i. e. high God.

*Thee, Thee*, thrive. *So mote I thee*, so may I thrive.

So in Chaucer, *passim*, Canterbury Tales, vol. 1. p. 308.

"God let him never the."

*The*, they, *The meir*, they were.

*Ther*, thou, *Thend*, the end.

*Therfor*, therefore.

*Therto*, thereto, *Thes*, these.

*Ther*, their.

*Thil*, they.

*Thie*, thy, *Thowe*, thou.

*Thi son*, thy son.

*Thilke*, this.

*Thir twemonds*, s. these twelve months.

*Thir*, s. this, these.

*Thirti thousand*, thirty thousand.

*Thocht*, thought.

*Thole, Tholol*, suffer, suffered.

*Tho*, then, those, tho.

*Thouse*, s. thou art.

*Thoust*, thou shalt, or shouldst.

*Thrall*, captive, *Thraldom*, captivity.

*Thrang*, s. throng, close.

*Thrawie*, s. throes.

*Threape*, to argue, to affirm or assert, in a positive overbearing manner.

*Thre, Thrie*, s. three.

*Thrie, Thre*, three.

*Thrif*, thrive.

*Thrilled*, twirled, turned round.

*Thritte*, thirty.

*Throng*, hastened.

*Thropes*, villages.

*Throo*, s. through.

*Throch, Throuch*, s. through.

*Thud*, noise of a fall.



*Thence*, manners, limbs.  
*Therether ward*, thitherward, towards that place.  
*Tibbe*, in Scotland, *Tibbe* is the diminutive of *Isabel*.  
*Tift*, s. puff of wind.  
*Till*, s. to, when, query.  
*Till*, unto, entire.  
*Tild down*, pitched, qt.  
*Timkin*, diminutive of *Timothy*.  
*Tine*, lose.  
*Tint*, s. lost.  
*Twild*, twirled, turned round.  
*Too-fall*, s. twilight.  
*Too-fall* of the night, "seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below."—*Mr. Lamb.*  
*To, too*. Item, two.  
*Tone, T'one*, the one.  
*Ton, Tme*, the one.  
*Tur*, a tower; also a high pointed rock, or hill.  
*Tom, Twice*, two, *Twa*, s. two.  
*Tow*, s. to let down with a rope, &c.  
*Town*, town.  
*Traitery*, treason.  
*Trenchant*, f. cutting.  
*Tres-hardie*, f. thrice hardy.  
*Treytory*, *Traitory*, treachery.  
*Trichard*, treacherous, fr. *trichour*.  
*Tricken*, trick, deceiver.  
*Tride*, tried.  
*Trie*, s. *Tre*, tree.  
*Triest furth*, s. draw forth to an assignation.  
*Trifurcate*, three forked, thron pointed.  
*Trim*, exact.  
*Truth*, truth, faith, fidelity.  
*Trough*, *Trowth*, truth.  
*Trowthe*, *Troth*, *Tru*, true.  
*Trow*, believe, trust, also verity.  
*Trumped*, boasted, told bragging lies, lying stories. So in the north they say, "that's a trump," i. e. a lie; "she goes about trumping," i. e. telling lies.  
*Trumps*, made of a tree, perhaps, "wooden trumpets," musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament.  
*Tuik*, s. took.  
*Take gude keep*, s. kept a close eye upon her.  
*Tul*, s. till, to.  
*Turn*, such turn, such an occasion.  
*Turnes a crab*, &c. at the fire roasts a crab.  
*Tush*, an interjection of contempt, or impatience.  
*Twa*, s. two.  
*Twaype*, two.  
*Twind*, s. parted, separated. *Vid.* G. Douglass.  
*Twirle*, *twist*, s. thoroughly

twisted, "twided," "twicked  
twist," f. *twiddle*.

## U.

*Uk*, each.  
*Ugonne*, s. shocking, horrible.  
*Unbthought*, for *bethought*. So  
*Unosse*, for *louse*.  
*Unctuous*, fat, clammy, oily.  
*Undertakes*, afternoons.  
*Unlight*, unchecked, undressed.  
*Unkapt*, uncombed.  
*Unmucklye*, mis shopen.  
*Unmigit*, s. undisturbed, uncon-  
founded, perhaps *Unmarit*.  
*Unweted*, opened; a term in falcon.  
*Unsett stercu*, unappointed time,  
unexpectedly.  
*Unsonic*, s. unlucky, unfortunate.  
*Untytl*, unto, against.  
*Use*, use.  
*Uthers*, s. others.

## V.

*Vair*, (Somersetsh. Dialect,) fair.  
*Valiant*, s. valiant.  
*Vasen*, (Som.) probably for *Fai-  
thern*, i. e. faiths; as *Housen*,  
*Chosen*, &c.  
*Vean*, (Intro.) approach, coming.  
*Vicen*, (probably contracted for  
devices) screws, or perhaps,  
turning pins, swivels. An in-  
genious friend thinks a vice is  
rather "a spindle of a press,"  
that goeth by a vice, that seem-  
eth to move of itself.  
*Vilane*, rascally.  
*Vive*, (Somerset.) live.  
*Voyled*, quitted, left the place.  
*Vriers*, (Som.) friars.

## W.

*Wa*, s. wa, wall.  
*Waddled*, perhaps from *Wood*,  
i. e. of a light blue colour.  
Taylor, in his History of Gavel-kind,  
p. 48, says, "Bright, from the British  
word *brith*, which signifies their word-  
de colour; this was a light blue."—  
Minsheu's Dictionary.  
*Wad*, s. *Wold*, *Wolde*, would.  
*Wae*, *Waeft*, woe, woful.  
*Waeuorth*, s. woe beside.  
*Waine*, wagon.  
*Wallowit*, s. faded, withered.  
*Walker*, a fuller of cloth.  
*Waltered*, *Woltered*, rolled along,  
also wallowed.  
*Waltering*, weltering.  
*Waly*, an interjection of grief.

*Wane*, s. wanh.  
*Wane*, *W'm*, s. holly.  
*Wane*, the same as *lane*, one. *Se*  
*Wane*, is one.

In fol. 365 of Bauntyne's MS. is a  
short fragment in which *Wane* is used  
for *Am*; or, one; viz.  
"Amongst the munderers that we find,  
There's wane la'ored of womankind,  
Renowned for antiquity,  
From Adams drive his pedigree."

*Wan neir*, s. draw near.  
*Wanryfe*, s. uneasy.  
*War*, aware.  
*Warde*, s. advise, forewarn.  
*Ward*, s. watch, sentinel.  
*Wark*, s. work.  
*World*, s. world.  
*Worldis*, s. worlds.  
*Waryson*, reward.  
*Waryyl*, s. accursed.  
*Wassel*, drinking, good cheer.  
*Wate*, s. *Wete*, *Wete*, *W'ite*, *Wot*,  
*Wote*, *Wotte*, know.  
*Wate*, s. blamed, *Prost*, of *Wyte*,  
to blame.  
*Wat*, *Wot*, know, am aware.  
*Wat*, s. wet, also knew.  
*Wae*, to grow, become.  
*Wayward*, forward, peevish.  
*Wayld*, waded.  
*Wead*, wall.  
*Weate*, happiness, prosperity, &c.  
*Weare in*, s. drive in gently.  
*Wearifol*, wearisome, tiresome,  
disturbing.  
*Weede*, clothing, dress.  
*Weeden*, clothes.  
*Wea*, s. little.  
*Weed*, well, also well.  
*Ween*, *Weend*, think, thought.  
*Weel*, s. wet.  
*Weidous*, widows.  
*Weil*, s. *Weepe*, weep.  
*Weinde*, s. *Wende*, *Went*, *Weende*,  
*Weened*, thought.  
*Weid*, s. *Weede*, *Weed*, clothes,  
clothing.  
*Weird*, wizzard, witch, properly  
fate, destiny.  
*Well away*, exclamation of pity.  
*Weldyng*, rating.  
*Wel of pite*, source of pity.  
*Welkin*, the sky.  
*Weme*, womb, belly, hollow.  
*Wem*, (Intro.) hurt.  
*Wende*, went, *Wendak*, goeth.  
*Wende*, *Weene*, thought.  
*Wend*, *Wende*, go, goes.  
*Weine*, *Weenest*, ween, weenest.  
*Werre*, *Weir*, s. war. *Warrie*, s  
wars.  
*Werryed*, worried.  
*Wareth*, defendeth.  
*Werke*, work.  
*Wer*, were.  
*Wee*, was.

*Westlin*, s. western.  
*Wealings*, western, or whistling.  
*Wha*, s. who.  
*Whair*, s. where.  
*Whan*, s. when.  
*Whang*, s. a large slice.  
*Wheeling*, wheeling.  
*Wheder*, whither.  
*Whig*, sour whey, or butter-milk.  
*White*, until.  
*Whilk*, s. which.  
*Whittles*, knives.  
*Whit*, jot.  
*Whoard*, hoard.  
*Whorles*, *Vido Spindles*.  
*Whos*, whoso.  
*Whylls*, whist.  
*Wi*, s. with.  
*Wight*, person, strong, lusty.  
*Wight*, human creature, man or woman.  
*Wighty*, strong, lusty, active, nimble.  
*Wightly*, vigorously.  
*Will*, s. shall.  
*Will*, worm, serpent.  
*Wildings*, wild apples.  
*Wilfull*, wandering, perverse, erring.  
*Winnae*, will not.  
*Windar*, perhaps the contraction of *Windhover*, a kind of hawk.  
*Windling*, s. winding.  
*Win*, s. get, gain.  
*Winsome*, agreeable, engaging.  
*Wirke wiselier*, work more wisely.  
*Wisse*, direct, govern, take care of, a. s. *pyrrian*.  
*Wiss*, know, wist, know.  
*Wit*, *Weet*, know, understand.  
*Withouten*, *Withoughten*, without.  
*Wobster*, s. *Webster*, weaver.  
*Wood-wroth*, s. furiously enraged.  
*Woodweele*, or *Wodewale*, the golden oule, a bird of the thrush kind. Gloss. Chauc.  
 The original MS. has *Woodweete*.  
*Wode*, *Wod*, wood, also mad.  
*Wode-ward*, towards the wood.  
*Woe-begone*, lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.  
*Woe-man*, a sorrowful man.  
*Woe-worth*, woe be to [you], a. s. northan (fleri) to be, to become.  
*Woe*, woful, sorrowful.  
*Wolde*, would.  
*Wonne*, dwell.  
*Wonders*, wondrous.  
*Wonde*, (Intro.) wound, winded.  
*Won'd*, *Wonn'd*, dwelt.

*Wonderely*, *Wanderly*, wondrously.  
*Won*, wont, usago.  
*Wone*, one.  
*Worshipfully friended*, of worshipful friends.  
*Worth*, worthy.  
*Wot*, know, think.  
*Wote*, *Wot*, know, *I wote*, verily.  
*Wonehe*, mischief, evil, a. s. *pohg*, i. o. *Wogh*. *Malum*.  
*Wo*, *Woo*, woe.  
*Wow*, an exclamation of wonder, also *Vow*, London dialect.  
*Wracke*, ruin, destruction.  
*Wrang*, s. wrung.  
*Wreake*, pursue revengefully.  
*Wrench*, wretchedness.  
*Wright*, write.  
*Wringe*, contended with violence.  
*Writhe*, writhed, twisted.  
*Wronge*, wrong.  
*Wrought*, wrought.  
*Wroken*, revenged.  
*Will*, s. will.  
*Wyght*, strong, lusty.  
*Wyghtye*, the samo.  
*Wyld*, wild door.  
*Wyne*, *Win*, joy.  
*Wynnen*, win, gain.  
*Wynde*, *Wende*, go.  
*Wyate*, know.  
*Wyte*, blunco.  
*Wyt*, *Wit*, *Weet*, know.

## Y.

*Y*, *I*, *Y syng*, I sing.  
*Yae*, s. each.  
*Yalping*, s. yelping.  
*Yaned*, yawned.  
*Yave*, gave.  
*Yate*, gate.  
*Y-beare*, *Y-bore*, bear, borne.  
 So *Y-founde*, found, *Y-mad*, made, *Y-wonne*, won.  
*Y-built*, built.  
*Yeh*, *Yche*, each.  
*Ychelde yef*, I should if.  
*Yehone*, each one.  
*Yehon*, each one.  
*Ychulle*, (Intro.) I shall.  
*Ychysled*, cut with the chisel.  
*Y-cleped*, named, called.  
*Y-con'd*, taught, instructed.  
*Y-core*, chosen.  
*Ydle*, idle.  
*Yee*, eye.  
*Yearde*, buried.  
*Ye bent*, *Y-bent*, bent.  
*Yede*, *Yode*, went.

## Z.

*Zacring-bell*, Som. *Sacring bell*, a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.  
*Zee*, *Zecne*, Som. see, seen.  
*Zees*, ye shall.  
*Ze*, s. ye, *Zee're*, ye are.  
*Zede*, *Yede*, went.  
*Zef*, *Yef*, if.  
*Zeirs*, s. years.  
*Zellow*, s. yellow.  
*Zeme*, take care of, a. s. *seman*.  
*Zent*, through, a. s. *neon'd*.  
*Zestrene*, s. yester e'en.  
*Zit*, s. *Zet*, yet.  
*Zonder*, s. yonder.  
*Zong*, s. young.  
*Zou*, s. you, *Zour*, s. your.  
*Zoud*, s. you'd, you would.  
*Zour-lane*, *Yourlane*, alone, by yourself.  
*Zouth*, s. youth.  
*Zule*, s. *Yule*, christmas.  
*Zung*, s. young.

\*\*\* The printer has usually substituted the letter z, to express the character *ȝ*, which occurs in old MSS., but we are not to suppose that this *ȝ* was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh), being no other than the Saxon letter *ȝ*, which the Scots and English have, in many instances, changed into y, as *ȝean* *ȝ*, yard, *ȝear* *ȝ*, year, *ȝeong* *ȝ*, young, &c.

# METADATA WORKSHEET FOR BOOK

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1	Contributor	Author/Editor/Illustrator Note: In case of multiple author. use repeatable field while inserting in Dspace	Percy, Thomas.
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